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Masterpieces of American Taxidermy

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY
Director of the New York Zoological Park

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GROUPS DESCRIBED

THE rise of American taxidermy to a level with the other fine arts thus far is a chapter of unwritten history. It is probable that not more than a score of persons now living know the real story of the Society of American Taxidermists, and the revolution that it wrought. It would be utterly inadequate to write of the masterpieces of American taxidermy without setting forth at least an outline of the history that they represent. A few members of the youngest generation of workers, snugly ensconced in stone palaces of peace and plenty, have talked learnedly of the "new school" of taxidermy without mentioning the men who toiled in laying the foundations and in erecting half the walls of that "school." I am told that to-day there are taxidermists who do not like being called anything less than "sculptors."

We opine that never since art was born did any branch of it, or any twig of it, ever receive so swift and forceful an upward thrust as taxidermy received in America from 1879 to 1890. From 1880 to 1885 a small group of young men spent all their savings, and also broke their backs, for the cause represented by the small but vigorous "S. A. T." They have lived to see all their dreams come true, and they have lived to contemplate with outrageous pride and satisfaction a great cycle of results in the class yclept "I-told-you-so."

It cannot be said, in hackneyed phrase, that "they builded better than they knew," for with boundless complacency they believed that they were making history and laying the foundations of a real uplift. Fortunately, in that belief they were not alone, or unaided; for everybody helped!

In 1879 there were in America a few very good bird taxidermists, but no amount of bush-beating could scare out even one good mammal-mounter. All "animals," big and little, were "stuffed"—literally—with straw, tow, cotton, sawdust, or worse. So far as we are aware, no museum maintained a whole taxidermist, save the new National, at Washington, where Edward Marshall mounted birds. Most other museums were supplied by independent workers and the work of the two or three foreign taxidermists at Ward's Natural Science Establishment at Rochester.

The idea of scientific museum groups of large mammals, with natural or artificial accessories, was born in a forest reeking with live orang-utans and gibbons on the Sadong River, Borneo, in the glorious month of November, 1878. It was there that the first large mammal group ever produced in America was thought out and determined upon. A year later it took visible form in "A Fight in the Tree-Tops," mounted at Ward's, in 1879, and first exhibited (in 1880) at the Saratoga meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There it was seen by

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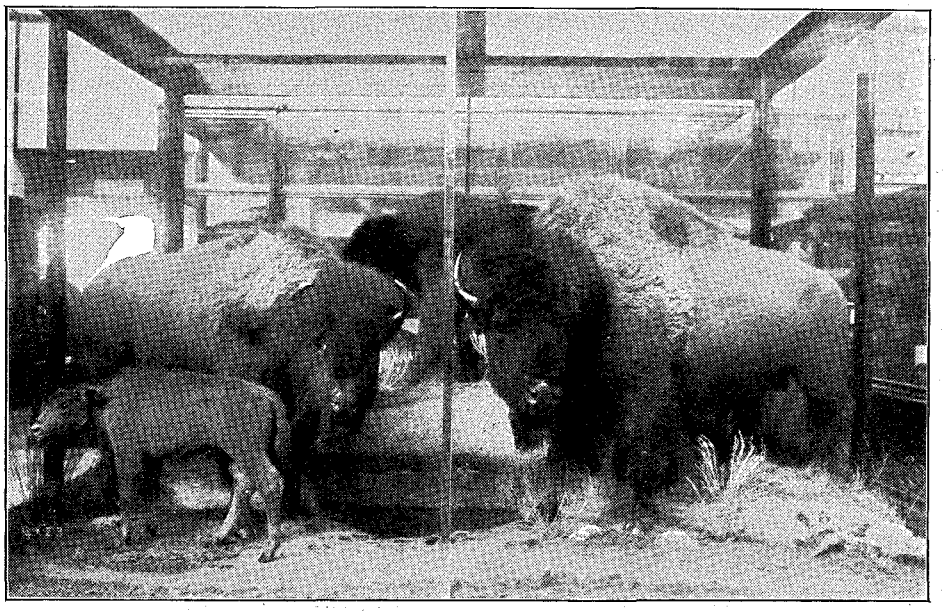
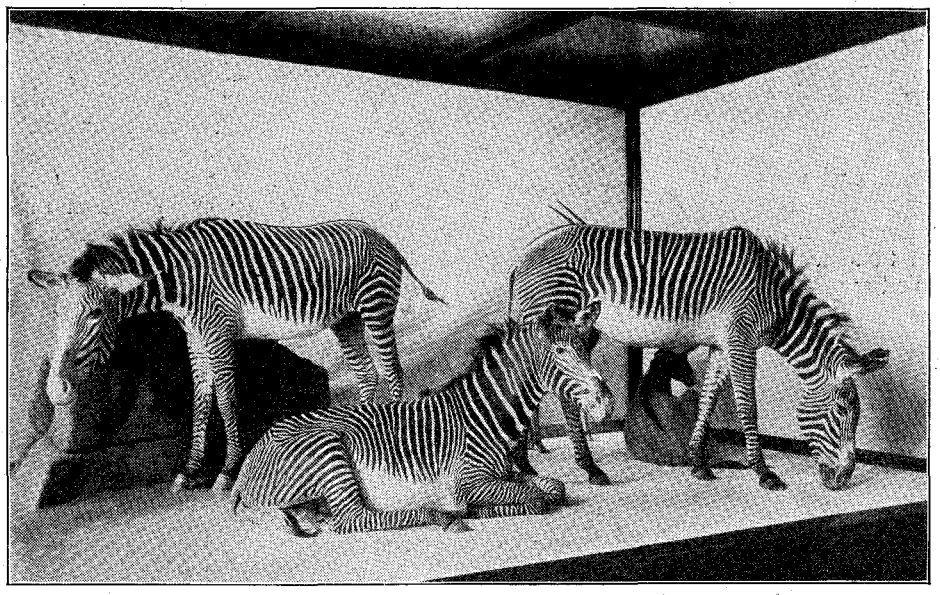


The group that opened the road.

American bison in the United States National Museum. Collected and mounted under the direction of Doctor G. Brown Goode by William T. Hornaday, 1887.



Grevy zebras, United States National Museum.

Collected by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Mounted by George B. Turner.

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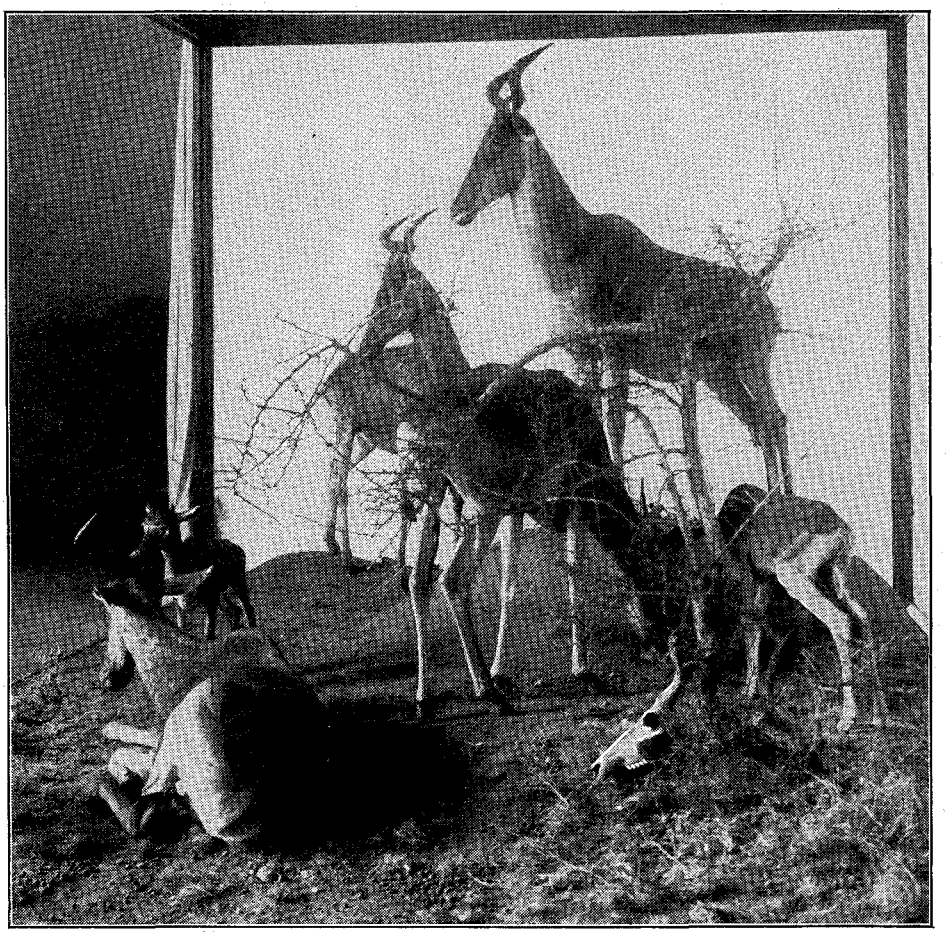
a young and daring museum builder named G. Brown Goode, assistant director of the United States National Museum. In 1883 that group was acquired by the National Museum, and when we saw it there in June, 1920, forty years after, it was in so good a state of preservation that it gave us a thrill of satisfaction. Yes; even forty years after we are not ashamed of it; for it is sufficiently near to the standards of to-day to be entitled to a place in the sun.

The Society of American Taxidermists, for the advancement and development of taxidermy to a place with the fine arts, was organized at Rochester on March 24, 1880, and to this day I marvel at the degree of animal intelligence, and the universal good fellowship, that was displayed by its members.

The absurd jealousies and closet "secrets" in methods that previously existed were all swept aside. All its members laid their best methods wide open upon the table, for the benefit of all. Among the founders of the society were Frederic S. Webster, Frederic A. Lucas (now director of the American Museum in New York), J. William Critchley, Jules F. D. Bailly, Thomas W. Fraine, F. W. Staebner, John Martens, and the writer. There were twoscore of widely scattered men and women who actively participated to the extent of their ability. Of these, Mr.



Coke hartbeest in the United States National Museum.
Collected by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Designed and mounted by James L. Clark.

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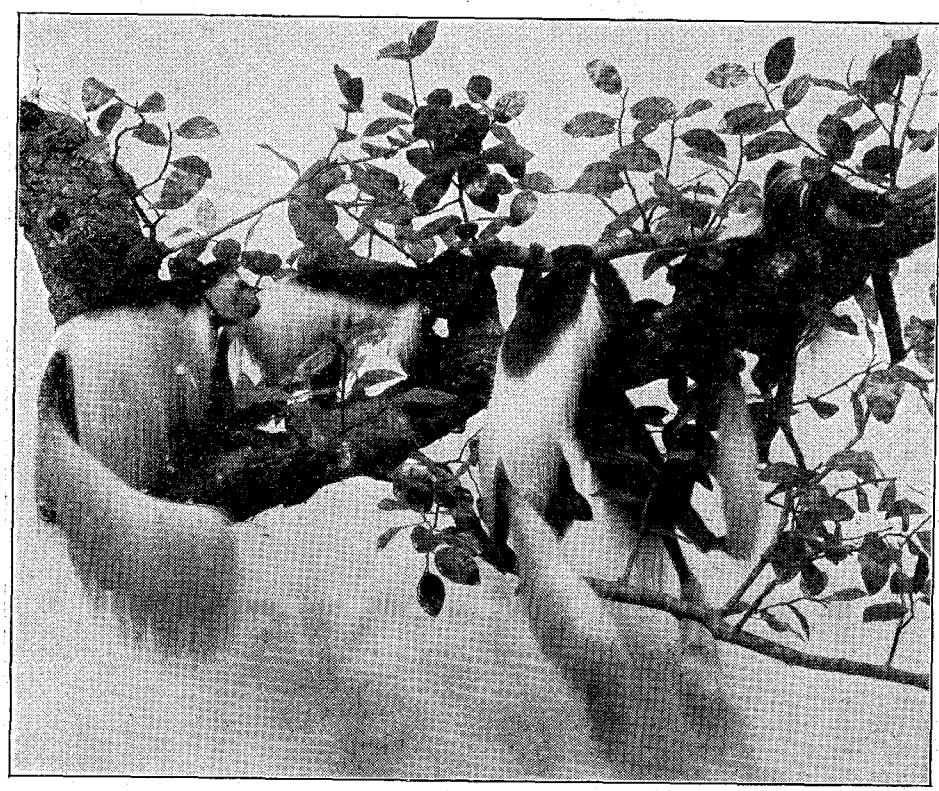
and Mrs. George H. Hedley (Medina), David Bruce (Lockport), Fred T. Jencks and J. M. Southwick (Providence), P. W. Aldrich (Boston), and Thos. Rowland (New York) are gratefully remembered for their support and co-operation. In 1883, William Palmer, Edward Marshall, and L. M. McCormick joined from Washington.



Colobus monkeys, United States National Museum.
Mounted by Frederic S. Webster, 1888.

Three very systematic competitive exhibitions were held. The first was at Rochester, in December, 1880; the second at Boston, in December, 1881; and the third (and last) took its place in history at Lyric Hall, New York, April 30 to May 5, 1883. The judges of those exhibitions were Doctor J. A. Allen, Doctor J. B. Holder, Daniel C. Beard, J. Carter Beard, W. E. D. Scott, Professor J. W. P. Jencks, and Thomas H. Hinckley. As one-half the expenses of the New York show, a "model millionaire" gave the generous and sorely needed sum of five hundred dollars. So far as the writer knows, that was Andrew Carnegie's very first gift to museology. And more than that, Mr. Carnegie actually permitted the society to elect him its treasurer for the year, 1883, by which the society enjoyed the prestige of having a financial backer known to be worth the fabulous sum of fifteen *million* dollars! In view of subsequent occurrences in museum development, we opine that our great and good friend always regarded with satisfaction the outcome of that very hazardous venture.

The irrepressible S. A. T. promptly received the approval and encouragement of the leading vertebrate zoologists of America, notably Professor Henry A. Ward, Doctor J. A. Allen, Doctor J. B. Holder, Doctor G. Brown Goode, Doctor G. E. Manigault, and others. Our ac-

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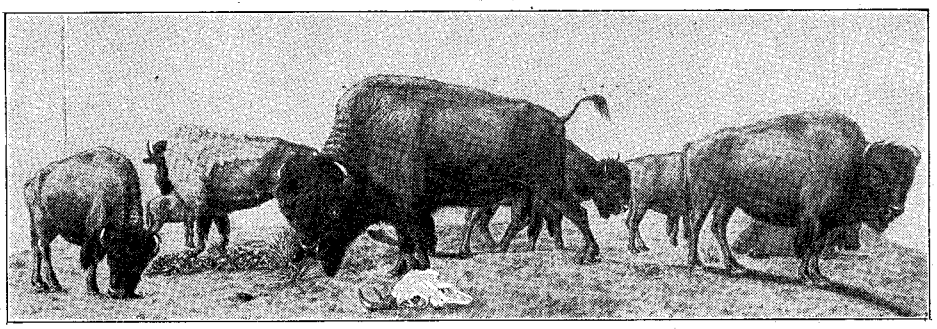


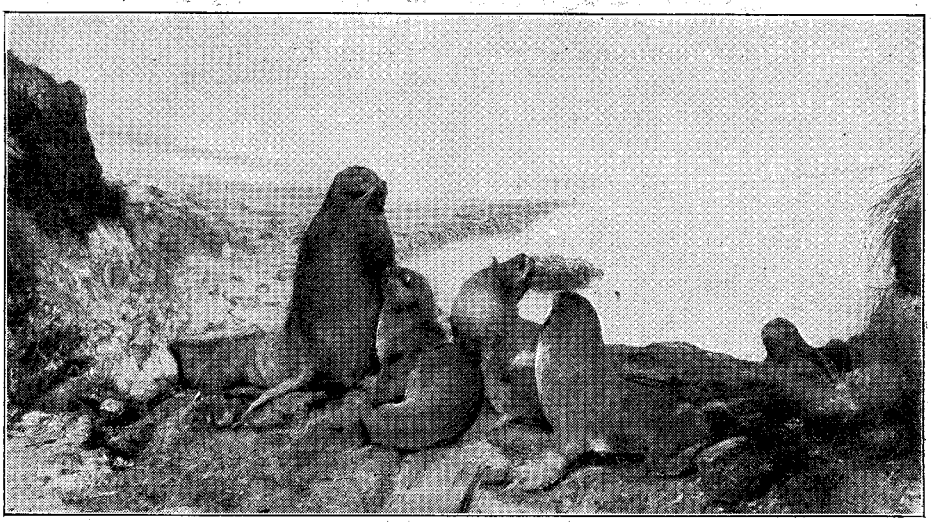
American bison in American Museum of Natural History.
Designed and mounted (1890) by Jenness Richardson.

quaintance with Daniel Carter Beard, of the Boy Scouts of America, began at Lyric Hall on May 3, 1883, when he acted as one of the judges of that last and best exhibition.

From start to finish the leading men of the Society of Taxidermists vigorously advocated the group idea as a promoter of new life and interest in museums. Many excellent groups of birds, mammals, and reptiles were toilsomely wrought out and shown in the three exhibitions, and the great possibilities in groups as scientific and legitimate museum exhibits were insisted upon.

It is now indisputable history that the competitive exhibitions, the lively public appreciation of artistic effort, and the cordial and constant exchange of methods and ideas, wrought in five short years a complete revolution in taxidermic methods and results. For example, it quickly became apparent that the days of mediæval straw-and-tow "stuffing" were forever over and done. It was conceded that the external anatomy of animals no longer could be ignored.

In 1882, at the National Museum, the writer developed the clay-covered hollow-statue method for the treatment of large mammals. The African elephant "Mungo" was its first beneficiary. If we had him to do over again to-day, we could not improve upon the original edition, and we suspect that it is not every "sculptor-taxidermist" who is destined to view with



Fur seals in the American Museum of Natural History. Doctor Frederic A. Lucas, director.
Mounted by Frederick Blaschke, 1911. Accessories and background by Albert Operti.

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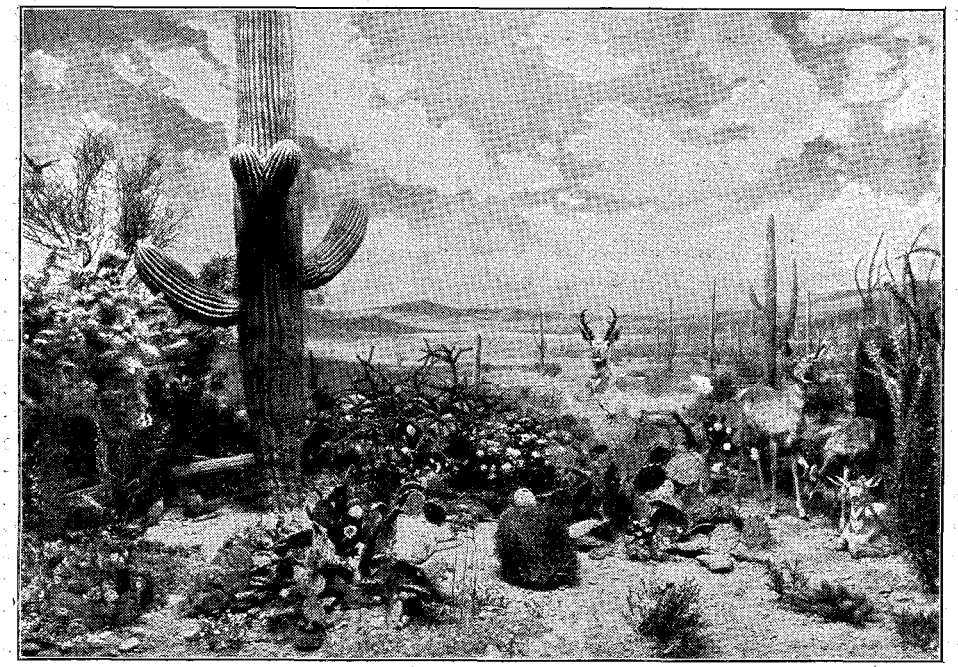
smug complacency his work on large mammals thirty-eight years after its perpetration.

One more word of early history is all that the traffic will stand. It concerns the first actual adoptions of the group idea in two great museums.

As a practical museum builder Doctor G. Brown Goode was a far-seeing and daring progressive. Whenever he saw the possibility of a good result, there was literally nothing that he was afraid to try out. The splendid pace that he set in museum development and administration made, throughout all America, a tremendous impression. It has had the effect of shoving our American museums far ahead of their rivals in Europe. But alas! how many of our younger museum men to-day remember this fact, and openly offer a tablet or a tribute to the memory of G. Brown Goode?



Desert antelope group in the Brooklyn Museum. W. H. Fox, director.
Mounted by Robert H. Rockwell. Plant life executed by Antonio Miranda. Background painted by Herbert B. Tschudy.

In 1886 the writer collected twenty-four American bison skins and skeletons in central Montana, for the National Museum, and others. In 1887 he proposed to Doctor Goode a group of bison, with Montana accessories, that would do justice to the most conspicuous mammal species of all America. A sketch was submitted and the cost was calculated. The latter looked enormous. After a comprehensive survey of the idea, and a heavy discounting of prospects and promises regarding the final result, he said: "Go ahead!"

In the fall of 1887 the group was "unveiled," for better or for worse, in the honorable centre of the Hall of Mammals. In about two hours the entire museum staff had inspected and approved it, and the future of the group idea was secure. Immediately groups of moose, sheep, goat, and antelope were ordered to be produced "forthwith."

To-day the zoological museums of the United States are developing large "habitat groups" of mammals and birds to the utmost limits of the space available for them. The two elder-brother museums of Washington and New York, which started first, are in the lead, and at the

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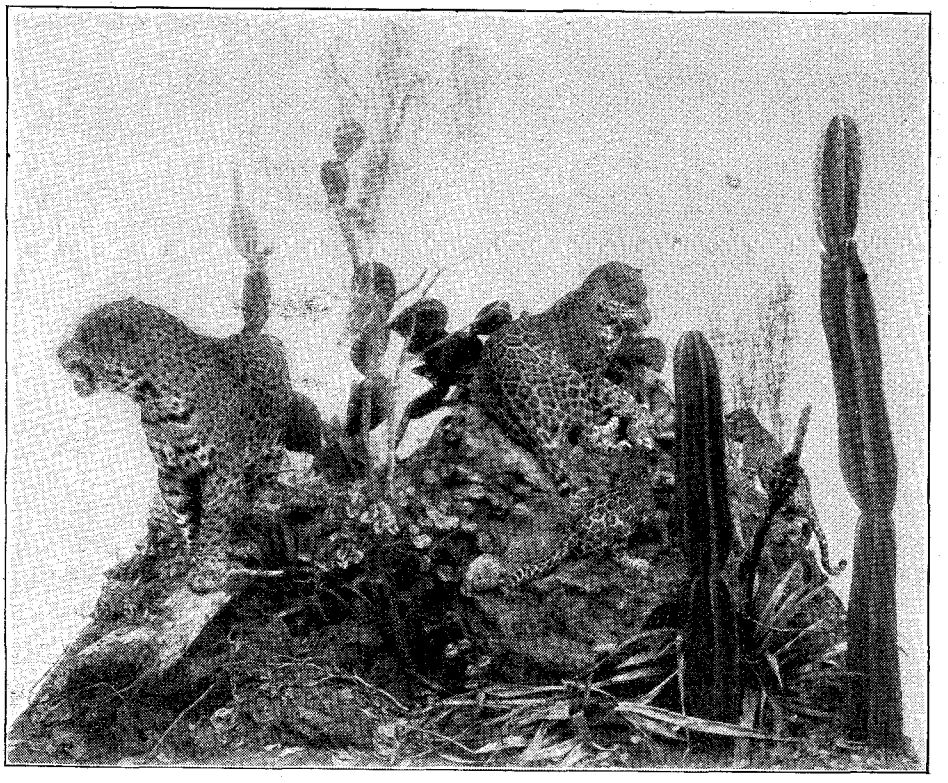
extreme northern side of the chapter of museum-building in America we see the University of Minnesota developing groups at the rate of two or more per year, even before the building to contain them has been erected.

The drawing power of group exhibits is thoroughly conceded by all persons in interest, and their value in educating the public is entirely beyond the domain of argument. Not only do they bring the charms of wild nature within daily reach of the cribbed and confined millions of city dwellers who cannot go afield, but they are permanent. In comparison with their cumulative value their cost is utterly trifling.

It is the rule to furnish each group, as far as possible, with natural accessories, taken from the haunts of the animals displayed, regardless of labor and expense. This fashion was set in 1887, when we brought on from Miles City, Montana, enough actual sods of curly buffalo-grass, and enough clumps of real sage-brush, to cover the entire bit of trail-marked buffalo range on which our group was installed. A Sioux Indian visitor once said to his friends: "I know that they *do* walk around in there at night, for there are their tracks, in the mud by the water-hole and on the trail."

Trees and branches are easily transported and set up, but when leaves are to be shown, and living plants, they must be made artificially. They are cast in wax. Most cacti, also, must be artificially made. The desert antelope group in the Brooklyn Museum shows wonderful work in the artificial reproduction of the remarkable cacti and other strange plant products of the Sonoran desert as it is seen in southern Arizona.

It is impossible to appreciate too highly the thought, the labor, and the expense that have been lavished upon these efforts to bring wild mammals and birds to the very doors of the millions of city dwellers



Jaguars in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh. Doctor W. J. Holland, director.
Designed and mounted by R. H. Santens. Collected and presented by John M. Phillips.

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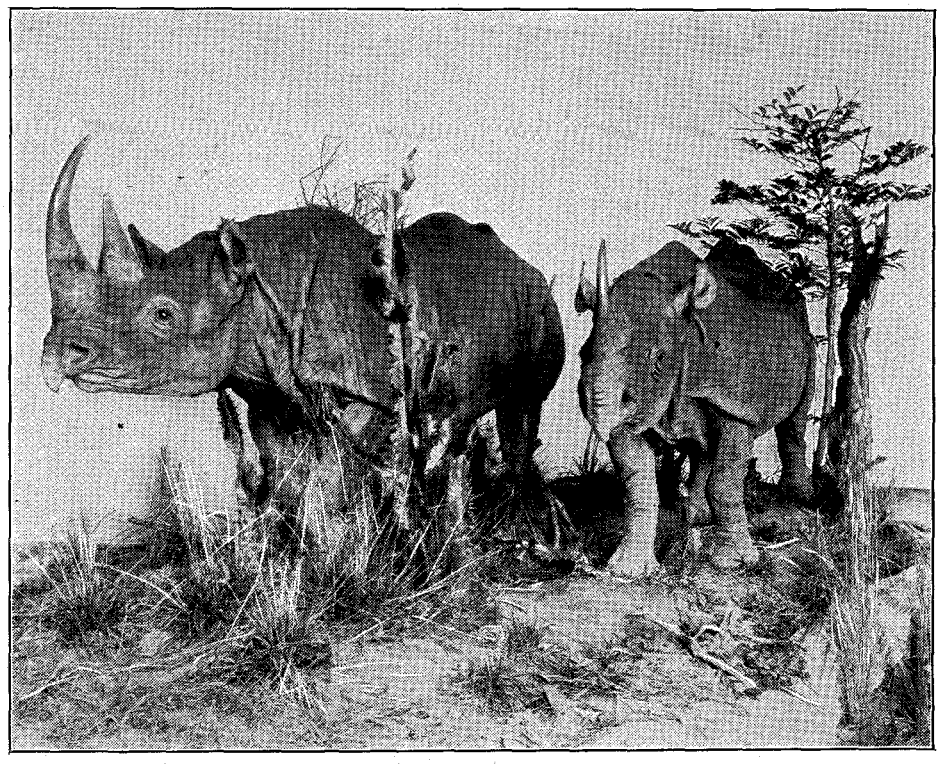
who cannot travel all over the world, and see all manner of wild life in its haunts.

This last thought reminds me to salute the toiling museum directors and curators who by hook and by crook, and at times by great labor, have found the money, the space, and the men that, taken in conjunction, make habitat groups possible.

The United States National Museum, a pioneer in group-making, now contains about all the large groups of mammals that can be displayed until the Freer Gallery of paintings goes out, and enters its own special building to remain for aye. The men represented by them are, by seniority, the writer, Joseph Palmer, F. S. Webster, William Palmer, George B. Turner, and James L. Clark. The species represented are the bison, moose, prong-horn, mountain-sheep, mountain-goat, musk-ox, coyote, and in the Roosevelt collection the lion, zebra, white rhinoceros, Coke hartbeest, and oryx antelope.

Of the work of George B. Turner, two groups in the Roosevelt collection claim first attention. The African buffalo group is important, and well executed, but the coarse physical fibre and overpowering bulk of that ungainly species insensibly demands a mental effort in its acceptance as a real work of art, as it truly is. On the other hand, Mr. Turner's group of Grevy zebras is a fine composition, and clearly is entitled to a place in the first rank of habitat groups. It represents a peaceful and prosperous herd, in its desert home, where the wicked sometimes cease from troubling and the weary wild animals occasionally are at rest.

Mr. James L. Clark's group of three Rooseveltian white rhinoceroses is a grand piece of work, and well worthy of reproduction here, but for the fact that Clark's group of Coke hartbeests is far more pleasing as a work of taxidermic art. The smaller size of the animals contributes artistic values in poses and grouping that are out of the question in any



African black rhinoceroses, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh. Doctor W. J. Holland, director.

Mounted by R. H. Santens. Specimen at left shot and presented by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Specimen at right shot and presented by Childs Frick.

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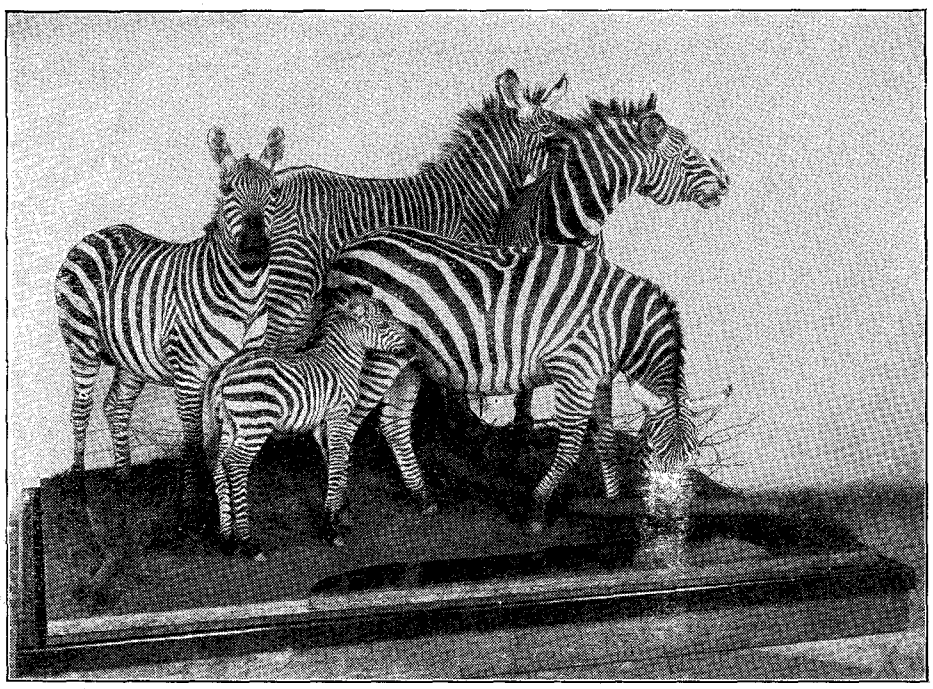

Grevy and Chapman zebras, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh.
Mounted by Joseph Santens. Two Grevy zebras marked by many stripes. Shot and presented by Childs Frick.

rhinoceros group installed in a case that really is too small for it, and the universal verdict is that the hartbeests stand forth as Mr. Clark's most artistic creation. And really, the latter is a realistic translation from the wild veldt to the museum hall, without the aid of a painted landscape background and under the handicap of four visible sides. All the National Museum groups save two are four-sided exhibits, with all the loss in perspective and color which that hard condition invariably entails.

The American Museum of Natural History was the first cash patron of the "artistic group" idea.

In 1881 it purchased from Ward's Natural Science Establishment, with funds supplied by Mr. Robert Colgate, the second group of orangs mounted by the writer, entitled "The Orang-Utan at Home." That group represents a peaceful family gathering in a Bornean treetop, where the delectable durian is being eaten. Of course that effort is now to be seen in the American Museum, and from its excellent state of preservation it seems fitted to survive several times forty years more.

The completion of the American bison group in the National Museum, in 1887, attracted the attention of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, who took an early opportunity to inspect it. That visit presently resulted in the engagement of the author's assistant, Jenness Richardson (Sr.)—a genuine artist—as the first chief taxidermist of the American Museum. In 1880 Mr. Richardson mounted the American bison group that down to the present day has occupied the most commanding position there, and it is an unqualified masterpiece. So far as we are aware it is the largest mammal group in America, and quite too large to be shown in one photograph.

Mr. Richardson died in 1883, and his assistant and successor, John Rowley, produced the fine moose group that today is one of the most conspicuous of the many mammal groups of the American Museum. Aside from the excellence of the animals, the observer is profoundly impressed by the graphic representation,

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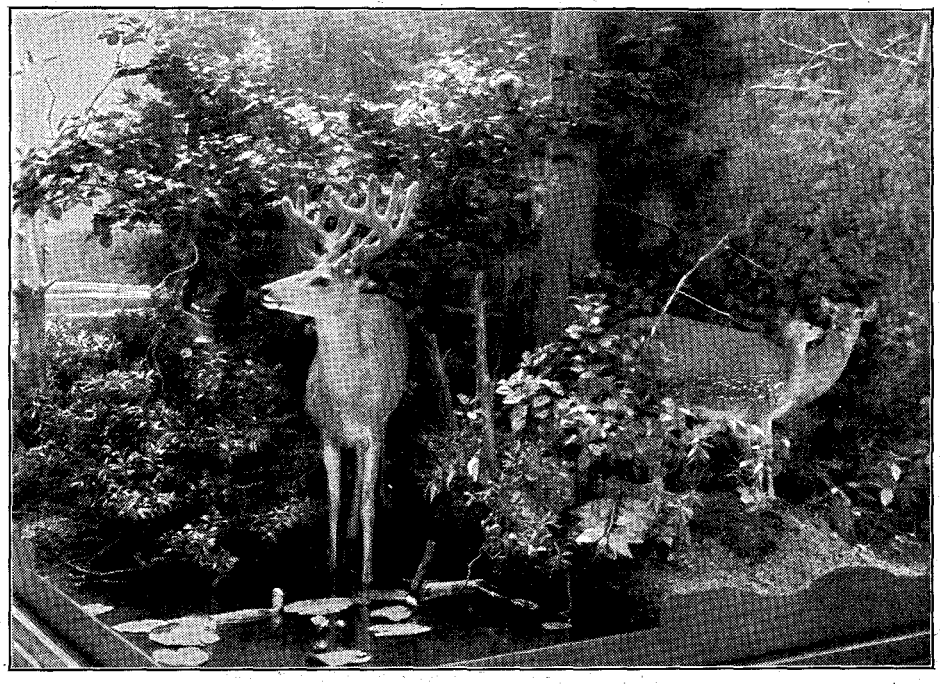
by means of natural accessories from the depths of the Maine woods, of the deep layer of moss-covered débris on the floor of the forest. It is probable that few of the observers of museum groups even half-way appreciate the many-sided skill, the labor, and the expense involved in the production of the elaborate accessories that are necessary to bring the haunts of wild animals to the museum hall and within the visual range of the visitor. Sometimes the accessories represent twenty-five per cent of the total achievement, but they are worth all they cost.

There is one medium-sized group in the American Museum that is an artistic gem. It is the group of fur seals mounted by Frederick Blaschke, and provided with a landscape background by that consummate boreal artist, Albert Operti. Director Lucas contemplates a larger group of fur seals, but the present group is a good one to keep the wolf from the door for an indefinite period.

The beautiful bird groups of the American Museum long have been celebrated, but the bird groups of America form a subject quite apart.

There are occasions wherein the home surroundings of a wild animal are quite as interesting as the animal itself. Such is the case with the mountain-goat in British Columbia, the mountain-sheep of Pinacate, and the pronghorned antelope of the Sonoran Desert in Arizona.

In no museum group of my acquaintance is the home atmosphere and the local color of more thrilling interest than in the pronghorned antelope group of the Brooklyn Institute Museum. Its really wonderful setting of desert vegetation and desert landscape gives the visitor an actual section out of a veritable wonderland. I cannot imagine an intelligent mind that can view that masterpiece, even in a picture, without a thrill. A doubting Thomas who has not seen the desert pronghorn amid its choyas, ocatillas, bisnagas, and giant cacti might be tempted to say, "There never was such a combination"; but having seen it, we believe.



Portion of white-tailed deer group, "The Four Seasons." Field Museum, Chicago.
The quarter section entitled "Summer." Designed and mounted by Carl E. Akeley.

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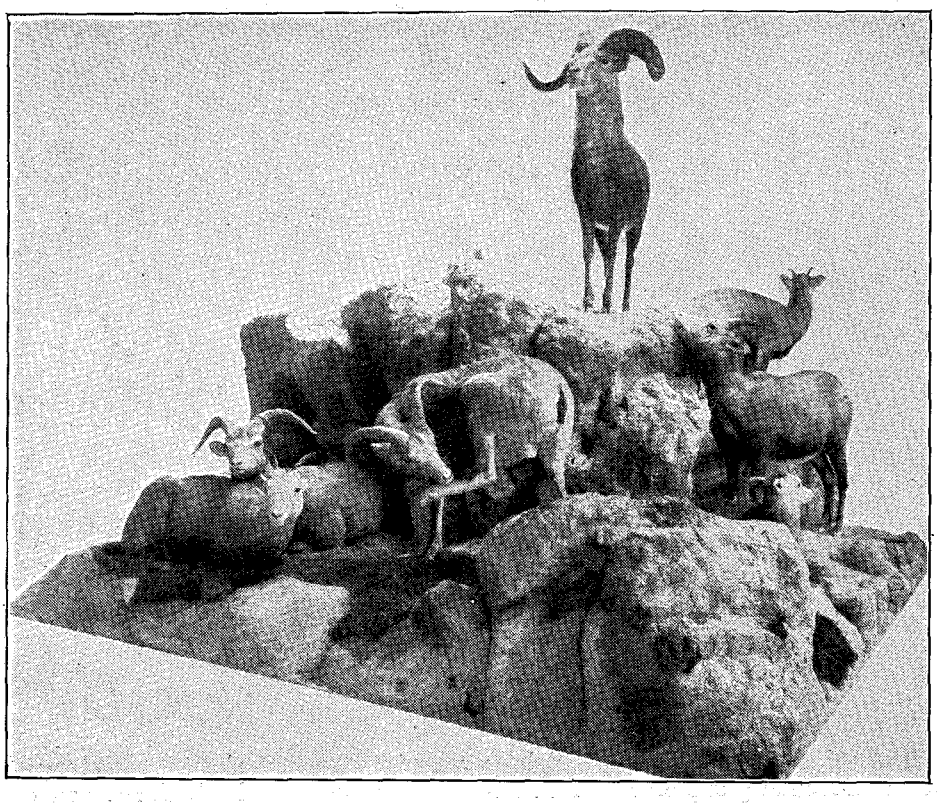

Black mountain-sheep (*Ovis stonei*) in the Field Museum, Chicago. F. J. V. Skiff, director. Mounted by Carl E. Akeley.

Now, there are a very few museum groups in which the accessories preponderate over the zoological specimens in a proportion of about nine to one. In two groups that could be cited, the vertebrates are so overwhelmed by their setting that they sink to the level of trifling accessories, difficult to locate. That is bad art. A human portrait that shows more of furniture and fixtures than of face and figure jars the divine sense of proportion, and mounted groups are to be judged by the same rules.

In the desert group mentioned above, the accessories represent quite as much effort, achievement, and real art as the zoological specimens themselves, and they render their separate recognition imperative. Many museum labels need to give, and do give, separate credit for the accessory work. The honors due for the Brooklyn desert antelope groups must be doubled in order to be divided between the taxidermist and the plant maker who produced the truly wonderful choyas, opuntias, palo verdes, and ocatillas. If you cannot make a journey to southern Arizona, between Tucson and Wall's Well, then go to Brooklyn and see the next best thing.

The Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh, of which Doctor W. J. Holland is the master builder, contains many zoological prizes of high value. It scored for all America the first white rhinoceros, the first inland white bear, the first jaguar group, and the first reticulated giraffe.

When I observed that Chief Taxidermist R. H. Santens was committed to the creation of a four-sided jaguar group without a background, I was outrageously sceptical regarding the result of that hazardous experiment. In fact, it seemed like attempting the impossible. But Mr. Santens won. The jaguar group, composed of the hard-won specimens of that

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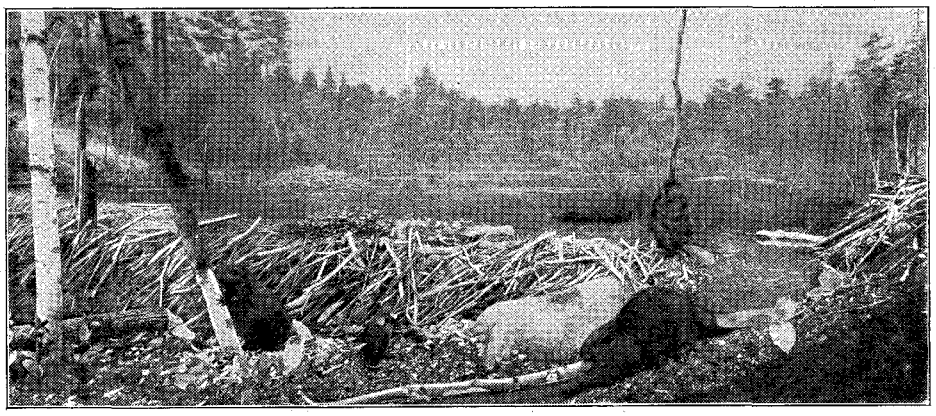

Beaver group in the Zoological Museum, University of Minnesota. Doctor Thomas S. Roberts, director.
Designed and mounted by Jenness Richardson, who also collected the materials. Size 20 x 10 x 12. A representation of Siegfried Dam, Itasca Park, Minnesota.

museum's faithful ally, John M. Phillips, is not only a success, but it is a masterpiece.

I estimate a four-sided group as representing about double the difficulty of a group with a landscape background, and, therefore, exhibiting but one side. Let him who thinks otherwise try the making of an all-around group and see for himself.

The composition of the Pittsburgh jaguar group brings those fearsome animals very close to the visitor. On four sides, everything is foreground. There is no painted picture of the thorny Mexican jungle to help out. You are within arm's reach of the whole thing. The rough rock and the arid and scraggy vegetation are glaringly real, and nothing is lacking save the baying dogs and the perspiring hunters, all with their tongues hanging out from heat, thirst, and exhaustion. If the visitor could hear the story of the running down and killing of that old he-one, as John Phillips told it to me, he would feel with me that the

Moose in the Field Museum, Chicago. F. J. V. Skiff, director.
Mounted by Julius Friesser.

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story and the group are quite sufficiently near to the real adventure.

The Carnegie Museum is really rich in groups of great mammals, or great groups of mammals, whichever the visitor chooses. The Santens black rhinoceros group is truly a *tour de force*, and the group of Burchell and Chapman zebras is a beautiful and spirited achievement. The African buffaloes and mountain-kudu are perfectly satisfactory, and the two huge giraffes, reticulated and Nubian, strongly point toward a great giraffe group in the near future—such as at present does not exist.

The Field Museum at Chicago early and effectively entered the field of group production. To-day it contains a fine showing of masterpieces in American taxidermy. Its group of African elephants (fighting), by Carl E. Akeley, was the first elephant group ever executed in America, so far as we know. Judged by the standards of artistic conception, this group is truly overwhelming. It is only by an effort that the imagination rises to its level, and yields to it the vast admiration that it deserves. It represents a gigantic conception and artistic effort successfully realized. It needs to be shown in a court at least a hundred feet square. It is a magnificent production, but, like the Sphinx among sculptures, it is not comparable with smaller creations of a pictorial character. It is in a big and new class quite by itself.

In the Field Museum Mr. Akeley wrought long and well. Of the highly artistic groups he there produced we choose first his four-ways group of white-tailed deer, representing the "Four Seasons." We regret that all four sections cannot be reproduced here. They stand together, four-square, and their exquisitely mounted bucks, does, and fawns, in varied pelages, with landscape backgrounds and a wealth of forest and waterside foliage, render them quite irresistible. These four masterpieces under one title come very near to telling the life history of the white-tailed deer of the North, and as a sample quarter we have chosen the "Summer" section.

But the crucial test of taxidermic ability is the production of four-sided groups that without any background as-

Colorado grizzly bear, Colorado Museum of Natural History, Denver. J. D. Figgins, director.
Mounted by Albert C. Rogers. Collected and presented by James A. McGuire.

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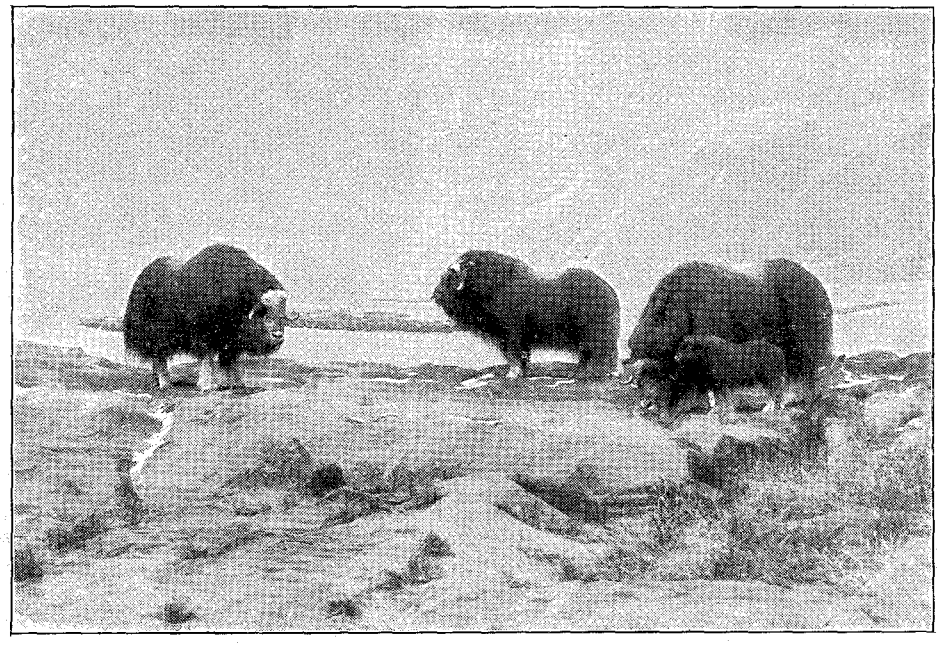
sistance strike twelve. In this class there is a group of black mountain-sheep, from British Columbia, that is so finely composed and so admirably executed that instantly it challenges attention and admiration. The rock foundation and accessories are of the simplest character, it is open on all sides, but its place on our list of masterpieces is secure. It is the work of Mr. Akeley, and in breezy mountain-top effect it is just about perfect.

American beaver group, collected, designed, and executed by Jenness Richardson, worthy son of the late Jenness Richardson, who from 1888 to 1893 was chief taxidermist of the American Museum of Natural History.

Any beaver group that adequately shows the work of the beaver in tree-cutting and in house and dam building is necessarily a case of preponderating accessories. This is because the wonderful



Musk-ox group in the Oakland, Cal., Museum.
Designed and mounted by John Rowley. Background by Maurice C. Logan. Accessories by Miss Susie W. Mott.

There is a moose group of large size and commanding importance, the work of Julius Friesser, which is well worth a place in this review of masterpiece groups.

The new zoological museum of the University of Minnesota was put on the map by the large groups of animals that were brought into existence when that museum entity was, as to visibility, "without form and void." The joint initiative group work was done by Doctor Thomas S. Roberts, director, and Mr. James Ford Bell, the sportsman and public-spirited citizen who supplied the specimens and the sinews of war.

There is a fine group of caribou, but by reason of its success in a very difficult venture, I am most impressed by the works of the beaver cannot be slighted by a true zoologist. When an animal the size of a bulldog builds a dam fifty feet long by six feet high, a house ten feet in diameter at the base and five feet high above water, set in a pond three hundred feet by one hundred, what can you do but show them, regardless of balance between the accessories and the animals?

Not many American taxidermists have attempted beaver groups, and some of those who have, have fallen a bit short of complete success. But Mr. Richardson's group, made wholly by himself, with Mrs. Richardson's skilful assistance in the plant life, is a very gratifying and artistic success. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is twenty feet long, twelve feet wide, and

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ten feet high. An excellent painted background leaves actually nothing more to be desired.

To all American cities of reasonable size even yet in need of museums, I commend the Colorado Museum of Natural History as a model. It is safe and sane, logical, understandable, and admirably adapted to the ends it is serving and to serve. The public-spirited citizens of Denver are justly proud of it, and they are doing well by it. It is keeping step with the general progress of one of the most progressive cities in America, and we hope that a dozen other American cities speedily will follow this example.

As a sample of its fine group exhibits, we present the group of silvertip grizzly bears. The specimens composing it were shot in Colorado and presented by James A. McGuire, editor of *Outdoor Life* magazine, and they were mounted under the personal supervision of Director J. D. Figgins, by Albert C. Rogers. Mr. Figgins's own experience as a museum taxidermist has proven to be a valuable asset to the museum.

Quite recently Mr. McGuire has made a great expedition to Alaska and Yukon Territory, where he collected specimens and accessories for groups of white mountain sheep, goat, moose, caribou, and Alaskan bears. These, when mounted and displayed, will put Denver permanently on the map as the proprietor of a museum having a collection of big-game groups worthy of international admiration.

From Denver we must journey to the Pacific coast to find the next assembly of groups of museum mammals. In San Francisco, for the museum of the California Academy of Sciences, and in Oakland, for the Oakland City Museum, John Rowley has wrought long and well. Backed by his experience in the American Museum, at first as the pupil of Jenness Richardson, he needed no further preparation for work in his new field.

The group of musk-oxen, chosen by Mr. Rowley as one of the best examples of his Pacific coast work, is shown herewith, and its right to a place in the masterpiece class will be denied by no one.

To the writer there is genuine satisfaction in the thought that the group idea of the S. A. T. has spread across the continent, taken root, and flourished in two California museums, and now is well represented all the way from Long Island to the Golden Gate.

To all American and Canadian cities which as yet have no great groups of mammals, we say, *get them now, while the getting is good!*

Barges

BY J. D. GLEASON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

IF you should ask almost any one of the commuters that twice daily crowd the ferries for Staten Island and elsewhere, "What kind of a boat is that being towed along?" he would, without concealing his surprise at your ignorance, answer that it was "a barge." This designation would meet all of his requirements, but not so with the tugboat men. It was not long after my interest in boats led me to make a study of the subject that I found a distinct classification which obviates much confusion. Since each individual barge has a name chosen at the caprice of its owner, many names are duplicated, and a tugboat captain who had orders to call at a certain dock for the *Gold-Dust*, for instance, would be puzzled if he found the *Gold-Dust* twins were sharing the same berth. So the general term "barge" must be classified according to the purpose and tonnage of the craft.

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The flat scow is a box-shaped affair with a level deck upon which it carries the cargo, usually sand or brick, held in place by raised bulkheads at each end.

The derrick lighter is intended for handling bulky freight, railroad rails, machinery, et cetera. It looks all utility with never a point for grace. It can easily be distinguished by its clumsy hoisting apparatus.

One of the barge oddities is the portable grain-elevator, standing out among barges as the giraffe does among animals, on account of the tall tower-like house for hoisting the grain, which is transported from the railroad terminals to the ships waiting to carry it to the ports of the world. It is the most awkward of all for the tugs to handle, for it cannot be towed astern, as the wind will catch it, and the tugs have a time keeping out of the way. So they hook on alongside, completely shutting off the captain's view, so that he must depend entirely upon the judgment of the deck-hand he puts over there to keep a lookout.

The trash-barges carry away all the sweepings from the streets, the refuse from the houses, dead tabby cats, and so forth, which are given a watery burial off Sandy Hook. We will but mention the odoriferous garbage-scows which perform the same office.

The ice-barges bring us our supply of ice from the storage-houses up-state. They are built high and are always topped with a windmill to pump out the water from the melting ice.

Then there are double-decked excursion-barges which may be seen on a pleasant holiday being towed up the Hudson, with flags flying and band playing while hundreds of merry pleasure-seekers dance, lunch, or play cards.

The most common barge is the square "box," as it is called among tugboat men. It carries about five hundred tons, of coal usually, and is the bum of the harbor, black and dirty as becomes its trade. The captain is very much like his boat, the bane of the tugboat men—never has a line ready when needed, and is never satisfied with the berth selected for him.

In striking contrast are the canal-boats, built for service on inland waterways. They are a neat, well-kept craft, built on the picturesque lines of the boats of Holland. Some go to Perth Amboy and thence by the inland route to Philadelphia. However, most of them go up the Hudson River to Albany and then either to Buffalo by the Erie Canal or to Quebec, Montreal, and other Canadian points through the Champlain Canal. As Ohio produces presidents, so Champlain, a town of but eighteen hundred inhabitants which yet boasts of two hundred and twenty-five barges, one to every eight people, is the port of hail of the canal-boat captain. Although on St. Patrick's Day the barges are all gaily bedecked with flags, in honor of the few Irish among their number from Rondout and Port Huron on the Hudson, the majority of captains are from Champlain near the Canadian boundary-line.

These people are of French-Canadian birth, and their thrift is exemplified by the fact that every captain owns his own boat. He goes to points where the railroad does not touch, and does not fear the trusts, as the business could not profitably be conducted on a large scale. He must pick up a cargo where he can, and profits are too small to attract big business. However, by taking his family with him, thereby saving rent, and by all lending a hand, he is able in time to buy another barge to keep down the costs of an ever-increasing family. The bargeman is a lover of children, and his cabin is usually packed to capacity.

French is the language generally spoken, giving a foreign suggestion, as do the boats themselves. They are, as a rule, built in the United States on the shores of Lake Champlain. They can be built for half the price in Canada, but could not then enjoy the advantages of being under American registry. Some captains resort to this subterfuge—the boat is built in Canada, and at some safe point on this side of the border she is sunk, accidentally, of course. The inspector comes and looks at her, and he too agrees that she is sunk. She is then raised and placed in dry dock; exactly forty new planks are put in the bottom, and all conditions of the law are thereby complied with to place her under American registry.

A three-hundred-ton barge costs about five thousand dollars, and one of six hundred tons represents an investment of twelve thousand dollars, so that a man

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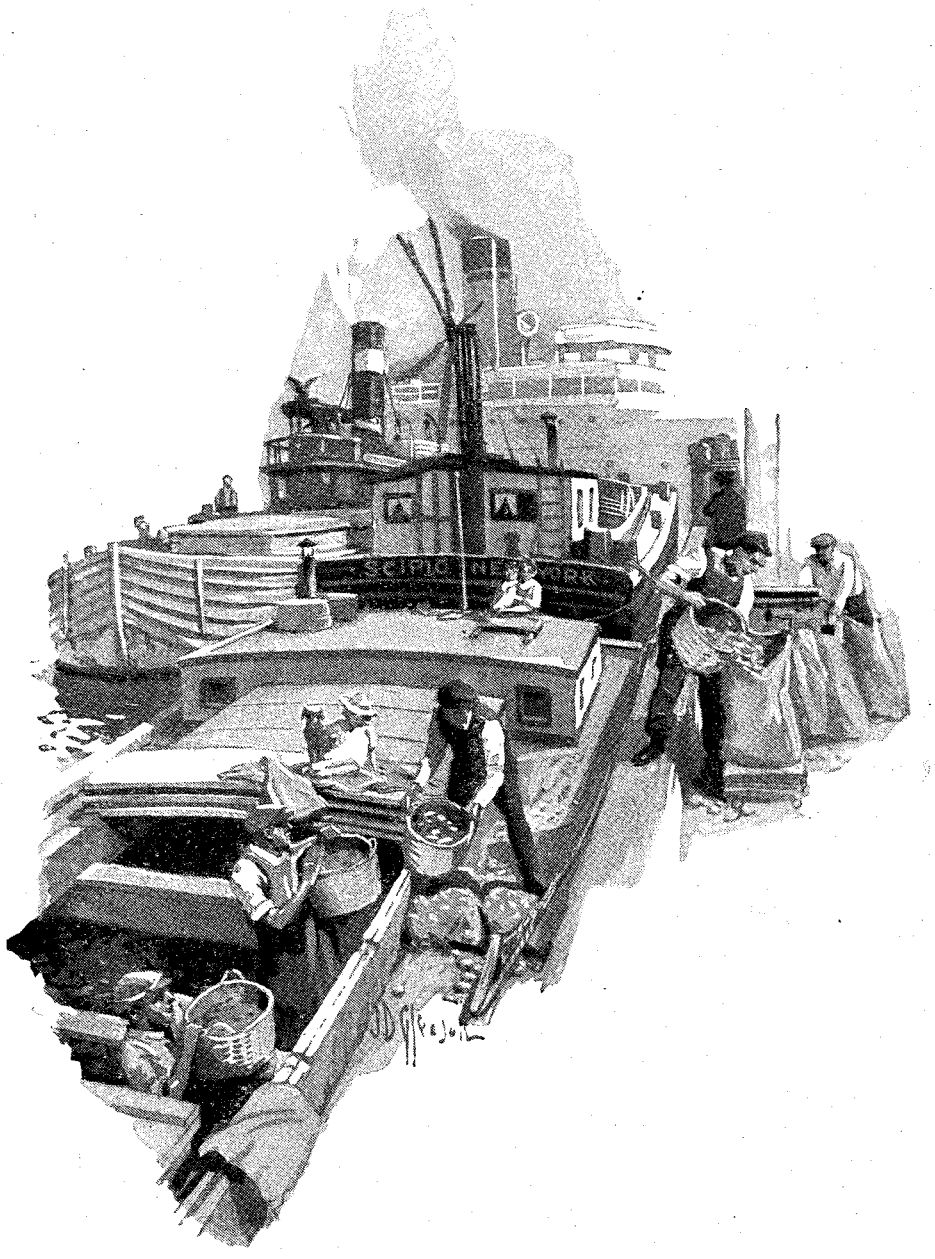

Unloading potatoes at Coenties Slip.

who owns a couple of barges would be well set up with that amount of property on shore. As reading and writing enter very little into the daily work, many owners are illiterate, and the children often escape the rounds of the truant officer. But this is not from force of circumstances, because the barge is tied up during the winter wherever the captain may choose, and the more enterprising send the children ashore to school. In New York the rendezvous of this craft is Coenties Slip on South Street, within a stone's throw of the Wall Street financial district. Nine dollars a month is paid for dockage during the winter.

When spring comes and the canals are open, the barges join the big tow for Al-

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bany with a cargo under hatches. Sometimes as many as seventy-five barges are bunched together, including a few ice-barges, and maybe a small schooner or two. There is one company which handles this business, and every evening during the summer a tow leaves each end of the run, and arrives at its destination in fifty hours.

The tow usually breaks up at Albany, and those going through the Champlain Canal are taken in charge by a smaller tug. After crossing Lake Champlain, the lovely Chambly Canal is entered, where the primitive method of horse-tow is still used. Nothing could be more tranquilly beautiful, nor in utter contrast to the busy harbor life lately quitted. Through the trees which line the shore and overhang the canal, one catches glimpses of workers in the green fields, as Millet would have painted them. There is never monotony in the slow progression—the facile and continuous blending of meadow, hill, and wood, with little farmhouses dotted here and there. There is a sense of intimacy about this stretch, a confidential allurement that one cannot describe. One might be in Brittany, and the illusion is carried further by the French chatter of the children playing about the deck. By this time, if you are fortunate enough to be making this trip, your mind is more at ease about these lively youngsters falling overboard. This they rarely do, having been brought up with a fear of the water, and having lived all their lives on this same deck, they know its limitations. It is a curious fact that few of them or their parents know how to swim. This is due to their inbred fear of the element upon which they spend their lives.

Sea-going barges outward bound passing a gas harbor buoy.

There are eleven locks to pass through and occasional stops are made to load or unload cargo, when, if you are so minded, you can drop a line overboard and catch a mess of fish for supper. After eleven miles of this enchanting scenery, we come to the Richelieu River at Sorrel, where the patient horse is displaced by a powerful tug, and the barge shakes off its lethargy as the water once more boils at bow and stern. It is forty-nine miles to Quebec, with ten locks to pass, and a night to be spent tied up to the banks.

If the captain owns two barges, he will live on the rear one, from which point he can steer them both. The forward one is

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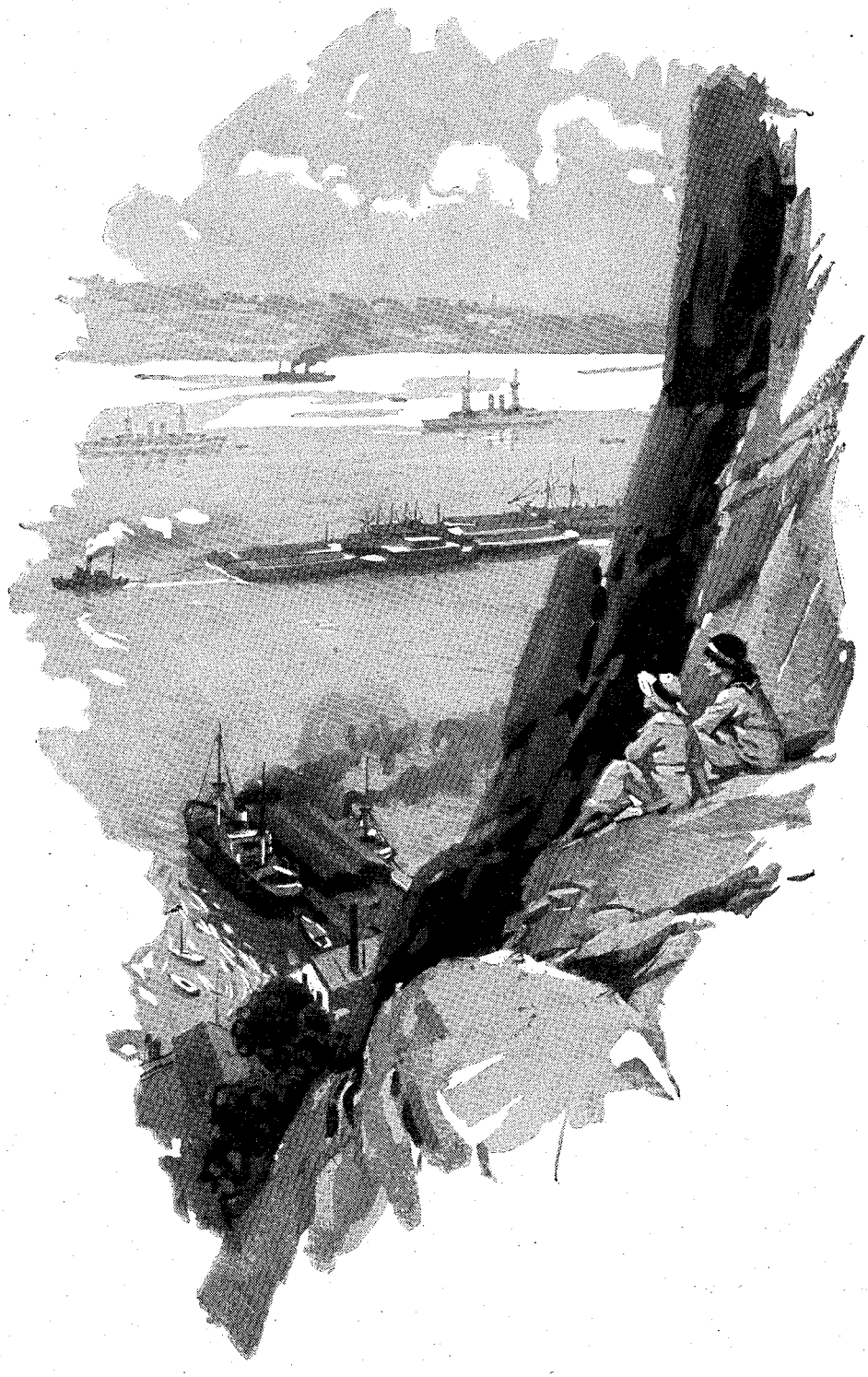

Drawn by J. D. Gleason.

The big tow passing the Palisades.

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In the quiet waters of the canals the young wife often takes the tiller.

occupied by his helper, if he has one, or most likely by some canoeists to whom he is giving a lift, for hospitality is a matter of course with these good people. Good health makes good dispositions, and they are rich in both. Docked so closely together during the winter does the fleet lie that it resembles a town of cabins with the decks for thoroughfares, and the barge folk are all well acquainted, so that in summer it is like one big community extending from New York to Canada. When barges pass, the greetings always carry a feeling of good fellowship and well-wishing.

At Quebec, one of the wonders of the trip is encountered in a combination of eight locks that lift the barges two hundred feet up the side of a cliff. We have covered a distance of five hundred and twenty-five miles, after which stops are made along the St. Lawrence River col-

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Drawn by J. D. Gleason.

Barges are the red and white corpuscles of the harbor.—Page 25.

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Where a small amount of bad judgment would cause a large amount of loss.

lecting a cargo for the return trip. Going north, they carry coal or merchandise and, returning, bring back lumber, hay, wood-pulp, or paper. The last trip down, they usually load with potatoes consigned to some commission merchant in New York. They are covered with straw to keep from freezing, and are sold in small lots to the peddlers during the winter.

It is not a life devoid of danger, for there is the chance of collision in New York Harbor, and severe storms may be encountered while crossing Lake Champlain, during which the hawser often parts, allowing a string of boats to batter on some of the rocky ledges that abound in the lake. Then there is the chance of meeting one of the big liners in the narrow channel of the St. Lawrence River. Due to the shallowness of the water and the speed which these boats often make, a great wave is sucked up astern. This is a real peril to the canal-boat unless the larger boat slows down, as

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it is required to do by law. Often, however, it pays no attention to the frantic whistling of the tug, and a heavily laden barge may be swamped or rolled completely over. Laden with lumber, a barge will keep afloat, but if the cargo is coal, it is a different matter, and lucky then is the captain if he is able to get all of his family safely onto the tug.

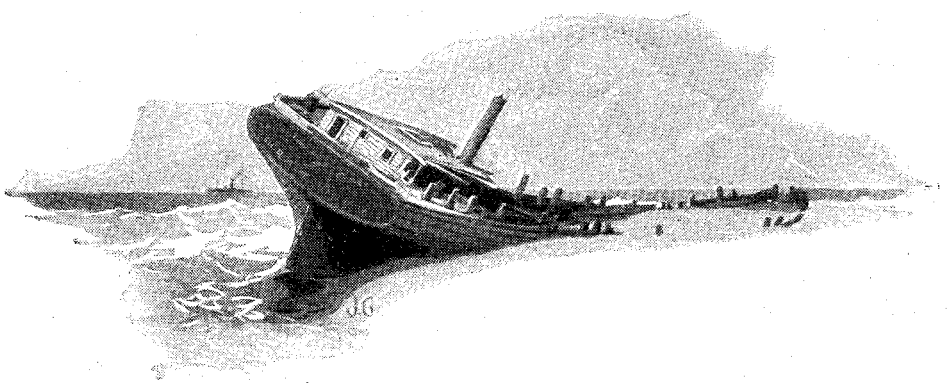
The sons usually follow in the steps of the father, and the daughters marry other bargemen's sons, and so the circle widens. When the canals are closed for the winter and the barges are tied up, sometimes fifty in one berth, many a pretty romance is started, and then ripened by chance meetings during the summer. When the wedding-day has been set, there are busy times on the barge in which the young man has been investing his earnings. The cabin must be freshly painted inside and out, and new curtains put at the little green-blinded windows.

"They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Receiv'd those two faire brydes, their loves delight,
(Which, at the appointed tyde,
Each one did make his bryde,)
Against their brydale day, which is not long,
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."

—*Edmund Spenser.*

The prototypes of the canal-boats in that they make a long haul are the ocean-going barges, running to Sound ports, Boston, Salem, and so forth. They are usually old sailing-vessels too slow to compete with steam, but with hulls stanch and sound. They carry a shortened schooner rig to steady them in a gale and to help the tug. Some of the ship barges are the remains of once proud clippers whose straining spars and billowy canvas once carried the fame of American boat building and seamanship into the far corners of the world. Maybe the same old captain sits dozing on some quarter-deck, dreaming of sailings o'er deep blue waters with flying fishes flitting across her foamy bows. Now, with chopped-off bowsprit and two patches of sail, with dirty coal in her hold instead of tea and spices, she is ignominiously pulled along by the nose by a sacrilegious iron tug.

Barge traffic forms an important part of the patchwork of an amazing commerce, a distributing system bridging the gap between the railway and steamship terminals and the consumers. Barges are the red and white corpuscles of the harbor, some bringing in new material and others carrying away the waste. Whether there is beauty in barges depends upon how you measure beauty—to me they are built along lines of utility and so must contain beauty, rugged as it may be. How bare the steamer at the dock would look without its cluster of busy barges hustling coal and freight aboard! Take it down in the Narrows when the first approaches of night are but faintly shadowed and the golden glow slants obliquely across from the Jersey shore—a tug is bringing up two barges from Perth Amboy, splashing water from their broad bows, the sun plays on the bright colors of the cabins. There may be grander pictures, but nothing could speak in more eloquent terms of the busy life of this greatest harbor in all the world.



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The Elusive American and the Ex-European

BY ERNEST BOYD

IN the voluminous literature of foreign comment upon America, which runs from Mrs. Trollope and Dickens to Arnold Bennett and W. L. George, there is a common insistence upon certain aspects of life in this country which, in the course of time, have come to be accepted as typically American. The generalizations current in one country about another are usually resented by the initiated, but in this case it is possible to discern a method in the apparent madness of the alien view of American life. Against the obvious plea that this is an immense continent, and that a hasty tour of the larger cities, chiefly in the East, cannot give an adequate idea of it, must be set the fact that this is the country of standardized, large-scale production. For that reason the production of impressions of America is facilitated in the same fashion as the production of Ford cars. In neither case will the critical be satisfied, but the product is serviceable, so far as it goes. It does not take the foreign visitor long to discover that it is unnecessary to have actually been in Little Rock, before concluding that the Kansans "chew it after every meal," and that Oklahoma and Maine are at one in their cheerful readiness to "tell the world they satisfy." The utterances of syndicated soothsayers are also a guaranty that a certain unanimity of platitude characterizes the thoughts of mute, inglorious citizens from New York to San Francisco. It is natural that a standardized civilization should produce standardized criticism.

The America which invariably engages the attention of visitors from abroad is this community of mass-production Americans, who have been Americanized and turned out to a pattern, with the speed and volume peculiar to American industry. An analysis of those features of civilization in the United States which chiefly intrigue the foreign commentator, and are responsible for unfavorable impressions, will show that they are usually the phenomena of Americanization rather than of genuine Americanism. While there is a prevalent superstition that the alien population maintains surreptitious, and sometimes sinister, relations with the countries of its origin, the truth is that the Americanizing process is so successful that these ex-Europeans thrust the real Americans out of sight. So far from resisting the friendly advances of Uncle Sam, the immigrant eagerly snatches at everything proffered in his name. In fact, while the good man is appealing to him to enter the household, the enterprising stranger has long since crept up-stairs, donned his host's wardrobe, and is giving orders, as if he were quite at home. Thus it comes about that, although European observers are unanimous in their view that the races which emigrate rapidly lose all traces of their nationality, there is an illusion in some American quarters that these people are incurable aliens. When there is an outbreak of mob intolerance, the arrested ringleaders, who have beaten up some class-conscious proletarian, will probably be called by some such un-Mayflowery appellation as O'Sullivan or Klempinsky. The gentlemen who provide the Klassy Klothing, and impose the same styles and colors upon unresisting millions, are, as a rule, more familiar with Prague or Dantzig than with Old or New England. The uniformity, the intolerance, the machine-made culture, against which the younger intellectuals protest so violently, seem to me to be, in the main, peculiar to the ex-European rather than to the American.

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In the same way, the corruption of politics, the vulgarity of wealth, the craving for novelty and excitement, which are the standard counts in the indictment of America, are mostly in evidence where the neo-Americans are. The native race seems to have abandoned everything except its privacy to these proselytes of Americanism who, like all proselytes, make their newly acquired virtue hateful. The foreigner intent upon the realities instead of the appearances of American life will wait a long time before unearthing the real American. When he does, it is a pleasant surprise, after a prolonged experience of the more obvious, blatant patriots, whose noise is frequently intended to conceal the fact that their parents cannot speak English. It is an illuminating experience to penetrate into the haven of refuge which the old, indigenous New Yorkers have made for themselves, amidst the glare of Broadway, the hordes of garment workers, the hideous uniformity of millions of enfranchised European peasants, which largely make up the strangers' impression of New York. An old culture and a native distinction survive in circles where the intellectual lynching party is an unknown institution, and patriotism is something more subtle than "treating 'em rough." Similarly, after those squalid suburb fragments which so often stand for American villages, what an adventure it is to come upon those charming little places in New England where pleasant courtesy is not considered incompatible with democratic independence, and grassy commons and main streets shaded with old trees take the place of those raucous, flaring thoroughfares whose chief adornment is an excessive series of red gasolene-pumps!

Those are the Americans who are unhonored and unsung by the vast majority of critics whose text has been America. Their attitude seems to be one of resigned acquiescence in the usurpation of their good name by the masses of the Americanized, whose formation—incidentally—from their standardized shoes to their standardized editorials, is largely at the hands of converts similar to themselves. That is the tragedy of this great refusal, this withdrawal of the real Americans from so much of the life of their own country; they are leaving to the proselytes of Americanism a kingdom in which the one-eyed are kings. With Henry Adams and those self-revelations of his, we are left to conjecture what America might have become if it had not been abandoned to denaturalized Europeans, who have forgotten everything of the Old World, and learned nothing of the New. Yet, so powerful is the fetish of Americanism that the system which produces these innumerable libels on the genuine American is often defended by the latter. So the writers of American impressions are encouraged to describe the America of acquired, machine-made characteristics where the naturalized, or second-generation, American is in his element.

That element is the element of the ex-European rather than of the authentic American, and the process of Americanization only too frequently means the infection of the newcomers with this virus, which they pass on from one to another. They do not attempt to emulate real Americans, but imitate the veneer of pseudo-Americanism, which they find in those of their compatriots who have immediately preceded them to this country. It is often noted with regret that the immigrant rapidly loses the characteristics of his old country; he forgets the language, the traditions, and the customs of his race. This tendency has been bewailed by critics who hint that it is proof of a diabolical conspiracy to crush the foreigner into a uniform mould of philistine Americanism. The fact, however, seems to be that the chief influence in this direction of uniformity comes from the proselytes, filled with the zeal of the tribe for converts. It is they who resent in their fellow countrymen any sign which might reveal them as "foreigners." Only recently a ludicrous case in point came to my notice in the person of an Alsatian who had done all that popular clothing and a thoroughly native haircut could do to look American, but he preserved an alien mustache! Of this relic of his unregenerate Europeanism he proudly related how a compatriot had refused to go about with him, because "every one can see by your mustache that we are foreigners"! The Americans are accused of sharing the English reluctance to speak foreign languages, but the

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most ardent enemies of bilingualism, it seems to me, are the children of parents in this country whose language was not English. They are proud of the fact that they are ignorant of their mother tongue, and that they have wasted an excellent opportunity of growing up in the possession of two languages, a possession which I find cultivated Americans only too anxious to provide for their children.

In brief, the ex-European suffers from an inferiority complex, and all his efforts are directed toward the concealment of what he imagines are weaknesses or disadvantages. The percentage of Americanism can never be too high for him. He likes it overproof! The proportion of ex-Europeans to genuine Americans is very high, and as the former have coagulated into just those centres to which the literary visitor is drawn, most books on America are drawn from impressions based upon observation of this class of citizens. To judge Americans by such standards is equivalent to judging Protestants by those sheets of frantic, anti-Catholic propaganda which are so often conducted by recent converts to the heresy of Geneva. Possibly their intentions are excellent, and their aims are sound, but the method and the means hardly appeal to civilized people. It may well be that this exuberance of the neo-American is a necessary phase of the laborious and amazing process of building up an American nation. The hyphen has a sinister sound to American ears, and doubtless much will be pardoned to those who so resolutely discard it. Yet, I question if this veneer of Americanization is as promising as it may seem, for it is not incompatible with hyphenation. This country teems with clubs and associations of various kinds in which citizens of alien birth or origin are united in the name of race, nationality, and even province. But, as the members are chiefly ex-Europeans, their pretense that they represent anything of real value in the countries whose names they take in vain will not bear examination. All that is necessary is to hear the candid comment of a real European upon these gatherings of his exiled countrymen. The common complaint of all such visitors is that they do not recognize themselves in these supposed microcosms of their respective countries. You cannot hold a transplanted mirror up to nature. The hyphen of the ex-European, like his Americanism, is innocent of cultural values.

If hyphenation meant the contribution to the common stock of culture in America of the fine and distinctive qualities of the various European races that come here, the hyphenated American would not be a phenomenon of ill omen. Unfortunately, the word has very different connotations, although in art and literature, to some extent, the infiltration of Continental European traditions is giving a new impetus to the American genius. In the main, however, the hyphenates misrepresent their countries of origin just as the proselytes of Americanism misrepresent America, and since both functions are constantly discharged by the same people, the wise and the experienced usually leave them severely alone. It is easy for the foreigner here to avoid and evade the problem, but the position of the American is complicated. I have the impression that the real Americans have, more or less, abdicated. Since the Civil War, at least, they have receded into the background of public life, and their sole concern is to preserve themselves against the irresistible onrush of the immigrant tide. Meanwhile, the ex-Europeans have pushed forward eagerly to undertake the tasks which should be left to their betters. They enjoy whatever kudos authentic Americanism has given to this country, while America as a whole suffers from the vulgarities and excesses with which they have identified it. America seems to keep in reserve, as a delightful surprise for foreigners, just that element in the nation which every other country thrusts into the foreground. These elusive Americans are an excellent reward for the prolonged search required for their discovery, but why should America not have them?

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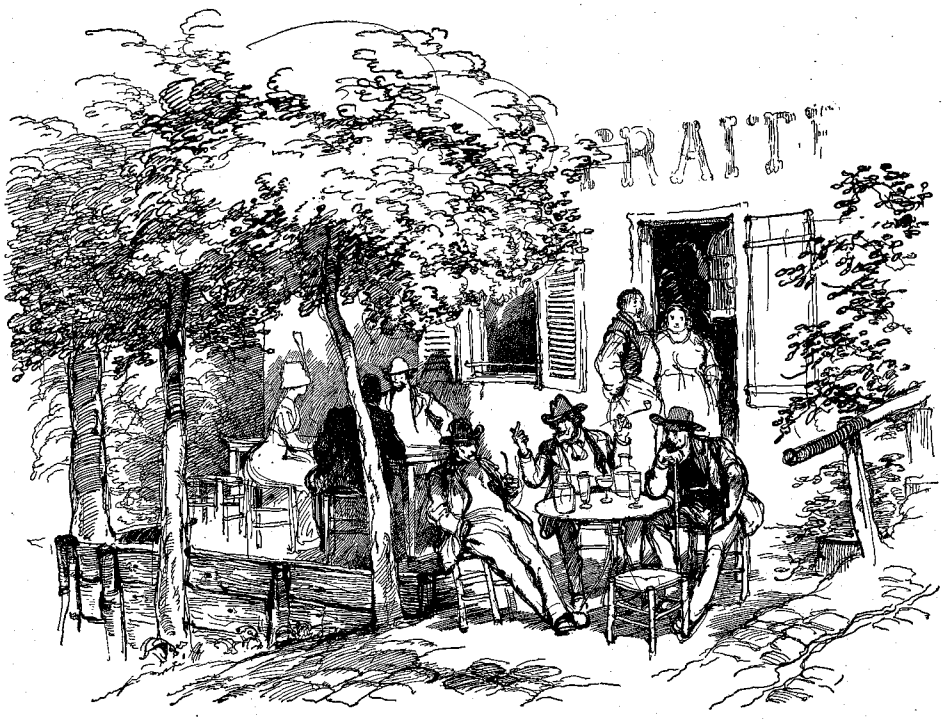

The "Lapin Agile" was still frequented by men and women well known in social, political, and theatrical circles.—Page 40.

A Season in Montmartre

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

TO those of us who go to the United States as visitors it would seem that the chief interest not only of the government but also of a great many individuals is watching and speculating as to just how European countries will eventually emerge from the recent upheaval. Jugoslavia and Lithuania were words to which my ear became quite accustomed, but though the moral standards and financial difficulties of all the monarchies and republics were openly discussed, I do not think I ever heard any one mention Montmartre.

Mais oui, Montmartre, the famous "Butte," her spirit aroused, has proclaimed her independence, and, jealous of the precedent gained by the Irish Free State, is loudly clamoring to be separated from Paris—in fact, completely segregated from France herself.

Regeneration has been swift along the Boulevards Extérieurs. How can it be otherwise when there is question of but "esprit"? And, though the big cosmopolitan dailies may fail to give it constant recognition, the importance of such a movement will undoubtedly have its influence on history.

That the old spirit is revived there can be no doubt, and those of us who had occasion to know Montmartre other than as a pleasure-ground for foreigners rejoice in the great good news.

It seems only a moment ago that I was initiated to her charm, but it was really

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long before the war when we were making plans for our annual holiday.

"What? No vacation this summer?"
"No."
"Not leave town?"
"No."

I pulled a long face. Though disappointed, I felt that H. was right. His big work was still under way and the remembrance of that seven hours' ride in a stuffy train every time his attention was demanded in Paris the preceding year came back most forcibly and I hadn't the courage to insist.

In the garden.

Unfortunately, however, the summer had set in early, for though we were only in the first weeks of June the heat was fast becoming intolerable. The little patch of green grass which constitutes our Parisian garden was already turning a sickly yellow, in spite of much watering, and the sun had scorched the leaves of the lime-trees until they had begun to fall off and rattle along the gravel path.

There was apparently nothing to do but to resign myself as gracefully as possible and pray that the sun god be merciful. I made many good resolutions, and yet I couldn't completely hide my disappointment at not visiting our Norman home and I continually wondered at H.'s cheerful forbearance.

One day, toward the last of the month, he asked me to meet him at Conard's bookshop so that we might take a drive together before dinner. When I arrived I found H. already installed in a taxi with a large pile of books and periodicals on the seat before him. I could not resist an immediate investigation, and shortly became oblivious to the noise and movement about me.

Presently, nevertheless, the motor began puffing most audibly, and suddenly the chauffeur got down from his seat and came to the door.

"I'm afraid the hill's too steep, sir. My motor won't go any farther."

I lifted my eyes in amazement. We were half-way up a long unpaved incline, bordered on either side by queer little vine-covered cottages or austere portals.

"Where on earth has the man taken us?" I gasped.

"Never mind. He's all right," came the answer. "But what a nuisance! We shall be obliged to finish the hill on foot."

I was too astonished to ask further questions. Besides, I realized where we were, but it was all so quaint, so charming.

H. stopped in front of an immense door and pulled the bell. I could hear the faint tinkle in the distance, followed by steps hurrying in our direction, and to my astonishment Claude, my own servant, opened the door.

H.'s trump-card had been played. The surprise was complete. Our season in Montmartre had begun, and I was too enchanted by the newness of the situation even to give Normandy a thought.

To the right and left, as I entered and the huge portal slammed behind me, I caught sight of cunning little ivy-grown chalets, almost theatrically unreal, and before me stretched a view which is surely unique of its kind.

Beginning at the very entrance, a wide, three-sided court, separated in the middle by a path that was flanked on both sides by flower-beds and shrubbery, ran on for some hundred feet. At that point it stopped and then began a perfect cascade

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f terraces, overgrown with trailing vines nd plants of every description, a verita- le jungle, reaching so far below that I elt dizzy as I stood on the first step.

Overhead the picturesque Moulin-de- a-Galette stretched its long black wings in he evening light; in the middle distance, t my feet, lay St. Ouen and St. Denis, eiled in a gray mist; while in the back- round the dim blue hills of Épinay and Montmorency caught the last rays of the etting sun. It was most impressive, and t seemed to me I could have stood for ours enjoying the strange but captivat- ng sensation of being perched on a moun- ain, in the heart of a great capital, and at he same time surrounded by everything hat betokened the country.

The touch of H.'s hand on my shoulder rought me back to life, and I realized hat as yet I had hardly spoken a word of ppreciation.

"Come, come," he said, "and see what ve have arranged. We'll return here fterward."

Then followed a minute inspection of

A real troubadour and the most bedraggled specimen of gutter mongrel.—Page 32.

Mimi Pinson at her window.

the house, which consisted of an immense studio, a bedroom, and on the other side of the court a dear little old-fashioned kitchen and the servants' quarters.

My delight was simply childish, for as I went from room to room, followed by H. and Catherine my maid, discovering something new at every turn, my joy was manifested by little shrieks.

Not so very long ago a well-known French periodical published a series of photographs representing the characteristic scenes of a little village. There was the Roman church, a secluded lane, a farmyard with chickens, horses, and cattle, and a small café opening onto a tiny square and pompously entitled "Au rendez-vous des Clairons des Bataillons des Chasseurs-à-pied."

The question was asked, "Can any of our readers tell in what part of France this little village is situated?" and a prize was offered to the person giving the correct answer. The result of the contest was duly announced and great was the surprise of many Parisians on learning that the village in question was to be found in Montmartre. So, after dinner, which we ate beneath an arbor in the garden, I was most anxious to make a tour of this newly discovered country, and we started out as we had done a hundred times before on arriving in an unknown locality, to get a general idea of our surroundings before making plans for the morrow.

After an hour spent in rambling up and

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down the streets and poking about in all sorts of mysterious nooks and corners, H., who had carefully guided my promenade, proposed that now we had seen the village we had better visit the beach.

"The beach?" I queried.

"Yes."

And before I had time to make further inquiries we had turned a corner and a fresh breeze blew into my face, accompanied by a dull roar, as of the sea. We mounted a steep incline, much as though ascending a cliff, the murmur growing louder and louder, the breeze stronger and stronger, until presently we emerged upon the Butte, to see the seething capital spread out below us as though upon a map.

The day had been somewhat sultry and over in the west a storm threatened. From different parts of the city, now half hidden in the deepening twilight, rose little streams of vapor, like steam from a crater, and the sound of trumpets playing a tattoo, mingled with the cries of children and the rumble of distant thunder, made the illusion of the ocean quite complete.

The mere existence and the curious situation of such a village would seem sufficient to class it as a thing to be seen, but while globe-trotters of various nationalities often wander listlessly about after visiting the cathedral of the Sacré Cœur, this true Montmartre is far less known and certainly less appreciated than certain noisy third-rate establishments on the Boulevard de Clichy, frequented because they are reputed to be so gay and so "typically French."

The morning after our arrival we proposed to visit Jean Dampt in his studio, and as the day announced itself clear and warm we set off early. As we walked up the hill I stopped in front of a green-painted fence, and was promising myself an investigation of what was advertised above the gate as the "Boulodrome," when suddenly my attention was attracted by a strangely attired masculine figure which swung around a near corner and advanced in our direction.

In spite of the heat the man was draped in a long black cloth mantle. A broad-brimmed felt hat was pushed back on his head, permitting a full view of his tanned face, down which poured the perspiration, and as he approached I noticed a guitar peeping from beneath the folds of his cloak.

"A real troubadour, by jinks," said I to H. in English. "I thought they were all dead since Murger's time?"

But the troubadour passed on, and when only about ten feet from my ear turned about, and in a stentorian voice cried:

"Almonzor! Almonzor!"

The call was soon repeated, and then, to my utter astonishment, from around the same corner emerged the puniest, most bedraggled specimen of gutter mongrel I have ever seen, wagging its tail and literally galloping ahead on its short legs, trying to catch up with its romantic-looking master, who had disappeared down the hill, apparently unaware of their incongruity and certainly undisturbed by my uncontrollable mirth.

As we drew nearer the Sacré Cœur the street became peopled by little groups of timid men and women whose airs and attire were anything but Parisian. We soon recognized them as pilgrims to this newly consecrated shrine, and as they stood there clustered about the priests the whole scene reminded me of certain little ecclesiastical townships in the very depths of the provinces which are thus periodically invaded.

Breton caps and Norman bonnets stood side by side with fichus from Picardy and Alsatian bows. There were many charming old regional costumes in which linen, velvet, and lace predominated, and even the Breton men wore their native clothes, which in these days is becoming a rare sight in Paris.

The row of shops where medals, rosaries, post-cards, and souvenirs in general can be procured was doing a flourishing business, when suddenly, in response to a word from a reverend father, everything was abandoned and grouping themselves about their banners, each cortège proceeded to enter the basilica chanting a canticle.

"Sauvez Rome et la France
Au Nom du Sacré Cœur.
Sauvez Rome et la France
Au Nom du Sacré Cœur."

The refrain became fainter and fainter, but never entirely died away; and all dur-

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ing our visit to the studio of the master, who has so marvellously executed the four magnificent angels that crown the highest corners of the campanile, the strains penetrated the walls and seemed to bring with them a peculiar air of sanctity which was strangely appropriate in such a place.

We returned through a little wooded lane, so deserted, so tranquil, that it was

Pilgrims to this newly consecrated shrine, the Sacré Cœur.—Page 32.

difficult for me to believe we were not in the midst of the country. Overhead the birds were chirping in the trees whose branches touched across the road. A few stray chickens darted into a hedge at our approach and as we passed a certain little cottage I'm sure I heard a donkey bray and a pig grunt.

Some thirty yards farther on our road ran into the rue du Mont Cenis, where I stopped on recognizing the house where Berlioz, the celebrated composer, once lived. We were gazing at it and I was just about to ask H. if there were any way of visiting the premises, or if he thought there were any relics to be seen, when we were startled by a voice calling our name. We faced about.

"Delaw!"

That delightful artist came toward us with outstretched hand.

"I knew you travelled a lot," he said. "But I never thought you got as far as Montmartre. Welcome! Welcome! Come to the farm. We must celebrate this occasion."

And, true enough, the draftsman who has amused so many children and quite as many "grown-ups" with his quaint illustrations of the "Mère L'Oie" and other well-known nursery rhymes, lives in a real farmhouse with the cathedral of the Sacré Cœur opposite his barn door. Naturally the proportions are a bit exiguous, but the place is quite complete, and Delaw has furnished it according to tradition.

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The house where Berlioz once lived, rue du Mont Cenis.—Page 33.

We were ushered into a large eighteenth-century kitchen, which serves, as it did in olden times, as the main room in the dwelling. It was almost lunch-time and a chicken was turning merrily on a spit before an open fire in the great chimney, and I noticed back of me a splendid carved dresser whereon reposed some highly polished copper-ware. Through the latticed windows I caught a glimpse of the barnyard, and Delaw, evidently pleased by my interest in his poultry, offered to do the honors. He was particularly fond of his chickens, which afforded him much pleasure and a certain amount of comfort in the days when fresh eggs are scarce. But above all he prized a certain splendid cock, given him by Edmond Rostand, whose house in Cambo Delaw decorated, the which cock was supposed to be the direct descendant of the original "Chantecler."

Decidedly our stay in Montmartre had opened most promisingly, and even certain domestic questions, which at home had become monotonous, took on an inviting aspect under new auspices. Marketing itself became a pleasure, a thing to be looked forward to, and many a time during our stay did I accompany Catherine on her morning errands, sure of coming across something interesting in the course of our promenade.

To begin with, the view of the Moulin-de-la-Galette always delighted me. Seen from the bottom of our street at any time of the day or night it continually offered a pleasing spectacle, sometimes most dramatic against a mass of purple clouds, sometimes quite coquettishly Parisian beneath a delicate blue sky, and in the evening a truly phantom mill, such as one reads about in books of fairy-tales.

That delightful artist.—Page 33.

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Nor was I alone in my admiration. It seems to me I have never seen the old Moulin without an ardent admirer at its feet, more or less successful in his efforts to fix the well-beloved profile on a canvas or a sheet of paper. Artists of every class and every nationality have stretched their easels on the same well-known spot. No one heeds them any more; they are too numerous and seem to have become part of the landscape.

I have never seen the old Moulin without an ardent admirer at its feet.

The merchants and bourgeois who live in Montmartre are by no means the least interesting of the population. I was particularly taken by an old vegetable woman who thrice weekly installed her goods in the corner of an ancient vine-grown court. Her display was not only most harmonious in color, but particularly enticing to the palate, and at first I wondered if the prices of her luscious melons and her Argenteuil asparagus were in proportion to the pocketbooks of the "rapins" and "midinettes" who form a greater part of the inhabitants of Montmartre. But when I saw a dignified old gentleman in a frock coat and a tall hat toddle across the cobbled court and tenderly touch the fruit

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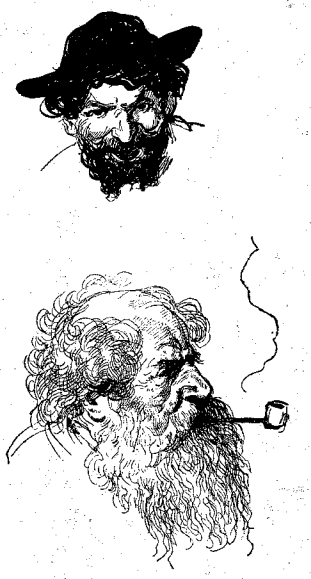
and vegetables, all the while asking questions about the "family," I realized that I was in the presence of a provincial Parisian, a real bourgeois, one of that society to be found everywhere in France, connoisseur of all the good things in life, and demanding its niceties without the least pretension.

As I grew better acquainted with my environment I found that here, as in the provinces, society is divided into three distinct classes, each pursuing its existence in its own way, and living quite independent and unconscious of its neighbors.

The "people" are most picturesquely represented by street types and "midinettes," or, to be more explicit, that interesting class of working girl who is employed by the "petits métiers," and from whose agile fingers flower forth those "articles de Paris" unparalleled for taste and style.

The well-to-do or retired bourgeois sets himself the genial task of passing the remainder of his existence as agreeably as possible, and I soon learned that the "Boulodrome," whose sign had attracted my attention, was nothing more nor less than a bowling-alley, where every afternoon little groups of the above-mentioned gentlemen would meet to enjoy their favorite sport. Later on they were joined by less fortunate confrères, still obliged to attend business, and those who preferred checkers or a game of croquet were always sure of finding some one to join them. It is almost useless to add that the proprietor of the place also keeps a café, so the afternoon is invariably terminated by a round of "apéritifs."



Types of artists.

But enough of the commoners. Let us speak of the artists (and the word must be taken in its broad sense), the real aristocrats of Montmartre.

Corot, Lépine, Cazin, and Ziem were among the legion of world-renowned men who at one time or another dwelt here.

Donnay, Charpentier, Steinlen, Courteline, Léandre, and Willette, to mention but a few, are contemporaries whose names have long since gone beyond the Butte and attained celebrity.

As a youth Donnay, now a famous dramatist and a member of the French Academy, made his début at the "Chat Noir," where nightly he read his verses to an enthusiastic public. The Montmartois are said to have reproached him when he abandoned them to take his seat among the "Forty Immortals" beneath the dome on the Left Bank, but they are duly proud of the commencements which have led up to so splendid a career.

Who but a child of the Butte could have harmonized the street cries of Paris and have woven them into the very plot of an opera? Every one knows that Charpentier's "Louise" is not a myth. It is merely a characteristic picture of life in Montmartre, rendered more charming by the subtle imagination and the delicate handling of its author-composer. And one feels instinctively that he was penetrated by his subject before putting his ideas into execution.

"Louise" marks a new epoch in the history of "opéra-comique," for it required a certain amount of courage, not to mention talent, to offer the Parisian public an opera whose setting could be found in their midst, whose music embodied the noises familiar to all their ears, and whose costumes were so ordinary a sight that the term hardly applied. And yet—well, the sign-board which announces the five-hundredth performance attests the success of one of the Butte's cherished darlings.

Steinlen was another artist whose eye was quick to appreciate the beauties of the life that surrounded him, and the

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working classes of Montmartre have been immortally portrayed by his able pen.

When we visited his studio I was particularly attracted by several splendid cats which lay dozing in the sun. Steinlen, like Willette, has a particular fondness for cats. He has introduced them into his drawings whenever occasion has permitted, and his posters which represent his pets are now much sought after.

At one time he used to adopt every stray cat that followed him. Now, as these animals are almost as numerous in Montmartre as dogs used to be in the streets of Constantinople, it is easy to perceive that space was soon wanting. But rather than turn them out Steinlen built them an immense cage with a door opening onto the Butte. The cats are free to come and go as they please, and many a bloody battle has been fought over the admittance of a new member who may not have proved himself a sufficient vagabond to warrant the good treatment so generously accorded his fellows.

A dignified old gentleman in a frock coat and a tall hat, . . . connoisseur of all the good things in life, and demanding its niceties without the least pretension —Pages 35–36.

Each artist has his particular hobby or interesting personal peculiarity. I remember with what delight I visited Neu-

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mont's villa, which is perched like an eagle's nest on the rocky side of the Butte, commanding an admirable view over all Paris; Charvais's and Léandre's gardens, where these city-bred lovers of nature have let their fancy run wild; the "Musée Courteline," founded by the subtlest of all modern French humorists. Some one has dubbed it "Le Musée des Horreurs" ("The Museum of Horrors"), and while correct, the epithet is hardly just. The author of such masterpieces as "Boubouroche" and the "Train de huit heures quarante sept" could hardly be accused of buying bad paintings just for the sake of ugliness. One must go farther and realize, as did Courteline when the first picture came to hand, that there was a curious collection to be formed containing the works produced by naïve intelligences, falsely convinced of their aptitudes for the fine arts, untiring in their sterile efforts to attain the beautiful. The collection contains some eighty to a hundred canvases, among which I particularly remarked the portrait of an auburn-haired girl, entitled, "La Vierge aux Yeux bouillis" ("The Virgin with Boiled Eyes").

Willette, the creator of an art which is typically Montmartois in its charm, its poetry, and its fantasy, after having changed his residence several times, now lives in a house at the foot of the Butte, almost like an adorer before a shrine. For Montmartre is his mother country, his well-beloved, and he defends it with every energy, employing to that end this delightful talent as a painter, a draftsman, a writer, and a speaker. He was the very soul of the famous "Chat Noir," and whenever there has been question of a ball or a fête offering a chance for an artistic demonstration he is sure to be found among the organizers, lavishing his precious time, indefatigable in his efforts to produce something truly artistic and enchanting to the eye.

Those who preferred checkers were always sure of finding some one to join them.—Page 36.

The famous "Vachalcades" (untranslatable save by the word "Cowvalcades") and later on the "Crowning of the Muse" are things that will never be forgotten by all those who participated in them, and

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Willette's name will ever be attached to those demonstrations which were something besides an occasion to romp in costume.

He is a true lover of grace and juvenility, fearful lest French gaiety disappear mid the waves of commercialism which are rapidly gaining even the most secluded corners of the country. These are the sentiments that predominate in his work, and have made him, par excellence, the painter-poet of youth, comparable only to a Banville or a Musset.

His panels for the "Hôtel de Ville," in which he has portrayed the sights of Parisian streets with an unrivalled brush, have charmed every one who has seen them, and all those who visited his exhibition at the "Arts Decoratifs" came away with their wits refreshed by the "enchantment" and "joie de vivre" which exhaled from every scrap of paper, every canvas touched by this master hand.

When we called upon him we found him arrayed in what might have been a pirate's costume—loose velvet trousers, a flannel shirt, a red silk handkerchief knotted about his throat, and a long, naked bowie-knife shoved into his belt.

A poète.

Personally I didn't see the necessity of having so dangerous a weapon upon one's person, but later on H. explained that Willette used it to sharpen his pencils, finding it handier than a penknife, which was so small that it was continually getting lost.

"Dressing up" is one of the delights of his existence, and Willette's impersonations are innumerable and inimitable, some of them, such as "Pierrot," having become quite renowned. To the famous "Bal Gavarni" he went as Louis Philippe, offering his arm to Queen Victoria, who was admirably personified by Léandre.

Rue St. Vincent.

I remember one summer when he had a cottage near us in Normandy his chief amusement was to don the attire of a Norman peasant. The long blue linen blouse, ornamented with white embroidery, and the soft black hat were most becoming, but how on earth he managed to ride a bicycle with huge wooden sabots on his feet was a question which set the peasant boys of our country to thinking.

Taking "When in Rome do as the Romans do" for a motto, preparatory to a first visit to London, Willette ordered a suit of clothes that might have been appropriate for a Protestant pastor, and then spent hours in front of the glass becoming

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accustomed to the sober expression he must needs assume to be in keeping with his attire and his surroundings.

But to return to our visit. After he had shown us about the studio we soon fell into an animated conversation, toward the end of which I asked him if he knew of any means of bringing the general public more in touch with the "esprit" of Montmartre.

"Ah, madame, how can you expect them to comprehend artists when such simple things as toads, donkeys, and women are still misunderstood?"

A little later in the year, however, I heard him deliver a delightful speech in defense of Montmartre, pleading that "it is not a country of Bohemians, vagabonds, and jokers, as serious people and foreigners pretend to believe.

"This last rural refuge of an artistic paganism, this little mountain so frolicsome in appearance, when in eruption has given birth to personalities who have left their mark on the history of Paris.

"The real, the true originality of Montmartre for the last half-century lies in its serving as a retreat for poets and artists, weary of the contact with the serious people below who flounder about in that turbulent sea called business.

"Unfortunately for the Butte, the serious man, who at first scorned our careless gaiety, at length began profiting by it, and with his ugly stones he has ruined our arbors where birds and lovers used to bill and coo.

"The cupidity of serious people has petrified the 'Butte chantante'; old age has paralyzed the wings of our mills; we are the last of the martyrs, being slowly walled up in Montmartre."

The summer passed away but too quickly, so busy were we receiving old acquaintances and taking part in everything that went on about us. The cafés were my chief delight, each one claiming to have launched such and such a celebrity on his road to fame and fortune. The "Coucou," once a quiet little corner on the Place du Calvaire, is rapidly becoming a favorite haunt for Parisians and foreigners, who come in their evening clothes, bringing with them their own atmosphere, which has completely destroyed that of this easy-going Bohemian haunt.

The "Lapin Agile" at the time of our stay was still frequented by men and women well known in social, political, and theatrical circles, and its proprietors protested energetically against the nickname of "Cabaret des Assassins."

"Never, never, madame, has my clientèle been composed of anything but the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen."

"Apaches? *Jamais!* Why, that sobriquet was given to this place by the gamins of the quarter who once saw my predecessor come home with a large picture representing Troppman's crime strapped to the back of a hack. That's as true as I'm alive, and you can go and ask the 'Mère Adèle,' who now keeps a place on the rue de Norwins, if she didn't give that picture to Monsieur Courteline for his 'Musée des Horreurs.'"

Alas, poor Estelle, pride goes before a fall, for an unfortunate affair has forced her to close her doors. But I shall always remember the place most cheerfully, for it was here that H. presented me to his old friend, Jules D., an illustrator of no mean ability and unmatched for his original ideas on all subjects.

I had always wanted to meet him ever since H. had told me the story of his dachshund, which was given him when quite a puppy and whose growth D. watched with deepening anxiety. When the animal attained its full size its body was so long and so curved, its legs so short and so crooked, that D. imagined it would break in two. In a moment of compassion he bought a small castor which he attached to a leather strap and fastened about the dog's abdomen, so that the little wheel rolled merrily on the ground and D. was satisfied that he had done his dog a good turn. Legend has it that he taught his dog how to coast down-hill.

Another amusing tale was told me by a charming little Parisian actress whom D. had presented with a muff of his own fabrication. It was carved out of solid wood and so ingeniously painted that it looked like real curly astrakhan! Its possessor was so proud of it that several times she could not resist the temptation of carrying it, and when seated in a restaurant or in a theatre she would let it drop just to see the faces of the people about her.

You may well imagine I was delighted

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when one afternoon H. spied him and brought him over to our table, and after presenting me gently chided him for never having come to see us.

"You know well enough where we live! Why be so timid?"

"Oh, it's not timidity," replied D. "But you see you live on an island."

"Well, what of that?"

"I never could go there because of the bridges."

"I don't understand."

"Why, you see I couldn't possibly cross them because I am subject to vertigo!"

And then we fell to talking about the theatre, for D. is a dramatic author as well as a cartoonist, and his play will not soon disappear from the memory of the critics who were invited to be present at its one and only performance. "Jack in the Box" was written in collaboration with a musician friend who chose forty accordions as the appropriate instruments to interpret his overture.

"Why don't you get it reproduced?" demanded H., referring to the above-mentioned play.

"Oh, I haven't the time to bother about it. I'm too interested in my new ones."

"What's the subject?"

"Oh, I haven't got very far as yet, but the beginning strikes me as something very new. It ought to be a go. You see the stage represents a dungeon. The lights are all down and one can just catch a glimpse of a very old man sitting on the edge of his cot. As the curtain rises he begins slowly counting on his fingers until he reaches one hundred and fifty thousand."

D. was so convinced, so sincere, that it was difficult to know just how to take him, and when I asked H. for more details about him he told me, among others, the following story, which is one of the most artistically naïve and pathetic tales I have ever heard.

Street type.

D., on arriving in Montmartre from his native town, took lodgings in a little furnished hotel. Years elapsed, during which he became better known, yet he still remained in his same uncomfortable quarters. H. and a number of artist friends, after much persuasion, succeeded in convincing him that it was stupid to live in such a sordid manner, and finished by finding him an apartment and taking him to Dufayel's immense department store on the Boulevard Barbès, where he purchased the necessary furniture on the instalment plan.

All went well the first month, but the second found him well-nigh penniless and, worse than all, terribly mortified and worried when the promissory notes appeared. In his dilemma he took pen in hand and wrote personal letters to Monsieur Dufayel, accusing him of spoiling his life. He was no longer a free man. Debt appalled him. The great gilded dome of the stores which could be seen from all parts of the Butte haunted him night and day, and as to passing on the Boulevard Barbès that was out of the question.

"Ah, jeunesse, jeunesse," as Courteline would say.

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Painted Canyon

BY HARRIET WELLES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

YOUR point of view about this story will depend entirely upon the angle from which you happen to view it. If Macha could be induced to look up from her wash-tub to discuss it the description would have, for the discriminating, moments of very real pathos. From the view-point of Sarah Jane, the voluble half-breed waitress at the hotel, it would be a monologue of vulgar, shrill animosities; her uncle, Pahala Blacktooth—sheriff of the settlement near the Indian Reservation—would give you an opinion that would be frankly and unprintably blasphemous. I gained my view-point from over the shoulder of the manager-owner of the small hotel near the hot springs, and because he was attempting to run his hostelry with the sole assistance of the Reservation Indians as servants, and was, at times, suddenly and unwillingly elected to fill every job from cook to carpenter, I heard many details which, in normal and unstressful times, would never have reached alien ears, nor faced the untempered light of day. For the innkeeper, Mr. Kipp, was often sorely tried; Indian servants have the habit of getting tired or bored by their jobs, and they leave—without even the scant courtesy of giving an excuse or a reason.

"*Fat*-igue," remarked Mr. Kipp glaring after the dairyman who had deposited the cow-barn keys on the desk and was departing happily up the manzanita-bordered road toward the Reservation, "is his middle name." Discarding sarcasm, he looked grimly at the keys. "I got a new cook this morning; that lets me out of the kitchen just in time to give me a little outing in the milking-shed," he said.

I was loitering before the office fireplace waiting for the hour when I was due at the bath-house for my daily treatment in the really remarkable boiling-hot sulphur water for which the place is famous.

"What made him leave?" I inquired conversationally.

"Goodness only knows! Same reason that makes Old Macha—who never has quarrelled with any one since she's been here—go up in the air every time Sarah Jane carries the table-linen down to the laundry," he volunteered.

"Well, I can understand *that!* Sarah Jane may be a good waitress, but she is just as nearly impertinent as she safely dares to be," I commented, adding thoughtfully: "Sarah Jane is the only effusive, whining, smirking Indian I ever saw; most of them have a very real dignity."

"She ain't all Indian, is the reason," explained Mr. Kipp. "Her father was what some folks call white—he used to drive our stage and he was an accommodatin', obligin' sort; he'd shop for the ladies, and pay them compliments—a real fusser, he was. He'd failed at most everything that there was money in; I recollect the time he rented some land and tried to raise grapes; he came to me, and wanted to book me for an advance order for malagas. I told him malagas never tasted natural to me unless they had sawdust on 'em, and he was real cast down because he hadn't planted nothin' else—but shucks! He never picked two bushel! The birds got all of 'em!"

"What became of him?" I asked.

"Goodness knows!" said Mr. Kipp, and made an elaborate gesture of affectionate farewell. "Got tired, and lit out—leavin' Sarah Jane for her ma, and the rest of us, to remember him by."

I did not choose to notice this. "I should be very sorry to see an ill-bred girl like Sarah Jane make so nice a woman as Old Macha unhappy," I commented primly.

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"Oh, well—it's sort of a long-standin' feud, startin' with the time when Sarah Jane had a job of standin' around and bein' a convert, in that play they had in it, all one winter. She came back here in the spring, with a plaid suit, feathers on her hat, and a yellow suitcase that had to be hurried in out of the rain. But

She came back here in the spring, with . . . a yellow suitcase that had to be hurried in out of the rain.

down to the city; it was all about the days of the padres who founded the missions, and Sarah Jane got good pay for doin' real little work. Shucks! You should have seen her—butter wouldn't have melted in her mouth! She wasn't even a skin-deep convert, because all she had to do was *not to grin* when one of the leadin' actors was solemnly addressin' the saved; and Sarah Jane stood around they hadn't hired her for another season's run, and, although she talked big about not signin' up unless they gave her more salary, I happen to know that she never got a chance to state her rates," he explained.

I smiled. "I can imagine that she'd be more trying as a make-believe convert, than most of the real ones are," I commented, and glanced at the clock;

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it still lacked fifteen minutes of the time for my appointment. "What feud could there be with Macha over Sarah Jane's acting?" I inquired.

Before Mr. Kipp could reply, the telephone-bell rang, and he went to answer it. "Huh?" he called. "Yes! Uh-ha! What? Well, it ain't no use to tell *me* that—I'm the hotelkeeper! Yes, we got a constable: Pahala Blacktooth's his name . . . but the nearest judge and jail's at Bonita, and that twenty-five miles away. Huh? Well, you needn't tell me that again . . . I'll take your word for it that he done it—but out here, after you catch your bird you have to get some one to cart him to jail. . . . Huh? . . . Well, you can't hardly expect a man to pay his own way to jail, can you? Huh?—Huh? How do *I* know whether you'd ever get your money back? If your man proved his innocence, you *wouldn't!* . . . You can't afford to indulge in arrestin' folks, in this country, 'thout you've got your own automobile to ride 'em to jail in!"

Mr. Kipp hung up the receiver and turned to me. "That man seemed to think that the county'd ought to pay the hire of an automobile to take a fellow he'd caught settin' fire to his barn, to jail!" he volunteered with amazement.

I was not interested in the jail. "*Why* did Macha mind about Sarah Jane's acting?" I inquired.

His mind reluctantly reverted to the earlier subject. "She didn't," he said; "Sarah Jane's the one that minded. You see: the autumn after she came back, a movin' picture concern came through here filmin' Indian stuff. I remember it only too well because they paid five dollars a day to all the Indians they hired, which, by the contrariness of happenin's, seemed to be about every man that was a-workin' for me!

"Of course, *I* couldn't afford to pay 'em any five dollars a day—so I might as well have attempted to dam the Rio Grande River with a fly-swat, as to try to hold 'em! 'I won't take you back—if you leave me in the lurch just as the huntin' crowd is beginnin' to come,' I threatened; but shucks! What'd *they* care? 'A few five-dollars-a-day weeks 'll keep us a-goin' all winter,' they answered happy-like. 'There'll be other winters,' I told 'em darkly—but I might as well have saved my breath to cool my soup! They wasn't worryin' about winters that hadn't come. And besides, they liked the job of ridin' around on horses, and yellin', and shootin'—and then gettin' the biggest pay they'd ever pulled down. They all went—exceptin' Macha's husband, Kiousa. I'll always remember that autumn because there wasn't no kind of work that I didn't do; I wasn't more than three feet tall by Christmas—I'd wore my legs down so, a-runnin'! It was a big year for quail and duck huntin', and the hunters stayed on 'til I was drove to suggestin' that the women they'd married had a right to expect to see *somethin'* of them. I think that they enjoyed guyin' me, and they'd suggest that, as they'd had a hard day, they guessed they'd take their breakfast in bed—and such like," he said, and stopped to give a rueful, reminiscent smile.

Knowing Mr. Kipp, I realized that I shouldn't miss this opportunity. "What did you tell them?" I asked.

He stopped smiling, and glanced severely at me. "It don't matter *what* I told them—it was enough," he cryptically remarked; then questioned: "Didn't you ask me somethin' about Macha?"

"Yes," I answered; "you started to tell me about Sarah Jane's acting, and what it had to do with her present quarrel with Old Macha."

"So I did!" he agreed. "Well, you see, those movie people upset this place for fair—took all the men, and paid 'em so much that their wives, daughters, and sweethearts went along; folks that had been engaged so long that no one ever expected 'em to be engaged to do anythin' but wait, trailed over to Bonita and got tied up in style—apparently the millen-yum had arrived, and opened up shop here. Every one wore a smile that buttoned on the back of their head—exceptin' me.

"And just about that time, the head movie man gave out that he wanted one special, first-class, Indian woman to put in his show; she was to represent 'The Spirit of the Tribe.' There wasn't so much pay in it—the spirit was only to be photographed once: standin' on a

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rock, and lookin' far away—but every squaw, maiden, and papoose was just *wild* to be the one chosen. The day of the selection, girls cruised in here that I hadn't seen before—or since (but none of 'em didn't want to work in a hotel). And such clothes! *You'd* have laughed 'til you cried!

"Sarah Jane wore all that was left of her convert finery, and carried the remains of the suitcase; it was sort of understood amongst 'em that Sarah Jane's fame and experience would land the job for her, and you could tell by her antics that she thought so too; in fact she'd boasted that she'd get it—but the others were hopin' against hope!"

"But surely dignified Old Macha didn't enter any such a competition?" I cried.

"She didn't have to," he answered. "The head man inspected the gang, and shook his head. 'None of you will do—or come within ten miles of bein' what we want. Any tribe that you were the spirits of, would be out of luck,' he said. Sarah Jane, standin' in the front row, looked like she couldn't believe her ears! And just at that minute Old Macha came out of the wash-house with a basket of clothes, and the movie man saw her. 'You all can go,' he said; 'I have found the woman I want—a woman that's got somethin' to her face besides two eyes, and a nose, and a mouth,' he says, and went over to talk to Macha. I didn't blame him. For, you see, there's somethin' into her face that's better than just prettiness; you can tell that, though life's been hard, it ain't never got the better of her; lookin' at her, you'd know what to expect, without her sayin' a word. And that picture of her as 'The Spirit of the

"'Any tribe that you were the spirits of, would be out of luck,' he said."

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Tribe' has gone all over the country; folks who never heard of Sarah Jane's actin' as an imitation convert are well acquainted with Macha's looks—and Sarah Jane ain't never forgiven her; she hangs onto the grudge to this day," volunteered the hotel keeper.

I arose with guilty haste and departed toward the bath-house where my daily appreciation of the beautiful smooth whiteness of the bath towels and sheets made me, on my way back an hour later, take the lower path which led past the laundry on the chance of having a little talk with Macha about some work I wanted done. But before I reached the open door the sound of a loud, shrill voice told me that some one was there before me; I was near enough to recognize Sarah Jane's taunting inflections, although she, standing with her back to the path, did not see me. She had come to get the day's supply of clean napkins for the hotel, and she carried a huge bundle of soiled table-linen tied up in a table-cloth. This Macha untied; now she stood looking down at the mussed, blackened, and scorched napkins which it contained.

"You've been using these again to wipe dishes and pans, and to clean the stove with—instead of washing and keeping track of the towels that are given you for that," commented Macha evenly.

Sarah Jane's loud laughter was shrill with malice. "What are you a-goin' to do about it?" she asked tauntingly.

Macha picked up a napkin. "I cannot make this look as it should for the table," she commented, examining a scorched place in the centre.

"That's what I say," agreed Sarah Jane glibly; "I always say that uneducated old squaws can't hold down a job where things have to be done right!"

Macha was looking at the napkins. "Miss'r Kipp bought these less than two weeks ago; already they are ruined. That is not right. Miss'r Kipp should not so often have to replace the table-linens," she said sternly.

Sarah Jane stopped her aggravating laughter. "What's it to you how often he buys napkins? It's none of your business," she asserted.

Macha's voice did not change its quiet tone. "*It is not right* so to destroy. Nor is it honest," she said.

Sarah Jane flushed an angry red. "'Honest,'" she screamed, "'*honest!*' What d'you know about honesty? Who are you to talk to decent people—you, who ain't even married to the man you call your husban'! You, who've spent years runnin' up and down the country after him—and still you can't catch up with him long enough to get him to buy you a weddin'-ring! . . . '*You are married?*' . . . Well, then, show me your weddin' writin'! Let's see your weddin'-ring! '*You ain't got a ce'tificat' or a ring?*' Well, then, what d'you want to lie for, about bein' married? What right have you got to preach? You shouldn't even be here——"

"Macha!" I called; "may I come up and talk to you about some pressing I want done?"

Sarah Jane wheeled sharply around; her tone dropped to a servile whine. "Macha's here," she volunteered ingratiatingly; then, as I walked past her, "Macha'll be glad to do what you want," she said. Ignoring her, I stepped inside the laundry door and asked my questions; Macha answered quietly. When I came out Sarah Jane had gone.

But during the next fortnight I saw that the half-breed girl's humiliation and resentment over the memory of Macha's triumph with the moving-picture people had really affected her judgment and unbalanced her mind; she was not, on that one subject, quite sane; let her but have the opportunity to spend a few minutes alone with Macha, and Sarah Jane's voice would rise to a hoarse shriek as she uttered her ugly accusations, or racked her unlovely mind for insulting or offensive things to say; only once could I see that she pierced the Indian woman's armor; that was the time when Sarah Jane suggested that the men should be encouraged to run Kiousa off the settlement. Macha winced—and Sarah Jane saw it; after that she made a point of carrying down the table-linen so that she might have the chance to taunt and provoke the old Indian woman. And I think that she intentionally used the napkins to clean the knives, the kettles, and the stove, so as to make Macha's work harder.

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Involuntarily she clasped her toil-hardened hands together as she remembered that long-ago April.—Page 49.

I was so angry at the little I overheard that I was almost persuaded to speak to Mr. Kipp about it, and went so far as to ask a few preliminary questions about Macha and Kiousa. Mr. Kipp answered readily.

"Macha and Kiousa ain't like other folks; they've been through tight places and hard times together, and it's tied them closer together than most folks get tied. You can't sympathize with Macha, and she won't talk—but other folks have told me. It ain't anythin' for those first white settlers to be proud of!" commented Mr. Kipp.

I asked a question. "I suppose that

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Macha and Kiousa have been *married* for a good many years?"

"Oh, yes," he answered; "Indian girls marry young. Macha wasn't probably more'n fifteen when Kiousa carried presents to her folks." He paused and shook his head. "They don't come any finer than her—red, nor white, nor black, nor yellow! She's no more like that triflin' Sarah Jane than chalk's like cheese," he said.

I decided that, as no one had asked for my help, there was no excuse for my interfering; later, I wished that I had spoken; in the end I took my place where I had started—an outsider.

The whole trouble came to a head when Mr. Kipp was told that he would have to purchase more table-linen and, quite unexpectedly, he went on a tour of inspection of out-of-the-way corners in the kitchen, storerooms, and pantry; there, finding more than enough evidence to provoke an outburst of angry plain speaking, he pointed his remarks at the volubly innocent Sarah Jane and said all that occurred to him; mostly it was shrewd guesswork—but the half-breed's guilty conscience made her imagine that she saw in it Macha's direct attack; when Mr. Kipp had finished she betook herself to her uncle's and told him such a revised description as was not even a remote relative to the real facts. Pahala listened with mounting anger.

"You say that Macha said these things of you to Mr. Kipp?" he asked.

"Yes! Before all the girls he said that I shouldn't advertise of what poor stock I came from," vouchsafed the glib Sarah Jane, and dropped her voice to its customary whine: "Before all the waitresses Mr. Kipp repeated Macha's words," she said.

"I will speak of this to Kiousa. And to-night you will leave the hotel; you can say, quite truly, that your mother needs your help," directed Pahala.

Leaving the hotel meant that Sarah Jane would return to the reservation and to the dull routine of housework, and this she had no idea of doing while the hunting season brought crowds to the hotel and she garnered a rich harvest of tips. Her explanation of why she could not leave made up in voluble quantity for what it lacked in lucidness; but she encouraged Pahala to see Kiousa and to frighten him by threats against Macha.

"Tell him that you'll lock 'em both up if they don't behave themselves," directed Sarah Jane, and her smile was not pleasant. "I'll teach her not to try to get ahead of *me!*" she said.

Pahala sought out the listless Kiousa before his anger had time to cool and, due to his niece's veiled suggestions, he accused Macha of amazing and disgraceful activities, and demanded that Kiousa curb his wife—or worse would befall! Pahala waxed eloquent as the realization of the wrong done his innocent niece crystallized in his slow mind.

Kiousa listened in dumfounded silence until the sheriff had finished; when he had gone he asked permission of the passing Mr. Kipp to be allowed a few minutes' rest, and hurried over to the laundry to repeat the whole discourse to his wife. Macha made no comment except to ask why Pahala had not come directly to her.

"What need is there for them to make *you* miserable?" she demanded fiercely.

Kiousa lifted his heavy eyes to her face. "I think that we had better go back to the reservation," he suggested; but Macha shook her head.

"You are unhappy there. Here we will stay—and trust to truth and fair dealing to bring affairs out," she said. Nor would she reconsider or discuss the matter. "As long as it is me that they attack, it will not count," she added.

But after Kiousa had returned to the wood-pile, Macha went to the doorway and looked out; her face was as stolidly, emotionlessly inexpressive as the door-frame against which she leaned. Quiet-eyed she glanced at the clustering bath-houses, the steaming pools of sulphur water, the concrete-bordered plunge, the network of clothes-lines surrounding the laundry building. Across the narrow canyon a thin line of willows, eucalyptus, and cottonwood trees followed the grudging dampness of the dwindling stream as it went desertward; a little wind whirled the loose sand into curious wave semblances, and above, in the cloudless sky, a wedge-shaped group of migratory ducks were etched blackly as they swept, in a

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widening circle, northward; near by, a clump of greasewood showed stiff spikes of bloom, and the air was full of the tonic odor of sun-baked sage; except for the sound of slow-dripping water it was warmly, peacefully still—the whole land seemed steeped in a measureless, quiet content of which the old Indian woman in the doorway was the visible and confirming sign. This was her place—her life; this, and the reservation a few miles distant over the mountain. Macha, looking, needed no reminder that, inevitably, she would remain in this place until such time as she should creep back into the darkness from which, according to her belief, she had emerged.

But her thoughts were not as peaceful as her eyes. Sarah Jane's words, apparently unnoticed, had eaten like some acid into the fibre of her mind; for Pahala and his niece, Macha felt a sharp scorn—but, where the half-breed girl was concerned, this was tinctured with a wistful wonderment if, in voicing her ugly accusations, Sarah Jane were repeating the gossip of the hotel kitchen. For months she had enlarged upon the taunting accusations about Macha's lack of a wedding-ring, and had made the fact of the Indian woman's acknowledgment of not owning a marriage certificate the peg on which to hang her revilements of Kiousa.

Was it because she heard it discussed; or had she realized that criticism of Kiousa was Macha's one vulnerable point? "If she says anything to make *him* unhappy, I won't be responsible for what I'd do to her," whispered Macha, clinching her hands. "The rules set down by the teachers in the white man's schools aren't the only ones!" she added.

Tiredly she let her thoughts run back to the old days; those days when she, an unmarried girl, had her hair arranged in the fashion dedicated, by long usage, to Indian maidenhood, and had followed the careful prescripts set down for the conduct of young females; but always, since her early childhood, there had never been but one potential brave for Macha—and that was Kiousa. Involuntarily she clasped her toil-hardened hands together as she remembered that long-ago April.

It was not customary among Macha's tribespeople to allow young girls to go alone to the pool for water; always in pairs they set out with their pottery jugs. And by the spring the hidden brave, waiting, watched for the approach of the desired one, and made known his choice by playing the love-call on a primitive, cedar flute. Very like the mating signal of the meadow-lark, the notes had risen from the rustling tules that April of Macha's youth, in the days before she went to Kiousa's dwelling. . . .

But those years—those early seasons. . . . All of her life she was to recall each detail with agonizing clearness: Dawn, and the gray mists of the night land fading before the Sun-god's gold; the white truce of noon across the enchanted mesa, and through the streets of desert pueblos which had resounded to the echoing footsteps of Coronado's men; evening, and low, amethyst hills adrift in a sea of violet light. . . . Macha's flower had been the ceanothus—she never saw it, during these later springs, without a shudder of anguish.

For the years of her contentment and happiness had been few; they ended with the first clash between her tribesmen and the invading whites; that earliest desultory squabble quickly shaped into the forerunner of a bitter feud which, in the end, spelled in plain letters the death-warrant of the tribe. During those years Macha and Kiousa had known the bond of a common cause as, turning, fleeing, struggling, parrying, they had fought their losing fight. Macha's small son had died of starvation in the first weeks, and they had buried him in Painted Canyon; after that she had given her whole thought to Kiousa, and during those bleak years a beautiful companionship had grown up between them. Kiousa had never achieved her serenity, and when the long struggle was over he accepted reservation life, under government supervision, with the listless acquiescence of despair, for always his thoughts turned with homesick longing to the lost camping-grounds, the blue shadows, and misty hills of Painted Canyon. There was a town there now, but they had never seen it. Macha often had to reiterate her comforting words about the small, neglected grave near the old, subterranean cave-temple where the tolerant gods of the

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Hidden Faces still waited for the return of their scattered flocks.

Later, Macha had welcomed the chance for both of them to get work at the hotel; there, the unfamiliar surroundings awakened no rebellious thoughts in Kiousa's brooding mind.

The old Indian woman moved restlessly, remembering——

From the pathway a shrill voice sounded: "Always lazy! And we haven't enough clean napkins to set up the supper-tables," as Sarah Jane rounded the corner of the laundry.

Macha, with a start, came back to the present. "I sent up enough for the day this morning," she said.

Sarah Jane laughed insolently. "Did you?" she jeered; "well, now, because *I say so*, you can send up more!" she added.

Macha made no reply.

Sarah Jane, secure in the knowledge of her uncle's backing, because of his belief in her story about Macha, cast discretion aside; laying her hands on the Indian woman's shoulders she shook her roughly. "Don't try any sulkiness on me! And don't talk back!— You know a lot—but not enough. F'r instance, you don't know that you're a fool to let a man treat you the way Kiousa has! But we'll teach *him!* We'll run him off the place for not marryin' you——"

She broke off in sudden terror at the look in Macha's face; the Indian woman seemed to grow preceptibly taller as she towered above the cowering half-breed. Then, twice, she slapped Sarah Jane; slowly, deliberately, with the evident intention of making the act one of greatest humiliation, Macha lifted her hands and boxed the half-breed's ears; turning, she went into the laundry and quietly closed the door behind her, while Sarah Jane fled up the path toward Pahala's store. I think that she would prudently have ignored the occurrence if the hotel keeper, also pursuing those necessary napkins, had not witnessed the grand finale and welcomed the sight of her mortification with unrestrained mirth.

"Got what you deserved, didn't you, Sarah Jane? Old Macha knows that you used them napkins fer dish towels! You'd better not fool with *her* again—or we'll be havin' a first-class funeral 'round here, and you'll be the only person at it who won't smell the flowers!" he said, and laughed uproariously.

Sarah Jane, trembling with rage, did not answer.

The hotel keeper shook his head. "She sure is a pizen squaw! Sometimes I feel like firin' her—good waitress and all," he said; "I suppose she's goin' up to talk to her pin-head uncle about the insult Old Macha's offered their family," commented Mr. Kipp, and broke off to laugh. "Did you see Macha's face?" he questioned.

I nodded.

"I didn't blame Sarah Jane fer bein' scared—Macha looked about twenty feet tall," he said, then sobered. "Of course, Macha and Kiousa ain't been really married—accordin' to *our* way of thinkin'; but the Indians had their own recognized customs. And she's helped and cheered him through such trials as most women don't even know about—and is still doin' it. There's somethin' sort of *beautiful* in the *helpin' way* Old Macha loves her husband.

"After all," commented the hotel keeper reflectively, "if *that* ain't marriage, what is?"

We had reason, during the next few days, to realize the power of Sarah Jane's anger, augmented by her fluent imagination. By the end of the week, any one who heard and believed her description of the encounter could not have found an excuse for Macha; according to Sarah Jane, the old Indian woman had made a brutal, unprovoked, attack upon a young girl who, in the interests of her work, had asked for enough clean napkins to suitably fit out her employer's dining-room.

"From now on," whined Sarah Jane plaintively, "I'll use the dirty napkins over and over. It ain't up to me to get myself injured in the int'rests of a hotel that keeps such a washwoman."

Gradually, to her uncle, she built up a fine case; by the end of the week she had worked upon his slow anger until he was ready to act in her behalf. "I'll show Kiousa whether his wife'll dare strike Sarah Jane," threatened Pahala.

The hotel keeper, hearing of this new development, went up to the store and

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faced the irate sheriff. "What's this I hear about your swearin' out a warrant for Macha and Kiousa, Pahala?" he demanded.

Pahala muttered an unintelligible reply.

"This'll be the only arrest you've made. You'd better be careful not to prove yourself a fool on the first count," volunteered Mr. Kipp. "I seen what happened, Pahala. Sarah Jane got just what she deserved," he added.

"I have to start with some one," growled Pahala sullenly.

"That so?" inquired Mr. Kipp sarcastically; then pounded the counter with his fist. "Now listen to me, Pahala: If you believe Sarah Jane's yarns enough to try to do somethin' mean to Macha—you'll be sorry for it. I promise you that—and I don't never break my word!"

But under Sarah Jane's skilful manipulation this common-sense advice took on a different aspect. "He don't want you to realize that all the trouble was caused because he didn't provide enough napkins," she interpolated, and dropped her voice to a whine: "All the girls is laughin' at you and me. And all of them is wonderin' why you are afraid of Kiousa." She let the suggestion sink in. "Don't you care how folks insult us?" she queried.

That evening Pahala served a summons on Macha and Kiousa to appear before the judge at Bonita, twenty-five miles away. Macha fingered the paper with

Pahala, behind the counter of his store, turned a scowling face toward all customers.—Page 52.

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trembling hands. "How can I get there? I can't walk so far," she said.

"The only automobile there is, is in our garage. Pahala'll have to rent it, with driver, to take you over. And I'll deduct the amount from this month's bill for provisions from his store," vouchsafed Mr. Kipp grimly.

Pahala, blinking, commenced to object, but the hotel keeper waved him aside. "Get this dose of spite work out of your system; you'll have better sense, next time," he cryptically remarked.

I was as angry as Mr. Kipp when I watched that machine drive away the next morning. But I did not tell him that Macha had refused my offer to accompany her.

"There is a reason . . . why we have always wanted to go back . . . but we have never had the chance. Best that Kiousa and I go alone to . . . Painted Canyon," said Macha.

"I can't bear to think of them spending their one day in their old home—at a police court," I said brokenly.

They returned late that evening. I did not see them, but the hotel keeper informed me that, after descending from the automobile, they thanked the bewildered Pahala and bade him a courteous good-night, then went to their own quarters. In the morning Macha was bending above her wash-tub; Kiousa was busily engaged at the wood-pile. On the events of their day they volunteered no explanation, nor would they answer any questions. I was actually irritated by the baffling lack of information. Mr. Kipp only smiled.

Gradually, over the settlement, a wave of mirth spread and grew. Indians rarely smile—but when they are amused they laugh unrestrainedly, and during those days, when whispered comments went the rounds, each detail of the sheriff's excursion to Bonita was received with chuckles of appreciation. Pahala, behind the counter of his store, turned a scowling face toward all customers, nor found reason for rejoicing over the sudden influx of traders because their requests for goods were interlarded with hilarity.

After a few days Sarah Jane was put to the trouble of inventing a fictitous offer for her services, and hastily departed to fill the place.

"She really went home—up to the reservation. I saw her there when I was tryin' to round up enough chickens for Sunday dinner. I told her to forget her foolishness and come back—good waitresses don't grow on every bush," explained the hotel keeper apologetically; then added: "She and Pahala can't stand bein' laughed at—besides it's costin' the sheriff money."

"What did Pahala spend?" I demanded.

"He paid for a real, first-class, weddin'-trip that Sarah Jane suggested," answered Mr. Kipp.

"Surely, Pahala hasn't married his niece?" I cried.

"Oh, no," answered the hotel keeper, and ordered a restless bird-dog through the door: "Go hunt for your native sons outside, Towser," was his command.

"If Kiousa and Macha are all right I am not interested in the others," I said.

"Well, they're all right. Pahala's the only one that's walkin' lame," commented Mr. Kipp.

"Was Pahala hurt?" I inquired.

"Yes. In the pocket-book. He's got to pay for the ride, and the day at Bonita—it's up to him," said the hotel keeper.

"Why is it 'up to him'? Pahala's the sheriff; he arrested Macha. The government pays for transporting prisoners," I asserted.

Mr. Kipp was instantly belligerent. "Wasn't they acquitted? And didn't Pahala make 'em go over to Bonita on a fool charge? And don't gasolene and tires, and a driver, and up-keep cost money? Who'd pay for the ride if Pahala didn't?" he demanded.

"If it was a 'fool charge,' why did they stay at Bonita all day?" I inquired.

Mr. Kipp made a motion as if to clasp his head with his hands, and raised his eyes to the ceiling. "If you've made up your mind to know, I'll save time by tellin' you!" he remarked. "Near as *I* can figure out from Macha's occasional word and Pahala's bursts of profanity, the prisoners had an enjoyable time. They set on the back seat and rode in style through the country they'd fought and suffered and starved in. When they

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"They ate the weddin' lunch Macha had took along in a shoe-box."

got to Bonita the judge said he couldn't hear the case 'til late in the afternoon; so Macha and Kiousa cruised about, visitin' around, seein' old landmarks, and enjoyin' themselves. Amongst other things, they ate the weddin' lunch Macha had took along in a shoe-box," volunteered Mr. Kipp.

"You've spoken of that wedding several times. I'd be grateful if you would mention *who* was married!" I said with exasperation.

"Didn't I name the high contractin' parties? Shucks, now, wasn't that careless of me! Well, Macha and Kiousa got tied up in proper style—with all the trimmin's—even to callin' Pahala in as witness. And when they went back to the

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court, the judge gave just nine minutes to the case—and eight of them were spent in callin' Pahala down and tellin' him just how Sarah Jane had made a fool of him," vouchsafed Mr. Kipp.

I gasped. "Are you sure? I've seen Macha several times, and she hasn't mentioned getting married," I cried.

"She wouldn't," he commented, "and neither would Pahala—if he hadn't been trying to get out of payin' for the automobile. But he needs the lesson, and I'll see that he remembers it!"

Something in his manner aroused my suspicions. "It's your hotel automobile—so you can fix that charge. But what *I* want to know is: who telephoned the judge? Macha is too inarticulate to plead her case in nine minutes—or nine hours. And while you are explaining: I'd like to hear if it was difficult for you to arrange with the judge to call the case late—so that Macha and Kiousa could have the day, undisturbed, at Painted Canyon?" I asked.

He hastily raised a silencing finger. "Ssssh! The idea!" he ejaculated. "Do you want to bring *me* under the range of Pahala's profanity? He's havin' trouble now to coin words hot enough to suit his needs! It ain't *safe* to mention his dear niece to him! I asked him if he thought I could get Sarah Jane to come back, and help out, for the rest of the huntin' season, and what do you think he answered?"

"He couldn't say anything against that horrid girl that I wouldn't agree with," I answered shortly.

"*He couldn't?* Why, he said— No, I guess I'd better not!" said Mr. Kipp. Glancing at the clock, he reached for the dinner-bell. "I wasn't enamoured of Sarah Jane's manners—but when meal-times come 'round, and I have to go in and do her work—I wish she was back!" said the hotel keeper.

The Tents of the Conservative

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT

A QUARTET of saxophones was imitating bullfrogs according to "The Wizard of Oz." I was waiting my chance at the audience out front. While I waited I peeped between the green curtains at the back of the Chautauqua stage.

In the front rows little girls and boys giggled each time the bass saxophone spoke for the biggest frog. A thousand of their elders were smiling broadly. The men, coats off, sat with their shoulders against the shoulders of their wives. Young people home from college did not altogether succeed in being unconscious of their sports togs.

Farmers, merchants, garage-men, preachers in the uniform of the rural clergy, with their families, identified themselves to any one who would study them. It was a tentful of respectability, of the respectability of a typical American farming community.

A tenth of our people gather in such audiences every summer. This tenth represents probably more than a fifth of our total population. I told myself so much while I studied the audience that day. This fifth, away from the cities, unmoved by swirls of opinion that do not grow into mighty winds, is the American home guard. Other Americans ought to be intensely interested to know what these folk, the reserves of our public opinion, are thinking about in these parlous days.

Through eight summers I have been observing them. That seems a long stretch of hot weather to spend in accommodation trains and what are known to the circuit as bowl-and-pitcher hotels. It is, indeed, a long stretch, and to one writing on a farm, with the autumn land-

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scape gloriously changing color, the outstanding teaching of that experience does not make the stretch a day shorter in retrospect or a single degree cooler.

Here is that outstanding teaching:

The very foundation of the home guard, which musters under Chautauqua tents, is the most old-fashioned conservatism and morality.

If ever you wonder what counterweight America has to the growing volume of radicalism, think of the Chautauqua. In its chairs and on its platform prevails not only the most conservative but the most conventionally moral influence of our national life. More than once I have smiled in thinking that it is something beyond all this, that it is the most monotonously moral agent I have ever observed among men.

The Chautauqua is above the human yieldings that make a good, bitter, scandal-fanned church row. Its foot never slips. Its character is so fixed that it allows every newcomer freedom to say or do anything that pleases him. If he have intelligence enough to last he will soon learn—the sooner the better for everybody—that he imperils his service in any cause by any unnecessary attention whatsoever to card-playing, to dancing, to sex, to non-Christian religion, to any theory of any philosophy that threatens the security of property.

Every lecturer must have his own reminders of all this. I certainly have mine aplenty. The material for my talks is town organization for the enrichment of town life, play as medicine for social ills, the adventures of spirit that young people crave no matter whether you find them in a Chautauqua tent or patronizing this year's Follies. A man who speaks of such causes for eight years to audiences substantially of one character cannot plead lack of warning as to the sensibilities of his hearers.

Nevertheless, forewarned as I ought to be, I have more than once driven from the tent some matron of conspicuously resolute shoulders, followed, it may be, by a daughter with conspicuously reluctant step. What had I done? I usually have to think back to find out; and usually I have made some such reference as to "those poor little victims of it all who come into the world under the heavy handicap of illegitimacy."

You think this out of the question, a pose, in this day and age!

The donor of a park to a certain town in Illinois asked me, one day in the past summer, to outline a programme to foster the use of the park. As one of many features of that programme I suggested a platform and stage for amateur plays, roller-skating, and dancing. Next day a committee of the guarantors of the Chautauqua in that community called upon the superintendent to reason with him, solemnly, that the speaker of the night before—meaning no less a person than me—could not possibly be a Christian if he believed in dancing.

From town to town, through several months, I motored with the young people of a prelude company. We were resting one day in a grove, and three of them asked me to teach them to play "bridge." There was a compliment to any man! I wanted to play, moreover, as only the few will understand. Yet——

"Never in a thousand years," I answered, "unless you three want to be known to the committees as card-players."

These incidents are nothing more serious than illustrations of what I have described as the most old-fashioned conservatism and morality. In the brassy glare of the Sunday newspaper or the elaborate sameness of the country club, it may be you have forgotten that all Americans do not dance, that millions of them keep Sunday as something other than a play-day.

We of the Chautauqua do not forget it, either patrons or "talent." Some of us are entirely willing to belong to a movement that waits half a generation before it accepts the changing standards of representative city circles.

There are two observations that should be made, I think, upon this quality of conservatism in Chautauqua circles:

It is the very key to the influence of the Chautauqua.

It is an altogether natural product of the heart and soul of Chautauqua supporters.

Now this does not mean, by a great deal, that the home guard musters in the

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Chautauqua tent only the out-of-date or the uninformed. Community high schools, good magazines, newspapers, the Chautauqua itself, have taught too successfully for that. Moreover, in every town there are, perhaps, fifty of a lecturer's hearers who follow what is said with the lenses of extensive travel and wide reading.

The automobile is increasing this number rapidly, not so much because our auditors go touring in it as because it extends the area from which our audiences are recruited. One notes license-tags from three or four States on the edge of the enclosure. Here a seven-passenger car has brought members of the faculty of a college more than ten miles; and their stay for a chat after the lecture makes a memory that enlivens long hours afterward in the day-coach. Here a block of thirty seats or more is reserved for Rotarians and their wives, coming through the dusk from a city twenty miles distant.

Almost any town may provide a specially encouraging hearing for some performer. Thus, one day, our young pianist was given helpful criticism by a woman who had studied with Theodor Leschetizky and is now teaching just enough to be busy and living a life of quiet and content in a city of less than ten thousand population. From such a community the woman's club wrote at the beginning of a season to ask Chautauqua headquarters for respite from "One Fine Day," out of "Madame Butterfly," and surcease from the threadbare sextet out of "Lucia di Lammermoor."

If you who live in the metropolitan centres have not noted it you would be astonished to learn how many from the little towns endure with you the length of grand opera, share with you the freaks of the winter lecture season, pay with you the baksheesh of fashionable restaurants. As a guess there are three or four families to each thousand of our rural population that go twice a year to the nearest large city that appeals to them.

It is one of the technical difficulties of the platform that the Chautauqua lecturer must observe the conventionalities of the circuit without boring this handful of leaders to the point of rebellion. They that stay at home, however, are a large majority, and a majority with an extremely simple faith in certain extremely simple things. They are, in all their interests, our American reserves of conservatism.

Consider music: they love the old songs and the popular classics.

There used to be on the circuit, until its leader became head of the department of music in a State university, a quintet of conspicuous musical character. The leader made a specialty of explaining each number, and did it with such charm that his hearers were loath to have him retire; and at night, as a prelude to my own lecture that season, he nearly always presented a programme of numbers requested by persons of his afternoon audience.

Toward the end of the tour he and I went over his diary. We found that the whole number of selections which had been asked for more than once or twice only did not exceed nineteen.

Know, then, the nineteen favorite selections of representative Chautauqua assemblies from Jacksonville to Manistee, as nearly as I can remember them (which I think is decidedly near, indeed): "A Perfect Day," "Annie Laurie," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "The Palms," "One Fine Day," from "Butterfly," Tosti's "Goodbye," the aria "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice," from "Samson and Delilah," "Aloha Oe," "The Song of the Evening Star," "Absent," "I Hear You Calling Me," the "Cujus Animam," from the "Stabat Mater," the Beethoven "Minuet in G," the Rubinstein "Melody in F," Dvořák's "Humoreske," the Largo from Handel's "Xerxes," the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and the "Meditation" from "Thais."

What a creditable list it is! And what an interplay of influences it evidences! Can you not feel in one number the repertoire of a daughter home from boarding-school, in another a roll well worn out on the player-piano, in another the phonograph, in another a special service in church, in another the band concerts on the "square" of a summer Thursday evening?

What a superiority to jazz! According to the calendar, jazz should now be

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rising to its height in Chautauqua programmes, since it is passing from the cities. Yet more than one Chautauqua company made its way through the season last closed without a single note of jazz! In these United States of America! In 1921!

Our young people in college would gnash their teeth over the literary taste of the circuit. I have no reason to think it ever gave a thought to "free verse." Chautauqua folk are now studying the history of China or the growth of the social settlement. In 1922 they will be "reading up" on the economic consequences of the war.

If a speaker would quote impressively let him recite either "Recessional" or "Smile, You Son-of-a-gun, Smile!" Humor must be unmistakable. Sometimes, when the point misses, the more hardened lecturers go over the joke a second time.

References to passing book crazes fail of any marked response. In three or four towns this past summer I had superintendents ask how many in the tent had read a certain book as much discussed nowadays as "Ships That Pass in the Night" was discussed in the 90's. Not ten in any town.

For these readers the literary culture of all time is still encompassed in the phrase "Shakespeare and the Bible." They know Drinkwater: he wrote of Lincoln.

In political opinion the Chautauqua groups seem to me impressively uniform throughout the nation. They are strongly partizan in their political affiliations, and, anywhere beyond the South, more of them appear to be partizan Republicans than Democrats. If there is any large persistence of progressivism I have not perceived it. They revere Roosevelt—and support the local bosses.

They want some sort of disarmament, and want it quickly enough to reduce their taxes right away. And some sort of League of Nations; though they do not want this, for the present, so positively that they will turn on their party to get it. They attach the greatest significance to the possession of property: it is in itself a seal of respectability; and I should be more amazed than I could easily express if any one could find a thousand out-and-out Socialists in all the Chautauquas of a season.

Like most of us, they are for lower taxes on general principles, and all the time. This attitude took lately the direction of a general war on the increasing levies for schools in the rural districts. Retired farmers led the fighting, writing into leases the condition that tenants must pay any new school levies, and in many, many instances threatening the tenant with dispossession proceedings if a proposed increase in the school tax should pass.

Money is more easily raised among them for their churches than for any other objectives now that Germany is whipped. But they writhe enough over giving to anything—which is only a sign that they have slumped like the rest of humanity since the war. I could find a hundred towns in any section of the United States of distinctive Chautauqua size and character wherein public properties are deteriorating rapidly because this powerful element is against the spending of money for any public purpose whatever.

Thus the composite of Chautauqua opinion has the pinching of pennies as its most assertive expression. With that proviso the Chautauqua assemblies are earnestly devoted to orthodoxy—in patriotism, in morals, in religion. It is not, so far, according to my reactions from audiences of many localities, greatly interested in any of the arts.

Here is the key to the perennial welcome the Chautauqua extends to Mr. Bryan. He is no longer the sensation he was in 1900. He is heard, however, as gladly as any man, and by audiences of good size over a longer succession of seasons than any other man. The explanation is that he fits Chautauqua opinion like a glove.

All his political views begin with economy in public funds. He has only the most indefinite regard for painting, music, architecture, literature. He is enormously concerned for prohibition, world peace, godliness, and homeliness. To hear those causes argued skilfully, earnestly, persuasively, these Chautauqua folk will welcome Mr. Bryan until they and he alike are no more.

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Out of such predilections has been evoked a distinctive type of discourse for the Chautauqua and its winter counterpart, the Lyceum.

Chautauquans themselves call it "the mother, home, and heaven lecture." It is described, invariably, as "inspirational." It is a kind of monologue, put together of sayings that are expected to please without offending against any of the Chautauqua conventionalities; delivered month after month with the same shadings of voice, the same accusing pointing of the finger, and altered from year to year only as new phrases can be tried without disturbing the tested success of the whole.

It is a type easy to make fun of and hard to be fair to. Doctor Russell H. Conwell's "Acres of Diamonds" is the perfect example. The teaching is solid as rock. Distant pastures are not fairer after all. Dip down where you are, you are in fresh water. Do not save for a trip to Kimberley; save to develop the mines of diamonds in the old home place.

Men who have heard this lecture as children take their children to hear it, watching to note the effect on the child of the sentences that thrilled them thirty-five years earlier. In one city where Doctor Conwell was to speak, a morning newspaper published the text of his lecture from beginning to end, and did not apparently affect the attendance in the evening.

Perhaps there is an element of strength in the very fact that the lecture is not changed. I wonder if it does not affect the hearers as the "Poet and Peasant" overture affects them: they know what is coming and have a sense of partnership in the performance as, step by step, they travel again the familiar ground?

A hundred or more lecturers obtain regular employment with the Chautauquas every summer to present to that part of America just such teachings of just such solid-rock impenetrability. They are, in my acquaintance with them, good men, good citizens, good lecturers; and always they are safe. A programme with no other lecturers than these may be expected to "get over" more regularly than any other combination.

The themes are kept close to the plain people: "The Man Who Does," "Daring to Think," "Human Pickles," "Miles of Smiles," and "Just Folks"—here are titles so close to reality that those who know the Chautauqua and Lyceum will laugh aloud as they read.

"Mother, home, and heaven" may be expected always to be prominent in these programmes. The form of the lecture may change a little; the delivery may tone down from the present "rapid-fire," Gatling-gun, "straight-from-the-shoulder" style; but they will continue to have the favor of Chautauqua guarantors, I am confident, until the guarantor himself is changed.

Yet what is called the "information lecture" has come now to press "mother, home, and heaven" harder and harder. Leaders like Arthur C. Coit, president of the extensive Coit-Alber system, Harry P. Harrison, general manager of the many Redpath circuits, and Paul M. Pearson, now the president of the Lyceum and Chautauqua Association, are genuinely eager the Chautauqua shall be of maximum service to its patrons, and in that eagerness are keeping their programmes well ahead of the demands of local committees. It is they who are bringing forward a type of lecture of larger substance and more definite value.

They find what they seek sometimes in the "sensation" lecture. A man who flies to Greenland in an airplane will probably be heard with curiosity, even though he be technically a poor speaker; and the story of his expedition will have value in teaching geography.

But such a sensation is usually short-lived. In a year or two some one else will fly to the North Pole and Greenland will have to step aside. The "information lecture" is bigger than this. It is the talk of one who knows a subject authoritatively, preferably one of the sciences, and has the unbelievably rare ability to talk of it entertainingly.

The "Gatling-gun" lecturer observes this movement and does not fear it, saying:

"It is easier to give 'information' to those of us who have platform power than to give platform power to the man who has 'information.'"

As far as this is true, the trouble lies

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largely in the traditional bookishness of scholars. The terms in which they think, and in which, naturally, they speak, are like:

"Even the planetary satellites share in the peculiarities of the solar system."

Hear the man with "platform power":

"You may call it 'The Great First Cause'! You may call it 'Nature'! You may call it anything you like! I call it God—who holds the least of the stars in the hollow of His hand!"

Trouble lies also in the undersurface contempt of the representative scholar for the concessions required to hold the attention of general audiences. They hear the more successful lecturers slide vocally up hill and down. They hear some of them ask themselves questions and answer themselves wittily. They hear practically all of them state a principle, amplify it, and illustrate it, cycle after cycle. And they groan as they hear every speaker who "makes good" tell stories at intervals of not more than five minutes.

Classrooms and laboratories do not train men in such methods. Undergraduates who do not listen merely punish themselves. Story-telling is for entertainers, not scholars.

A jurist who failed at lecturing is, I venture, speaking for hundreds who might serve the Chautauqua admirably but do not, when in deprecation of his own failure he says:

"You know how impossible it is to relieve a subject like penal and correctional reform with anecdote."

A subject like "The Yoke of the Law" beyond anecdote! Lincoln would not find it so, or Lord Erskine, or Cicero.

In a single day, in a court like that of this man, I myself have heard sentence passed on a weak-mouthed girl for sending threatening letters to a rich woman she had never seen, an Italian boy for mailing an infernal machine to an American girl because she would not marry him, and half a dozen youthful river-rats for poaching on the preserves of a rich men's gun club!

Some twenty men and women, as a guess, are now succeeding in this new type of Chautauqua service. Some are lecturers of the old type glad to escape the slavery of the "rapid fire." Some are editors who find the perspective of their desk work helpful in the new focus and the response of the audience helpful to the desk. Some, like Doctor William A. Colledge, of Chicago, have been "information lecturers" for years. The remainder are specialists in various fields—with "platform power."

The Chautauqua is moving, I fancy, toward an approximately even division of its programmes between such entertainment as magic and music, "mother, home, and heaven" lectures, nine days' sensations, and "information lectures." As this change progresses the thinking of the American home guard will change.

There will hardly be more music, but much of it will be of better quality; and there will be more attention to other arts. There will be more candid speaking on social problems and more candid listening. There will be a rapid advance in independence of party lines and a slower advance in thought upon taxes, the direction being away from the political philosophy of the Ohio valley and toward that of the Pacific coast. Even the sensations will come from new fields, so that the man who fills an art institute with children in Toledo may some day draw as big a crowd as the man who quells a riot in Seattle.

Yet, how far soever the thinking of America away from the urban centres may respond to more definite and more liberal social teaching, I do not perceive any reason to expect it to change fundamentally. It promises to continue, I believe, to be conventional, moral, conservative, in the most old-fashioned sense. This fifth part of America organizes itself intuitively into ranks of conservatism.

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The Gentleman with Plaid Eyes

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

THEY had had no lunch.

"The minute the World War ended, I stopped being cheerful when hungry," complained Mrs. Perry Jones, from behind her rust-colored motor-veil. "No lunch, and it's half past four!"

"They say that the Armenians are still—" began Mrs. Bromfield.

"Don't remind me of suffering Syrians! I was so swayed by that humorist I heard speak for them that I handed over a cool ten thousand. Why 'cool'? There's nothing cool about money! I'm restless before I've spent mine and angry afterward. That same ten thousand would have bought a comfy little hydroplane, and if we were hydroplaning we could see a dozen leading hotels at a glance, instead of poking along on lonely wood roads, lost. This cheap, common motoring is suited only to lovers, children, and old people."

Nick Everso lolled luxuriously on the front seat of his car. Whenever he wanted a perfectly gorgeous week-end, with no exertion other than laughter, he invited the Perry Joneses and the Tom Bromfields motoring and let them plan the trip.

"Which way?" growled Everso's chauffeur, who was the only one present not having the time of his life.

"Which way?" repeated Mrs. Perry blandly. "How much every road looks just like every other road, when you're motoring! My feeling is that the left-hand road leads to the Blue Bird Tea-Room, but I'm always wrong, so we'd better take the right-hand road. The tea-room is the second house beyond the church, and you'll recognize it because there's a cage out over the road, in which dwells a celluloid bluebird."

They came eventually to a church, because, if you motor long enough, you usually do come to a church. The second house beyond was one of those old New England mansions which every one, unless he wanted to boast that he was up from the dust, would like to claim as his ancestral home. It had the usual assets, from classic doorways, a sun-dial, a walled garden, and a terrace, to an ever-shifting arabesque laid upon it by the shadows of the elms.

"This is it!" declared Mrs. Perry.

Nicholas regarded her with a satisfied smile.

"Of course! There being neither a cage nor a bluebird, it must be the place you described! I adore the law of opposites which governs your mentality."

Before Everso's chauffeur could drive through the substantial ivy-covered stone gateway, round the corner from the stable puffed a pair of fat chestnut horses drawing a carriage such as royalties use in illustrated weeklies and driven by a proud, bumptious old coachman, with white hair and mahogany-colored cheeks. As soon he reined up at the front door there emerged from the house an angry dowager in purple mohair and a toque of bilious pansies. Although she walked with apparent ease, her feet looked as if they were deformed.

When she had driven away, conspicuously *not* noticing mere tourists, Everso ran up the steps and rang the bell. The girl must have been standing directly behind the door, for she opened it at once, and stood before him, tall, slender, blond, with her violet-blue eyes slightly but not unbecomingly red-rimmed. She was dressed in mourning, and carried in her hand a crumpled cobweb which had formerly been a handkerchief.

"Is this the Blue Bird Tea-Room?" inquired Nicholas. Seasoned bachelor though he was, he found himself breathless.

The girl hesitated briefly, and it seemed as if the universe had halted with her.

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"This is the Green Dragon Coffee-House," she said. "Won't that do just as well?"

"Can you take care of a party of six? The chauffeur has such an unrestrained appetite that the bills for his food are rhapsodical."

"I'm quite sure I have enough—even for a hungry chauffeur."

As a lad of seventeen Nicholas had worshipped at the shrine of Burne-Jones's "Hope." Although the picture was almost out of his system now, the girl in the doorway so resembled it that he decided that if Burne-Jones could have painted a voice it would have been like the lyric one of the lady in the doorway.

"Please may we wash up?" inquired Mrs. Perry, as she surged up the steps.

Again the girl hesitated, and then, with a charming, enigmatic smile, led them up a spindle staircase into a great square hall, with square bedrooms opening off, and in the distance two blue-and-white bathrooms with guest towels waving a welcome in the breeze.

"You'd never know it from a private house!" whispered Mrs. Perry, as she adjusted a fresh hair-net.

"I serve people in the drawing-room," said the pretty girl with a touch of formality, as they descended.

It was evident that she understood her business, for there, on a rare old table, were tea, coffee, sandwiches, and rows of china cups with big green dragons on them. The hostess seated herself behind the samovar and poured the coffee, thus displaying quite the most beautiful pair of hands that Nicholas had ever beheld. They were white, small, not too slender, and, although they were exceedingly busy, they weren't nervous. They passed the sandwiches and little cakes, and occasionally they made an absurd, adorable gesture, by way of warding off a compliment. At length their owner inquired somewhat timidly if any one cared for home-made ice-cream.

"You don't have a sign out?" inquired Nicholas, as she brought him a second plate of ice-cream.

"No." She smiled warmly at him, as one who, having had the blues, smiles, and in smiling finds the world again delightful.

"It's rather unusual *not* to have a sign, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is!" The enchanting hands approached him with a silver cake-basket.

"How do people know it's the Green Dragon Coffee-House?"

"People tell people."

"I think the reason you don't have a sign is because, if you did, you would be obliged by law to serve every one who came along. As it is, you can choose your guests."

"Yes," agreed the girl hastily. "If I don't like their looks, I can tell them that the Green Dragon is closed to-day."

"So you liked *our* looks!"

"If I hadn't, I shouldn't have let you in. It's not as subtle a compliment as you seem to infer."

"It is subtle enough to be quite satisfactory. May I please have the check?"

"Oh, dear!" The girl blushed. "Why, of course, I didn't think. Just a moment! I must have left it in the pantry." She vanished, and they heard her running hurriedly through the great quiet house.

"I've rummaged and rummaged," she said as she reappeared, "and I can't find a pencil. Could any of you lend me one?"

When Nicholas passed her his she retired importantly to the library across the hall, wherein ensued a great rustling of papers and then an absorbed silence.

"She's as unbusinesslike as she is charming," whispered Perry Jones.

"Unbusinesslike people are *always* charming," remarked Nicholas, who was an efficiency expert.

When at last the girl returned, she handed Everso a sheet of monogram notepaper with a faint mourning band, and the initials "S. L." at the top, in black. She watched him anxiously while he read it.

ONE AFTERNOON COFFEE-PARTY

6 cups of coffee, at 5 cents a cup	$ .36
Sandwiches	.10
Olives	2.50
Ice-cream, 50 cents each	3.00
	$5.96

"You multiplied the coffee wrong!" began Nicholas. "And why did you charge so little for the sandwiches and so much for the ice-cream? You haven't

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put down the cake and almonds at all, and you should have charged more for your coffee. I never heard of such a price for olives."

"But your chauffeur ate two bottles," she explained. "And I never calculate the sandwiches when I serve more than one kind, because it gets me all mixed up. You must know yourself how awfully they charge for ice-cream at hotels. I didn't put down the cake and almonds, because they were presents and didn't cost me anything. I have never"—she tried to look severe—"had any one object to a bill before!"

"I don't object, except that you don't charge enough."

"If you argue, I shall charge nothing!"

"Don't you enjoy argument?"

"I refuse to do it, where money is concerned."

Meekly Nicholas handed her a five-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill.

"I haven't a bit of change!" she said. "So you'd better keep the one-dollar bill. Five dollars is a plenty, and will do very nicely. I wish I had thought to say five dollars at once, instead of getting excited over the arithmetic. What *did* I do with your pencil? I suppose it's lost! They ought to sell papers of pencils the way they sell papers of pins. Then you could tear off rows at a time."

"I wish I might know your name," purred Mrs. Perry.

"My name," said the Burne-Jones girl, "is Sylvia Lee."

It was exactly as if she had struck a chord on a harp.

"Mundane as it is to mention it, the Aspinwalls dine at eight," said Tom Bromfield, breaking the spell. "And considering that we invited ourselves to dinner with them, and that we are now seventy-five miles away and that it is a quarter after six——"

"Just a minute!" said Nicholas. "I want to get Miss Lee to show me those day-lilies in her garden. They are a rare variety!" The resourceful and deeply smitten Everso tried to look horticultural.

"Five minutes is all we can spare!" said Perry, sinking back in his chair in response to his wife's "Can't you see that he wants to speak to her alone? Have you lost *all* your sense of romance?"

"I want to know your password," began Nicholas, as he stood with Sylvia Lee among the tall day-lilies.

"My password?"

"I want to be sure and get in—the next time I come."

"I will let *you* in, no matter when. But I shan't serve your friends unless you bring them. I am very particular, you see."

"Once I started to have a garden," said Everso, talking against time. "But it was not successful because I planted the lily-bulbs upside down. And now, having exhausted the subject of gardens, let's talk about you. You had been crying just before we came!"

"Mrs. Meserole had been scolding me. You must have seen her drive away. She's the only woman multimillionaire in the State, and she was my mother's best friend."

"What's the matter with her feet?"

"Nothing, except that she wears her right shoe on her left foot, and vice versa, because shoes worn that way last longer."

"What was she scolding you about?"

"She wants me to do something I can't."

"What is it? Marry her son?"

"Mercy to goodness, she has no son!"

"Does she want you to marry some one else?"

"I don't see why you think my unhappiness has anything to do with marriage."

"It *is* absurd of me. What I ought to be thinking about is the great number of people who are going to be unhappy because you can marry only one person."

"How easily you talk of marriage—just as if it were the weather and you were hard up for a subject. Do run along, please. I'm dining out, myself."

Everso drove away from Sylvia Lee with imprecations for dear old friends who ask you to dine. Why was it that whenever you really wanted to do anything there was always something else that had to be done? And, conversely, whenever you had nothing to do there was never anything interesting going on anywhere!

How lovely she had looked among the lilies!

II

It was barely a week later when Everso asked Margaret Cameron to motor out to

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

"How do people know it's the Green Dragon Coffee-House?"—Page 61.

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the "Green Dragon" with him. Margaret was good-looking, of good family, and had a good income. Moreover, she never questioned the whys and wherefores. No one had ever heard her ask what the world was coming to. The fact was that Margaret took the world for granted and believed what she wanted to. Despite history, she believed that Fifth Avenue had been there always, with good-looking people strolling along after lunch. During the war Margaret had worked like a dog for her country, because you always work like a dog for your country during wars. It can be seen why Margaret was just the person to take to the Green Dragon. In case Sylvia Lee was out Everso would have company both ways, and if Sylvia Lee was in Margaret was so unobtrusive and so unseeing that it would be as good as being alone with Sylvia.

"There isn't any ice-cream to-day," began Sylvia Lee the moment she opened the door. "I thought I ought to tell you, because you can go on to the 'Blue Bird.' They always have it."

"Don't want any ice-cream," said Nicholas, entering the house in a lordly manner. He was so glad to see Sylvia again that he found himself smiling in an undignified and unforeseen manner, giving himself away, as it were. He was obliged to tell a funny story as an excuse for his mirth, and he disliked telling funny stories. People always told them back to you next time.

"How is trade?" inquired Nicholas, after the story had been politely laughed at.

"Wonderful!" sighed Sylvia Lee, as if the world was replete with happiness.

"Margaret, you really ought to go out and see Miss Lee's lilies!" said Nicholas abruptly.

"May I go out and look at the garden and poke round all by myself?" inquired Margaret, promptly taking up her cue.

"But I'd be delighted to—" began Sylvia rising.

"Sit down!" said Nicholas. "Miss Cameron has a passion for wandering in gardens alone."

Sylvia Lee began picking up the empty plates and making enchanting little staccato gestures in the air, in reply to Nicholas's fervid, disjointed conversation. He had planned to be so impressive, but the sight of her and the sound of her voice unmanned him. All his worldly experience deserted him; he felt like a boy at his first grown-up dance.

"Been doing any crying lately?" he asked almost bashfully.

"Dear me, no! I've had too many invitations to go visiting."

"You don't *like* to visit, do you?"

"I adore visiting rich people. They have so many dinners and things, and it doesn't cost anything to live—when you're visiting. I hate provision-bills and checking up items. I hate butchers and grocers because they are so exact about money. Every one says my husband will have a terrible time with me."

And Sylvia Lee laughed delightedly at the plight of an imaginary spouse.

"Are you engaged?" Nicholas hoped he didn't look as pale as he felt.

"No, indeed, but of course I shall get married some day, because every one says I'm the marrying kind. In fact, my finances are so peculiar that they all wish I'd hurry up. But it's one of the things you can't very well hurry with, unless you have the right man to help you hurry!"

"What's your ideal sort of romance?"

"Oh—to have some wonderful man sweep me off my feet and say: 'I adore you; let's have a big wedding with heaps of presents, and my dear old aunt who has no home will come and live with us and do the accounts.' What is your ideal romance?"

"I've abandoned ideals for the real thing. The trouble is, the girl hasn't begun to care."

"Why, dear me, your eyes are variegated, near to, aren't they? In the distance they look a warm brown, with little green flashes, but, near to, the iris has little patches of dark blue, brown, tawny yellow, green, and—er—gray. Dear me, your eyes are plaid!"

"I hope you have no prejudice against plaids."

"I don't care for plaid neckties, but I like plaid eyes. Some literary old dear said something about the eyes being the windows of the soul, didn't he?"

"I believe so."

"You must have an odd and pleasant soul—if the eyes are any indication. Is Miss Cameron the girl you care for?"

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"She's a fine girl!" He hoped he could make Sylvia jealous.

"I saw at once that she was one of those whom every one calls a 'fine girl.' It's so uncomplimentary, isn't it? She has just looked at her watch and she's coming back. You'll both have to go, because to-night Mrs. Meserole is having a really truly dinner-party, with three new men. She's doing all she can to marry me off! Did you like the lilies, Miss Cameron? The bill is five dollars, Mr. Everso. I decided to charge the round sum always, no matter what people eat, unless they think five dollars is too much."

"I can stand it this time!" declared Everso, laying the crisp bill in her bewitching fingers.

"Do come again, *both* of you! So glad I had no other clients to-day. It's lots more fun not to be too successful."

"Are you going to marry her?" inquired Margaret, after she and Everso had driven a mile in silence. Not being deaf, dumb, and blind, she had been obliged to observe the state of Everso's feelings.

"I am if I can get her."

"How funny of her to keep a coffee-house in that magnificent place! Does she live alone? Where were the servants? Who is she?"

"That's the whole fascination," said Nicholas slowly. "I don't know anything about her."

III

By dint of enormous self-control he managed to stay away another week, and then he again asked Margaret Cameron to take the thirty-mile drive with him.

"I'll go with you this time, Nicky," said Margaret, "but never again. She will probably throw you down, because she is the first girl you've ever bothered with seriously. And you will be awfully poor company on the thirty miles home. Don't ask her to-day, because I want to enjoy my ride *both* ways."

When they reached the "Green Dragon," before the door stood the same pair of pompous old horses that had been there the first time, and, just as Nicholas threw on his brake, down the steps came Sylvia Lee, dressed for driving. In the most bare-faced manner she pretended not to see them, and she put up her parasol and stepped into the carriage, obviously hiding behind the coquettish black-and-white sunshade. The moment she stepped into the carriage, the coachman drove her away before their face and eyes. As the royal barouche turned the corner she leaned out and smiled back at them wickedly.

Nicholas immediately caught up with her.

"I've a good mind to drive ahead of you, and cover you with dust," he said, as he stopped the car by her carriage.

"You mustn't do that, because my horses are so old and wheezy they'd drop dead, I'm sure. Can we let Mr. Everso drive ahead of us and make dust, Martin?" she inquired of the coachman's back.

"No, miss," said Martin, with a scornful glance at Everso.

"Martin says you mustn't drive ahead of us and make dust, and he's one of the Selectmen, so you'll have to mind. You'd better eat at the 'Blue Bird' to-day. My horses need exercise and I need the fresh air."

"I thought this was Mrs. Meserole's carriage," said Everso.

"It was. She left it to me in her will."

"Her will? You said you were dining with her a week ago."

"I know. And she died that night. Drive on, Martin!"

"Well—upon my word!" muttered Everso, as he drove after Sylvia Lee, on low speed.

"I know you're going to be disagreeable going home," moaned Margaret Cameron.

Everso had again stopped by Sylvia Lee.

"You know very well that Mrs. Meserole couldn't die and leave you a coach and horses all in a week," said Everso.

"This is my first ride," said Sylvia. "And she did die. She had indigestion after the dinner, and by mistake took something meant for external use internally. Don't make me talk about it, *please!*"

It was impossible not to believe Sylvia Lee now, for her under lip was quivering.

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If this was not sufficient evidence, Martin's shoulders were heaving up and down too rapidly for natural breathing.

"I'll come again!" said Everso.

But Sylvia Lee's pretty face was buried in one of her cobwebby handkerchiefs.

IV

"I'M *so* glad you've come!" said Sylvia Lee.

It was, of course, only a week later, because a week was Everso's limit of endurance at staying away from Sylvia Lee. This time an elderly maid with omniscient eyes admitted him, and in the drawing-room there was not a vestige of the wonderful tea-table with its silver samovar and green-dragon china. Had Sylvia Lee retired from business?

She came running down the spindle staircase at once and seized both his hands.

"I'm *so* glad you've come!" she cried. "Everything will be all right now."

Nicholas, who inwardly echoed her sentiments, inquired solemnly if there was something he could do for her.

"I'm in terrible trouble!" she said engagingly. "Tuck has died. He's the fattest of Mrs. Meserole's two horses. It must have been apoplexy. Martin is sick over it and won't listen to reason. You see Martin has taken care of Nip and Tuck every day for over twenty years, and he loves them next to his children. Now, *you* can reason with Martin."

"Why does Martin need to be reasoned with?"

"Why, although I've talked and talked and talked to him, he won't bury Tuck unless there's some kind of a service. The minister, although I've talked and talked and talked to *him*, won't read the service, and there we are! I'll have Martin in."

Martin's grief was, indeed, pathetic. His sensibilities had been undermined by the death of his beloved mistress two weeks before, and, now that this other, perhaps closer, friend had gone, he was unable to do anything but insist on what seemed to him his rights. It didn't seem to occur to Martin that Tuck might have lived to an even greener old age if he hadn't constantly overfed him.

"He ain't going to be buried without formalities, not while I live!"

"Couldn't *you* manage the funeral for us?" asked Sylvia Lee suddenly of Everso. "Tuck really was a perfect old dear."

"Would it do, Martin, if I conducted the—er—obsequies?" asked Everso, thus proving that there was nothing he wouldn't do for Sylvia.

"I suppose it'll have to do," said Martin. "I wanted Miss Sylvia to read a hymn. She used to ride on horseback on Tuck when she was a little girl."

"I *couldn't* read a hymn, Martin. I should cry too much!"

"I'll take charge," said Nicholas masterfully. "Are you ready, Martin?"

"You're sure you're going into this in the right sperrit?"

"I have always liked horses—if that's what you mean," said Everso.

And he followed Martin out behind the barn to the pasture where Tuck lay; Sylvia Lee and three elderly women servants trailed on behind. Wondering what he ought to say, and what he would say, and what he *could* say, Everso took off his cap, and looked squarely up into the sky, with puzzled, reverent eyes, and words came.

"If men were half as decent and half as uncomplaining as horses, how much better this bad old world would be! Horses never have their own way: they always serve. They bear no malice when they are put aside for a better horse or for an automobile. There is good reason for saying, when you want to compliment a man, that he has horse sense. I wish that I personally could be as unquestioning about doing what was expected of me as the average horse. I haven't the slightest idea where you have gone, Tuck—I'm not entirely certain that you have gone anywhere. But of one thing I am very sure, that it is well with you."

Martin, who had been gazing frantically upward in order that his torrents of tears should run down his throat instead of out of his nose, threw on the first earth, and Nicholas, taking off his coat, helped finished the job.

"It was glorious!" muttered Martin. "The Ladies Cemetery Association couldn't have managed the thing better."

Thus commended, Nicholas wandered

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

"I haven't the slightest idea where you have gone, Tuck—I'm not entirely certain that you have gone anywhere."—Page 66.

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into Sylvia Lee's garden and found her working among her flowers.

"You'll stay and dine with me?" she asked half shyly.

"I'd love to. May I help you weed?"

Their first silence fell upon them.

"It was a sweet funeral!" sighed Sylvia Lee, as the dinner-gong chimed its interruption. "I knew you were like this, though, the minute I saw your plaid eyes."

They talked about nothing and anything and everything at dinner, not realizing what they said, just revelling in the sound of each other's voice and the fact that they sat opposite each other. Afterward they had coffee in her garden, by moonlight.

At his fourth cup, Sylvia demurred. She had begun to take care of him.

"You won't sleep!"

"I shan't sleep anyway. I'm too happy."

And she poured his fourth cup with a hand that trembled.

"I've a number of wicked confessions to make," she said quickly. "I'll make them all in a lump, so that you won't have time for reactions between them. This isn't the Green Dragon Coffee House, and it never was!"

"Explain."

"That first afternoon, I had arranged the party for a lot of friends of Mrs. Meserole's who were visiting her. She came alone, on purpose to scold me for catering to her wealthy friends, and told me she would have nothing more to do with me if I didn't sell my house and go to work; that it was time one of the Lees braced up and did something. She said she was going home to change her will, after having promised my mother that she would leave me enough to live on. And she *did* change it. All she left me were the horses and carriages and her old servants. A lawyer who doesn't know how to smile pays their wages and my provision-bills, and I have only the five hundred a year my mother left me, and this house. She left the servants to me so that they could look after me. Fancy!"

"But why did you tell me this was the Green Dragon Coffee House?"

"Because somebody had to eat up the party. I'd been two days getting it ready, and I didn't want it wasted, did I? I'd have had to live on sandwiches and ice-cream a week. It was a pretty party, wasn't it?"

"Even this doesn't explain why you had another party waiting the second time I came."

"The second time? Oh, yes. Well, of course it was a lot of work getting ready every day, not knowing whether you were coming, but it was such fun to see you behave as if you were a paying guest!"

"You enjoyed seeing me make myself ridiculous."

"Oh, no, but don't you see, if I hadn't said it was the Green Dragon Coffee House in the first place, I never should have known you. And I thought, if I wanted to keep on knowing you, I should have to keep on saying it was the Green Dragon Coffee House."

"I can't believe you!"

"Perhaps you don't want to believe that I liked you from the beginning."

"Sylvia!"

"After one look at your intriguing plaid eyes I'd have said the house was anything you wanted it to be. If you had asked if it was an orphanage, I should have said, 'Yes, and I'm the orphan,' and if you had asked if it was an insane asylum, I should have said: 'Yes, I have just lost my wits over *you!*'"

It was queer how naturally her head descended to his shoulder, and queer how much at home it felt when it got there.

"You know absolutely nothing about me!" she accused him.

"In a quiet corner of the most conservative club I know sits a white-haired old beau, by the name of Colonel Sellers. He once wanted to marry your mother. We were talking about your family yesterday."

"A great many men wanted to marry mother. They all say such nice things about her. She was quite famous for her charming way of saying 'No.'"

"I hope you have no such reputation."

"I had, but I'm out of practice. In fact, I'm getting so very rusty that I doubt if I could say 'No' at all. But isn't it rather soon for us to be getting married?"

"My dear!" His tone was hurt. "It seems to me that we have been waiting ages."

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Ode to Shelley

BY GEORGE STERLING

LIFT trumpets, silver trumpets, to the light!
Lift trumpets, Fame, to the revealing day!
For he it is whose way
Goes forth forever in the great sun's sight.
O singer, fled afar!
The erected darkness shall but isle the star
That was your voice to men,
Till morning come again
And of the night that song alone remain.
O you whose holy pain
Pierced the world's heart with music of that woe,
Now is our sorrow made
As deep as theirs who lost you long ago.
Human it is that every rose shall fade,
But not on its first morning. Many lands
Knew many griefs that day, but could not know
What loss was theirs, when, by the shoaling jade,
Your ashes, like gray snow, were on the sands.
It is of wounds like this that Time has scars,
And tears are of the eternal, and our hands
Are lifted to inexorable stars.
Ah! fled forever, past atonement's word!
Gone to the timelessness where sleep is long!
Lost, like the music of an unborn bird,
Or your unwritten song!
Mute, though the given song awhile impart
Beauty's inherent sorrow to the heart!

Lift silver trumpets, Fame, for this is he
Whose joy was in the silver of the sea—
The shudder of the wave-crest on the light,
The foam of oceans desolate and pure,
Snows that might not endure,
And waters riven on the windy height.
O singer, winged from birth!
Spirit of light, impatient of this earth
And its old bonds that chafe the star-lured wings!
How great your love
For restless wind and cloud, for dews and star!—
All clean and crystalline and radiant things,—
All clarities that are
Beyond man's soilure and intolerance,—
All azure bent above
The long-lost Islands of the lost romance.
For you the lyric heavens no more are dumb,
And Beauty, moulded by the cancelled Past,
Touched by your light shall cast

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Her shadow on the mighty years to come.
The noblest heart that ever slept in Rome
Finds in our hearts a home.

Wherefore when winter skies are sheerest blue,—
When fallen waters chime,—
When silvern rains are on the lucid lake,
Ah! then the thought of you,
The clearest voice of Time,
Is born like music when the shore-winds wake
The old regret that sleeps in pine and wave.
And yet it is not grief
That murmurs in the breast
Because the Fates at Spezia would not save,
But drew the silence on you, till men found
The song immortal and the singing brief.
It is not sorrow: every heart must rest.
But at your lustral trumpets' argent sound
Far dreams come back,
And we are homesick for those Isles you sought
Beyond the sunset's track.
We too have caught
An echo of that singing, and would find
The vision you have seen:
Youth, in a land of heights and ocean-wind,
In the morning of the world, when blood was clean,—
Beauty, whose lips no message had defiled,—
The star-song of the Muse,
As innocently wild
As when one hears the laughter of a child
Over the year's first blossom and her dews.

O dream unverified, dreamt long ago!
Not thus the Anarchs rule:
Time, that shall put us all to school,
Shows us that Land but in his afterglow—
A realm too far to know
Save in the dream that was so real to you.
But Pain cries from her darkness: "I am true!"
And war and greed and ignorance and sin
Leave us no Paradise to wander in,
Beyond the world's exaction and its scorn.
You too have worn
Illusion's rose and thorn,
Finding the petals all too swift to fall,
The thorn, impeding and perpetual.
But never in your heart, forever boy,
Could the world's voice destroy
The vision of those Islands lost in mist
Of rainbows and their foam—
Edens of Time, altars of amethyst,
Beautiful in the sunset, and your home.
We too
In youth have known the clarion and gleam;
We too have dared, unwounded then, to roam

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The wind and sacred blue
Of heavens lost to you,
But know them lost, and found but in the dream.
Now even in our youth
The bitter voice of Truth
Is clear in challenge, bidding that we rise,
Putting aside dismay,
And grapple with that angel, in whose eyes
All mystery is buried till its day.
Now is the Question come
On all our Dreams, nor may their lips be dumb,
But each shall tell its country and its king—
Whether its gift be lies,
Remembered from that strain the sirens sing,
Or if a road to light be hidden there,
Or if there be enigma in the tale.
One finds no Paradise
That all ask not to share.
There is no victory if a brother fail;
There is no secret place
Where one shall tryst with Beauty, face to face;
But in the sounding street and press of men
Shall we entreat her, that she lift her veil
And show us that she roams the world again.
There is no isle so lone,
Nor snows so high,
That man shall hear not there his brother's moan,
Nor seek an answer to that mystery.
Our eyes have seen too little and too much;
Our hearts are hungry past Elysium's food;
Our brows have felt the touch
Of winds from the Beyond; a final Good
Has set a star within us and without,
Drawing the gaze to skies of cleanly doubt,
And giving us no peace in solitude.
O singer, there are lions in the way!
But though your roses of mirage decay,
Leaving the desert empty to the day,
Yet there shall be our garden and its flowers,
Where lark and nightingale divide the hours.
Then shall your Isle be found,
And there a wiser race,
The children of the noon,
Shall rear the Happy Place,
With dust of dreams that crowned our brows too soon,—
With seed of hopes that fell on stony ground,—
With rain of all the unrecorded tears
Wept in those early years.
Diviner for the Past,
The Vision that you saw shall gleam at last—
The wise and beautiful that yet shall be,
Though we, as you, be wakened not to see.

Oh! is that too a dream
Of hue and form that seem,—
Of happiness forever just beyond
These hearts so swiftly fond?

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We know the night must be before the day,
The dream before the moulding of the clay.
What though your song was born of your own pain,—
Your flight cut short so distant from the goal?
The shadows and the echoes that remain
Are wings and voices for the groping soul,
In gulfs it cannot cross;
And though the arraigning music cry our loss,
To strive, it says, is more than to attain.
Still, though your flight was ever skyward, still
The granite affirmation of man's will
Was made more strong,
More far-enduring for the intrepid song,
And you were of the fearless and their strain,
That find no night too long.
O choric heart, that found the flesh a cage!
O panther-soul, at bay against your age!
Unfitly are your ashes housed in Rome,
'Mid orange-blossom fragrance and the dust
That knew the Cæsars' lust.
For we would make their solitary home
On some white mountain-peak
That few, or none, dare seek—
Some throne to Death, deep in the holy West,
An eyrie of great winds and ancient snow,
Whence foaming rivers flow
And but the shadow of the eagle falls
Upon the frozen crest
And everlasting halls
Of granite open to the highest star.
There might Polaris be your lamp afar—
The northern star, that wanders not the night,
O you a Vision's wanderer from birth!
There might the living sun pour down his flood
On an exultant earth,
O you whose heart and home were deathless light,—
Whose very blood
Ached for the crystal ray
And isolating azures of the day!
But who are we, that we should choose your tomb?—
We in whose hearts have stirred
Your music made immutable, your word
Which cries that man is greater than his doom.
Whether you sleep in Rome or in the West,
Great is the sleeper, great the enduring rest.
And though your silver trumpets never cease,
Uplifted to that flame
That is your immortality of fame,
And though their voice increase,
You shall not hear, who hold within your breast
The silence and the unconditioned peace.

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Books and Autograph Letters of Shelley

[BORN AUGUST 4, 1792. DIED JULY 8, 1822]

BY HARRY B. SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF MR. JEROME KERN AND THE AUTHOR

AT noon on the 8th of July, 1822, just a hundred years ago, a small sailboat left the harbor of Leghorn bound for Lerici, a village on the Gulf of Spezia, a sail of about thirty-five miles. The weather had been oppressively hot and there were signs of an impending storm. The passengers in the thirty-foot yawl, three young Englishmen, disregarded the warnings of native sailors and the protests of a compatriot more experienced than themselves in the treacheries of Ligurian wind and wave. This friend, a stalwart Cornishman, was to have convoyed them in a larger boat, but was unable to get a port clearance from the Health Office. Through a ship's glass he watched the progress of the yawl till it disappeared in the mist and darkness of a sudden thunder-storm. The tempest lasted for twenty minutes, and when the horizon cleared, the watcher, scanning the sea through his glass, recognized all the craft that had been visible before, but his friends' boat had vanished. Several days passed before all hope was abandoned. It was thought that the little vessel might have been driven out to sea and landed safely on one of the adjacent islands; but soon the truth was realized. In that twenty-minute storm had perished one of England's greatest lyric poets. Like the protagonist of a Greek drama, Shelley had defied the gods, and the gods had destroyed him. Perhaps it was indifference to life that had led him to laugh at warnings and set forth in his small boat heedless of the darkening sky and the menacing voice of nearing thunder-clouds. Frail in body and morbid in mind, there is evidence in his own handwriting that he regarded suicide as an open door through which he could depart from a world with which he had long been out of tune. Six years before, Harriet Shelley had drowned herself in the Serpentine, the artificial lake in Hyde Park, and although a jury of admiring biographers has acquitted the poet of complicity in his wife's death, a presiding judge would be justified in reprimanding that jury for bringing in a verdict contrary to the evidence. Shelley himself knew better. Abnormally sensitive and introspective, he suffered the torments of remorse; for he had "killed the thing he loved," not with the sword, but with the cruel word.

The story of the tragic last act of Shelley's romantic life-drama has often been told, and brief allusion is made to it here only with reference to the date, for it is just a hundred years since the poet sank in the waters of the Gulf of Spezia, apparently without a struggle to save his life. The memoirs of Byron, Trelawney, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Shelley are the original documents on which have been founded all the later accounts of the events that followed that last voyage. Who that has ever read it can forget Trelawney's description of the cremation of the bodies on the shore at Viareggio? or Byron's story of Mary Shelley in her anguish and suspense, rushing frantically to his rooms to ask if he had had news of her husband? "Never have I seen such grief and terror in a human countenance," wrote Byron, "and I pray to God that I never may again."

Among the strange features of the tragedy were the many premonitions which seem to have visited, not only Shelley himself, but several of his friends; dreams, visions, and portents, in which a mystic might find more than coincidence.

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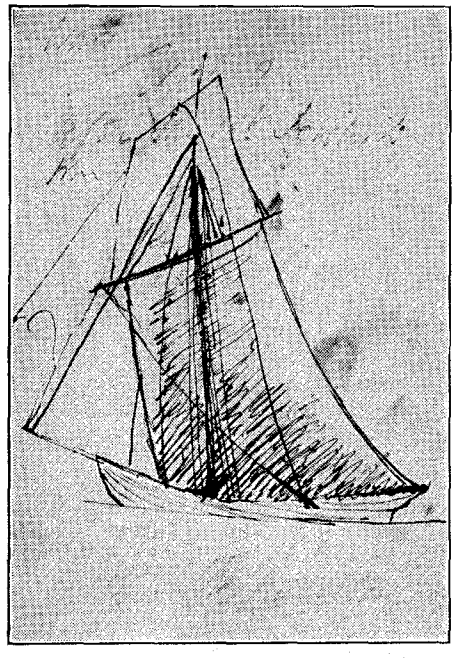
Shelley had several times hinted at a presentiment that he was to die by drowning. He had said that he would sink unresisting, in order that he might not impede the efforts of companions to save themselves. Only a few days before the catastrophe, while walking on the beach with Edward Williams, his comrade in the "rendezvous with death," he declared that he saw the form of Allegra, Byron's daughter, rise from the waves and beckon to him. He had written in one of his later poems:

> "If you can't swim, beware of Providence."

This line, almost clairvoyant in its significance, moved a kindred-minded poet to ask: "Did no unearthly *dixisti* sound in his ears as he wrote it?" Williams, too, seems to have had a premonition. On the last page of his diary, now in the collection of Mr. Jerome Kern, he drew a prophetic picture of a yawl in a storm. There is vigorous action in the sketch, for Williams had considerable skill as an artist; and one can even fancy a resemblance to Shelley in the figure in the bow. This diary came into Trelawney's possession and was used by him for recording incidents associated with Shelley. The following is one of the notes in Trelawney's hand:



Shelley's sketch of the boat in which he was lost; drawn on a manuscript a few days before his death.

"Whilst Shelley was at Lorenza (?) in the Bay of Spezia, a few days before his death, in the middle of the night all the inmates of his house were alarmed by a violent shriek. Mrs. Shelley and Williams rushed from their rooms to see the cause of it, and found Shelley in the dining-room with a candle in his hand, leaning against the wall; with his eyes open, but evidently unconscious of everything around him. He said: 'Are you satisfied?' They watched him till his faculties became unentranced, and he said: 'I have followed from my room the embodied shadowy image of myself.' It had lured him to the hall, and then said: 'Shelley, are you satisfied?'" Trelawney refers to a similar story in Calderon, and as one of Shelley's latest writings was a translation of Calderon's "Magico Prodigioso," it is probable that this somnambulistic adventure was the result of a dream memory.

The poet had always had a habit of sketching trees on his manuscript pages; but in the later weeks of his life his subconscious mind seemed obsessed by ships and the sea, and his drawing, in moments of abstraction, while at work upon a poem, took the form of boats of various types. Several of these sketches have survived. One appears on a page of the Calderon translation; another on a blank leaf of his unfinished tragedy, "Charles the First." Speaking of the latter drawing, reproduced here from one of Shelley's notebooks, Mr. H. Buxton Forman said: "If he has not inscribed his sketch with either of the names whereby we know his fatal pleasure boat—whether *Ariel* or *Don Juan*—we shall probably never see a better embodiment of the soul of the little craft,

> "'Built in th' eclipse and rigged with curses dark.'"

Shelley's biographers have been many and of infinite variety. We have had the "Real Shelley" of a gossiping chronicler and the unreal Shelley of another, whose work, unquestionably the definitive biog-

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raphy, is so elaborately elegant that it justifies Mark Twain's description of it as "a literary cake-walk." It is not easy to decide which is the less attractive, the immaculate and half-divine paragon of the devotees, or the self-deceiving egoist and rampant would-be reformer of the world pictured by a satirist. The present purpose is not to contribute to the voluminous biographical records; but it is thought that certain manuscripts of Shelley's, owned by American collectors, may add some details to the composite portrait which is a blend of the sketches of the many who have written of the poet. Shelley is essentially a collector's author, sharing pre-eminence in that respect with Byron and Keats. To appeal to the collector it is not enough that a poet is of superlative genius and surpassing fame; there must be magnetism in his personality and a romantic tradition. It is this that makes the difference between Shelley or Byron and, say, Wordsworth. There are critics who pronounce Wordsworth the greatest poet since Milton, and the pensive sage of Rydal Mount is by no means ignored by the collector; but, as an admiring essayist recently wrote: "By Heavens! he *is* a dull man." But Shelley from boyhood to the end of his short life was an enthusiast, and now, when his ashes have lain for a hundred years in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, in the old Protestant cemetery in Rome, he inspires enthusiasm in people of all kinds and characters, from the ancient bibliophile to the romantic schoolgirl who memorizes the love lyrics.

One of the first and finest of American collections of Shelleyana was made by a New York cotton broker. From the cotton business to "Epipsychidion" there would seem to be a vast mental area to be filled with fads and fancies cognate to cotton and brokerage; but Mr. Charles W. Frederickson (whose portrait in his catalogue resembles a meditative Santa Claus) found an irresistible appeal in the personality of the Ishmaelite poet who was driven from home by his rebellion, from college by his atheism, and from his country by the facility with which he fell in and out of love. Mr. Frederickson began to collect Shelley first editions and autographs sixty years ago. To have been alive and collecting books sixty years ago might now have its disadvantageous side, but, on the other hand, what a chance there was then for finding wonderful things at prices within the reach of real book-lovers. In those halcyon days there were no omnivorous plutocrats who buy in order to see their names attached to high prices in newspaper reports. In 1897 Mr. Frederickson had to say good-by to his treasures, hoping perhaps that he might meet Shelley somewhere in the Elysian Fields where bards and cotton brokers may commune. In May of the same year the auction sale of the Frederickson books and manuscripts took place in a small upper room in lower Fifth Avenue, the quarters of a firm now superseded by a company established in an imposing up-town mansion. It was the dispersal of the finest Shelley collection sold in America up to that time. Next to the rarity of many of the books, the most striking feature of the collection was their lamentable shabbiness. Like Hartley Coleridge's maiden, they "were not fair to outward view," but like Wordsworth's they were assuredly "phantoms of delight" to the book-lover; for many of the shabby volumes had belonged to Byron, Shelley, Lamb, or Keats, and contained notes or inscriptions written by them. In some cases the catalogue failed to mention these interesting autographic features in books that, from their appearance, would have been at home in the five-cent box. An old Chaucer of 1598 was simply described as "a good copy." While the books were exhibited, I happened to look into this one and discovered that it was Charles Lamb's copy and was filled with his manuscript notes. I gave an apprehensive glance around the room. There were no witnesses. I replaced the dingy old book and wandered away with all the nonchalance I could assume. I watched others surreptitiously make the same discovery and assume the same indifference. None hastened to the auctioneer to tell him that here was a prize disguised. *I* didn't. Several collectors had visions of buying Lamb's Chaucer for the price of an old novel, and these several collectors got badly fooled, for it brought all it was worth—at that time. How often since that incident has my

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conscience reproached me—that I did not buy the book.

In the reports of the Frederickson sale it was stated that "high prices prevailed," but in the solitude of your chamber I shall be with you.' Yes, you are ever with me, sacred vision." This is dated July, 1814, when the future author of "Frankenstein" was in her sixteenth year. Fully as interesting as Mary's rhapsody is the note in Shelley's autograph on the page containing the dedication brought by the entire Frederickson collection. This was the "Queen Mab" of 1813, the copy presented by Shelley to Mary Godwin, a page of which is reproduced here. On the fly-leaf is Shelley's autograph inscription: "Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. P.B.S." On the inside of the back cover Shelley wrote in pencil: "You see, Mary, I have not forgotten you." On a blank page Mary wrote: "This book is sacred to me, and as no other creature shall ever look into it, I may write what I please. Yet what shall I write? That I love the author beyond all powers of expression, and that I am parted from him. Dearest and only love, by that love we have promised to each other, although I may not be yours, I can never be another's. But I am thine, exclusively thine. By

"'The kiss of love, the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whispered thoughts of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand'

I have pledged myself to thee, and sacred is the gift. I remember your words: 'You are now, Mary, going to mix with many, and for a moment I shall depart;

TO HARRIET *****

Whose is the love that, gleaming through the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?
Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?

Harriet! on thine:—thou wert my purer mind;
Thou wert the inspiration of my song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

Then press unto thy breast this pledge of love,
And know, though time may change and years may roll,
Each flowret gathered in my heart
It consecrates to thine.

Count Slobendorf was about to marry a woman, who attracted solely by his fortune, proved her selfishness by deserting him in prison.

Dedication of "Queen Mab" in the copy presented by Shelley to Mary Godwin with autograph explanation of the poem to his first wife.

and several writers intimated that book-collectors were a foolish and extravagant lot whose relatives ought to look after them and teach them the value of money. Looking at the matter from a sordid monetary point of view, it is worth noting that one book in that sale is now offered at a price greater than the aggregate sum

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tion poem. The poet dedicated "Queen Mab" to his wife, in verses entitled "To Harriet," in which he asks, among other things:

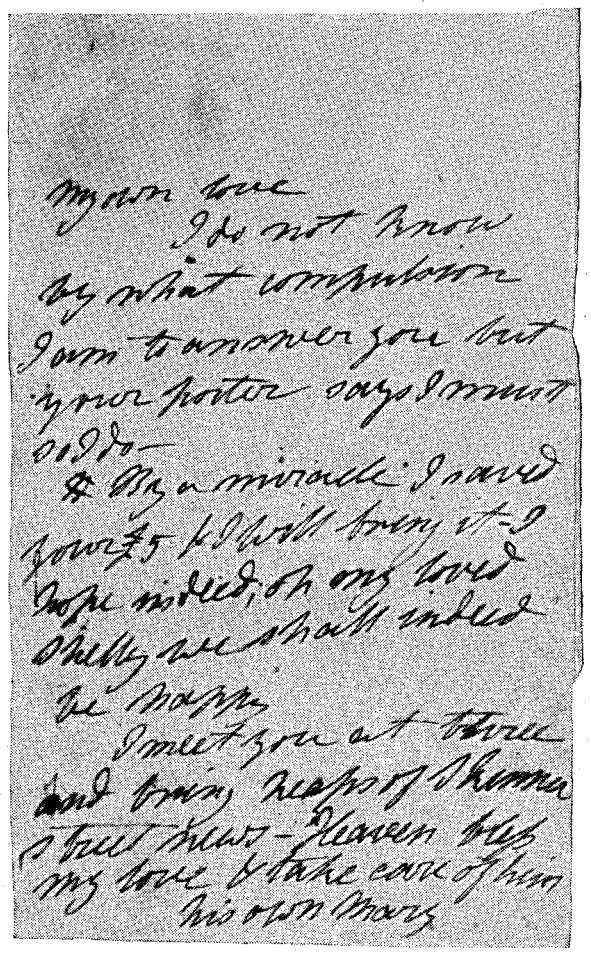
> "Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on
> And loved mankind the more?"

Then answering his own question:

> "Harriet, on thine; thou wert my purer mind;
> Thou wert the inspiration of my song."

In presenting the book to Mary, this was an awkward thing to explain. Shelley got around it by representing to Mary that he had been deceived in his idealization of Harriet, her lawful predecessor in his affections. Accordingly, under the poem "To Harriet" he wrote: "Count Slobendorf was about to marry a woman, who, attracted solely by his fortune, proved her selfishness by deserting him in prison." By this allusion to a Prussian aristocrat imprisoned in Paris during the Reign of Terror, Shelley thought to demonstrate the unworthiness of the unfortunate Harriet and justify the transfer of his affections and the discovery of a new "inspiration of his song."

When this volume—into which, according to Mary, no other creature was ever to look—came to the auction block, sentiment was at a discount and the book was merely "Lot 1561." It was started at twenty-five dollars. There were few competitors, and the few dealers who knew that it had been sold at Sotheby's twenty years before for fifty-eight pounds, mentioned their five-dollar advances with languid indifference. As the bids rose slowly to four and five hundred, pitying smiles were in circulation among the uninterested. Pity gave way to wonder when the bidding reached six hundred and fifteen dollars, when my feelings became divided between rejoicing over its possession and wondering whether the landlord would wait a few days. As I left the auction room with my octavo pockets filled with the more valuable of my purchases, I was stopped by an elderly gentleman who asked: "Would you allow me to look at that 'Queen Mab'?" He pondered over the book a few moments, examined the inscriptions in it, and before handing it back pressed it to his lips. I don't know who the old gentleman was. He was not the under bidder. He may have been another cotton broker, but if he was not a poet he should have been one. This is not a derivation from the



Mary Godwin's letter agreeing to keep the appointment to elope with Shelley.—Page 78.

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anecdote of Thackeray and the Charles Lamb letter, but a guaranteed fact and it shows that "the poetry of earth is never dead," even in an auction room.

This copy of "Queen Mab" was given by Shelley to Mary early in July, 1814. Only a month had passed since their first meeting; but, as Professor Dowden gracefully expresses it: "Before the close of June it was known and felt by Mary and Shelley that each was inexpressibly dear to the other; but though their hearts were one, they did not yet dare to think that the closest of unions was possible to them." There was the trifling obstacle of Harriet at home taking care of one baby and expecting another. Mary, the daughter of the authors of "Political Justice" and "A Vindication of the Rights of Women," naturally had rather advanced views of the comparative rights of wives and affinities, and she readily recognized the force of argument in the notes to "Queen Mab": that "Love is free; to promise for ever to love the same woman is not less absurd than to promise to believe the same creed. Such a vow, in both cases, excludes us from all inquiry." An appointment was made for the elopement of this Tristan of twenty-one and this Isolde of sixteen, overcome by the love-potion of their own imaginations. Shelley wrote to Mary at her father's house fixing the hour for their meeting—and incidentally asking her to bring with her five pounds which he had mislaid somewhere in the Skinner Street house and shop of the Godwins. Mary replied in the note reproduced on page 77. This also was one of my acquisitions at the Frederickson sale; a pathetic letter in an almost childish scrawl. One cannot look at it without thinking of the trust and love in the heart of the girl of sixteen when she set forth on her romantic adventure, not realizing the tragedies that were to follow; for it not only led to Harriet's suicide, but it started Shelley on that road of destiny which brought him to his own death. The elopement was unique in that it was made with a chaperon; for when Mary left home at dawn on the 28th of July, 1814, to keep her appointment with Shelley, she was accompanied by another sixteen-year-old girl, Jane Clairmont, daughter, by a first marriage, of that Mrs. Godwin who was described by Lamb as "a very disgusting woman, and wears green spectacles." Jane—who later gave herself the more romantic name of Claire—afterward stated that she thought nothing more important than an early morning walk was intended, but that Shelley persuaded her to join the party because she could speak French, and the early morning walk was to end in France. Two years later the body of Harriet Shelley was taken from the Serpentine. In 1920, the collection of Shelleyana made by H. Buxton Forman was sold at auction in New York, and among its most interesting features was Harriet's last letter. Writing to Eliza, her elder sister, the victim of the "Anti-matrimonial Hypothesis" closed with a message to Shelley:

"My dear Bysshe, let me conjure you by the remembrance of our days of happiness to grant my last wish. Do not take your innocent child from Eliza who has watched over her with such unceasing care. Do not refuse my last request. I never could refuse you, and if you had never left me, I might have lived; but, as it is, I freely forgive you, and may you enjoy that happiness which you have deprived me of. There is your beautiful boy. Oh! be careful of him, and his love may prove one day a rich reward. God bless you all is the last prayer of the unfortunate Harriet."

In considering this letter and the events that led to it, one must remember Mary's assertion—in her introduction to "Alastor"—that "in all that Shelley did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified by his conscience." Assuredly a most comfortable doctrine, although it led Matthew Arnold to comment on the poet's phenomenal powers of self-deception. The results of the escapade were unhappy for all the persons concerned. Harriet put an end to her wretchedness two years later, and it is very probable that Fanny Imlay, another half-sister of Mary's, found her own motive for suicide in disappointed love for Shelley. The poet's two children by Harriet, after a legal contest for their custody, died in infancy, as did the children of Shelley and Mary; only one surviving. Mary's father, William Godwin, was so shocked

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by the affair that for several weeks he borrowed less money than usual from the invader of his home. There is no doubt that Mary loved Shelley devotedly, and mentally they had much in common; but their eight years together were years of fitful happiness alloyed by jealousies, calamities, and—keenly felt by Mary—ostracism. The presence of Claire Clairmont in the household was a constant cause of annoyance to Mary, and Allegra, Claire's daughter—and Byron's—was a source of mortification. But when Shelley died, the two "sisters by affinity," as they called each other, were united in sorrow. I have an unpublished letter written by Mary to Claire, two months after the tragedy, in which she says:

"I do not wonder that you were and are melancholy, or that the excess of that feeling should oppress you. Great God! what we have gone through! What variety of care and misery, all closed now in blackest night. And I? am I not melancholy? Here in this busy, hateful Genoa, where nothing speaks to me of him, except the sea, which is his murderer. Well, I shall have his books and manuscripts, and in those I shall live, and from the study of those I do expect some instants of content. In solitude my imagination and ever-moving thoughts may afford me some seconds of exaltation that may render me both happier here and more worthy of him hereafter."

Mary proved her finer qualities when she was left alone, estranged from her husband's family, and with a father who was a liability rather than an asset. She faced the world bravely, earned money by her pen, brought up her young son, and lived to see him inherit the baronetcy which would have been her husband's. She refused to marry Trelawney because she wished to be faithful to the memory of Shelley; but later it was not her fault that she did not marry Washington Irving.

I have said that Shelley is pre-eminently a "collector's author." As a man he compels interest because of the extremes of good and evil in his character, a combination of St. Francis and Mephistopheles. As a poet whose first editions are prized, he never satiates the collector; for there is no first edition of Shelley that is not rare. Some works exist in a few copies regarding which one may always indulge in the illusion of hope. There are other books which we know he wrote and published of which no copies are known. When one collects Shelley, he can always cherish the pleasing delusion that one day he may find on a bargain stall of shabby pamphlets a copy of "A Poetical Essay On The Existing State of Things" (1811) or "An Address To The People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte" (1817). Stranger things have happened. For many years no copy was known of the "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire," which Shelley wrote in collaboration with his sister Elizabeth. Then one was discovered bound together with several other pamphlets, the volume containing the book-plate of the Reverend Charles Grove, a cousin of Shelley's. The "Refutation of Deism," of which no copy was known until 1874, was found by Professor Dowden in a perambulating book-cart and bought for twopence; and—thing "to

ORIGINAL POETRY;

BY

VICTOR AND CAZIRE.

CALL IT NOT VAIN:—THEY DO NOT ERR,
WHO SAY, THAT, WHEN THE POET DIES,
MUTE NATURE MOURNS HER WORSHIPPER.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

WORTHING

PRINTED BY C. AND W. PHILLIPS,
FOR THE AUTHORS;
AND SOLD BY J. J. STOCKDALE, 41, PALL-MALL,
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1810.

The title-page of Shelley's first book, of which the only copy known was recently discovered.

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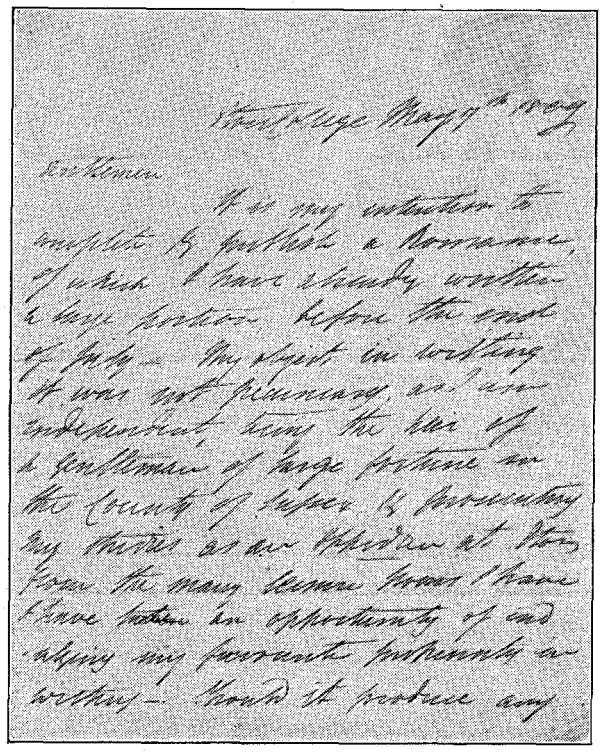
dream of, not to tell"—it was Mary Shelley's copy. For a collector it is better to be born lucky than rich. Many circumstances contribute to cause the rarity of Shelley first editions. Of a number of them only a few were issued and in the perishable form of pamphlets, several without covers. Twenty-nine volumes and pamphlets were published or privately printed by Shelley, and two-thirds of these are among the rarest books in English literature.



First page of Shelley's letter offering his first book to a publisher. The original inserted in Mr. Kern's copy of "Zastrozzi," the book referred to.

Copies presented by Shelley to his friends naturally have a greater interest than any others and it means much to the book-lover to be the proud owner of a volume that actually belonged to the poet or was a gift to a friend, inscribed by the hand that wrote "The Cenci." American collectors have their share of such books, and each one has its peculiar interest, its story associating the names of the donor and the recipient. My "Sentimental Library" catalogue describes presentation copies of "Zastrozzi," "St. Irvyne," "Alastor," "Laon and Cythna," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "Adonais," and two of "Queen Mab," the one given to Mary and that presented to Leigh Hunt. Mr. Kern possesses many of the rarer Shelley first editions, as well as several books from the poet's library, including his volume of Tasso. There are presentation copies and volumes containing autograph notes in the Morgan, Widener, Huntington, and other American collections.

Interesting as Shelley's books are to the collector, his letters are even more fascinating. Matthew Arnold, to whom Shelley was "a beautiful and ineffectual angel," and who, therefore, cannot be accused of a lack of enthusiasm, doubted "whether his delightful letters, which deserve to be far more read than they are now, will not resist the wear and tear of time better and finally come to stand higher than his poetry." This will seem to many a rather startling judgment to be delivered by an eminent critic, himself a poet; but it is true that nearly every letter of Shelley's, apart from its value merely as an autograph, has its attraction as a revelation of some phase of his complex character. His earliest letter that has survived is a short note written in his eleventh year. The second in date, as far as known, was addressed to the Messrs. Longmans, the publishers, offering them the poet's first book, "Zastrozzi," a novel in the lurid manner of Mrs. Radcliffe, written by Shelley at the age of seventeen. In this epistle, he assures the publishers that his object in writing is not pecuniary, as he is the son of a baronet and has great expectations. This autograph was in the Morrison collection in which, among many longer Shelley letters, it attracted little attention; its date and significance passing un-

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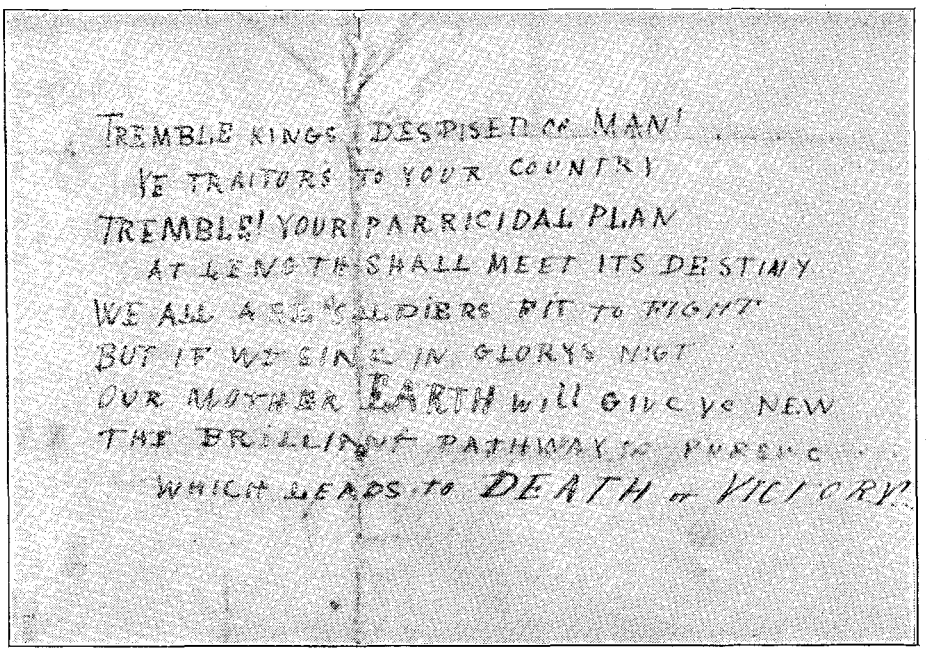
TREMBLE KINGS! DESPISED OF MAN!
YE TRAITORS TO YOUR COUNTRY
TREMBLE! YOUR PARRICIDAL PLAN
AT LENGTH SHALL MEET ITS DESTINY
WE ALL ARE SOLDIERS FIT TO FIGHT
BUT IF WE SINK IN GLORY'S NIGHT
OUR MOTHER EARTH will GIVE US NEW
THE BRILLIANT PATHWAY TO PURSUE
WHICH LEADS TO DEATH or VICTORY!

Shelley's version of "La Marseillaise" on the back of an early letter owned by Mr. Kern.

noticed. I obtained it for the purpose of giving it an appropriate place in my copy of "Zastrozzi." The book and the autograph are now in the collection of Mr. Kern. The shrewdness and eye to the main chance shown in this letter are displayed in the poet's correspondence regarding all his early writings. He shows a bargaining spirit, and we find him, with precocious worldly wisdom, recommending "pouching the reviewers"—meaning to bribe them—in order to obtain favorable criticism. Among his Shelley letters, Mr. Kern has one which possesses a special interest because by means of its signature, "Philobasileus," Mr. Buxton Forman was able to trace an undiscovered work of Shelley's. The letter ridicules the king, the prince regent, and the court; and the pamphlet, to whose discovery it led, is a satire on the same subjects. On the reverse of the last page, Shelley wrote —or rather printed—a stanza which was supposed to be a revolutionary outburst of his own, but which proves to be a paraphrase of the "Marseillaise."

If a writer of fiction were to create a character, a youth of nineteen as utterly demoralized as Shelley was at that age, critics would agree in recommending an asylum as his only fit environment. In one of her early letters to the young demagogue, Mary calls him her Don Quixote. His windmills were religion, government, morals, society—everything established and fundamental. It may be imagined what a bombshell he was in a staid and conventional county family, and the consternation with which the worthy Timothy Shelley regarded his son and heir. That excellent man's correspondence with his solicitor recently came into my possession, and includes the letters written at the time of Shelley's rebellion and expulsion from Oxford. In reading them, one is reminded of a conservative hen that has mystified itself by hatching a radical duckling. One of these letters will serve to indicate the state of mind of the bewildered parent. It was written when Timothy Shelley was informed that the cause of his son's expulsion was the writing of "The Necessity of Atheism." Alluding to his "unworthy son," he says:

"I never felt such a shock in my life, infinitely more than when I heard of his expulsion, for I could not then have thought it of so hideous a case. . .

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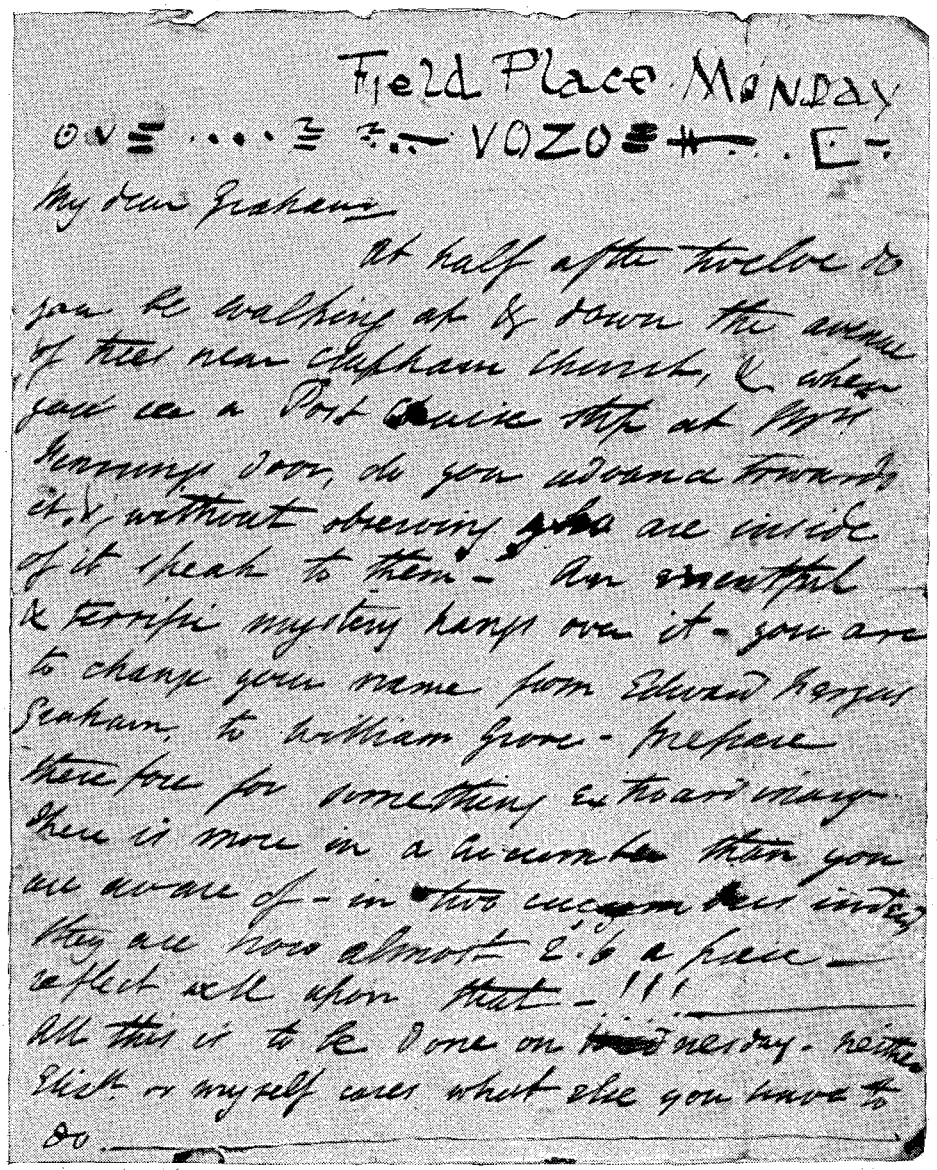

First page of Shelley's letter written in his seventeenth year, in the style of his early novels. The original autograph in Mr. Smith's collection.—Page 83.

The insulting, ungentlemanly letter to you appears the high-toned, self-willed dictate of the diabolical publications which have unluckily fallen in his way and have given this bias to his mind. It is most singular. To cast off all thoughts of his Maker, to abandon his parents, to wish to relinquish his fortune, and to court persecution, all seem to arise from the same source. These sallies of folly and madness ought to be restrained and kept within bounds. Nothing provokes him so much as civility. He wishes to become what he would term a Martyr to his sentiments; nor do I believe he would feel the horrors of being drawn upon a hurdle or the shame of standing in the pillory."

The tone of most of these numerous letters is that of a father, deeply injured, but striving in every way to bring the

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rebel to a proper frame of mind. To one addressed to himself, the youthful reformer replied:

"Obedience is in my opinion a word that should have no existence. Yes, you can command it. The institutions of society have made you, tho' liable to be misled by passion and prejudice, like others, the head of a family; and I confess it is almost natural for minds not of the highest order to value even the errors whence they derive their importance."

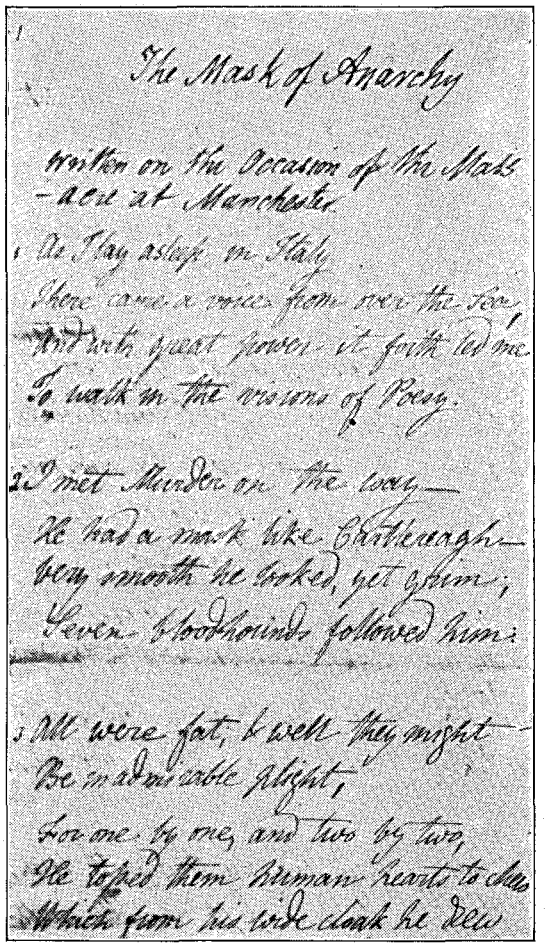
Naturally patience soon ceased to be a virtue toward a son who accused his father, an English aristocrat, the friend of the Duke of Norfolk, of not having a "mind of the highest order." One of the most extraordinary Shelley letters in existence, and one of the earliest, is in my own collection, and was written to Edward Graham, the poet's most intimate friend in the period preceding the alliance with Thomas Jefferson Hogg—his fellow rebel against the Oxford authorities. A facsimile of this unique letter is given on page 82. It presents vividly the Shelley of seventeen, his mind filled with the hectic romances of Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis, the reading of which inspired him to imitation and produced "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian." Laying aside his work on juvenile thrillers, but with his mind filled with the influences of the grim and ghastly school of fiction, the future poet of "Prometheus Unbound" in this fashion invites his friend to visit him:

"Field Place. Monday.

"My dear Graham:

"At half after twelve do you be walking up and down the avenue of trees, by Clapham Church, and when you see a Post Chaise stop at Mrs. Fenning's door, without observing who are inside, speak to them. An eventful and terrific mystery hangs over it. You are to change your name from Edward Fergus Graham to William Grove. Prepare therefore for something extraordinary. There is more in a cucumber than you are aware of—in two cucumbers indeed. They are almost 2s and 6 p. apiece! Reflect well on that!!! All this is to be done on Wednesday. Neither Elizabeth nor myself cares what else you have to do.

If Satan had never fallen,
Hell had been made for thee.


The Mask of Anarchy

written on the Occasion of the Massacre at Manchester

1 As I lay asleep in Italy
There came a voice from over the Sea,
And with great power it forth led me
To walk in the visions of Poesy.

2 I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh—
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven bloodhounds followed him:

3 All were fat; & well they might
Be in admirable plight,
For one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew
Which from his wide cloak he drew

First page of "The Mask of Anarchy" manuscript in the collection of Mr. Jerome Kern.—Page 84.

. . . Stalk along the road toward them & mind & keep yourself concealed, as my mother brings a blood-stained stiletto which she purposes to make you bathe in the life-blood of her enemy. Never mind the death demons and skeletons dripping with the putrefactions of the grave that occasionally may blast your straining eye-ball. Persevere even though Hell and

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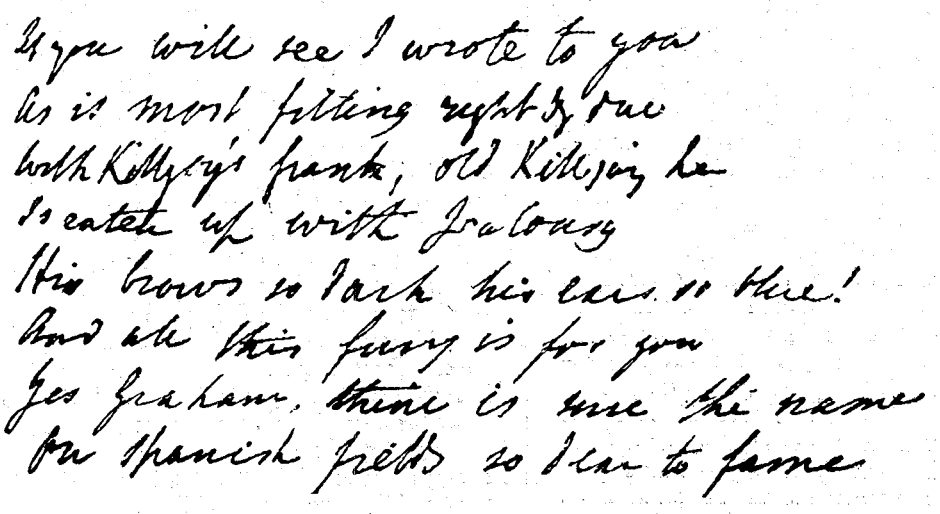
destruction should yawn beneath your feet. Think of all this at the frightful hour of midnight, when the Hell-demon leans over your sleeping form and inspires those thoughts which eventually will lead you to the gates of destruction. The fiend of the Sussex solitudes shrieked in the wilderness at midnight. He thirsts for thy detestable gore, impious Fergus. But the day of retribution will arrive. . . . Death, Hell, and Destruction if you fail."

slighted by the cataloguer and its peculiar interest was only discovered when Mr. Ingpen published his edition of Shelley's correspondence. Mr. Frederickson had more than sixty letters of Shelley. Mr. Forman possessed a number of important ones which, at the sale of his library, were distributed among American collectors.

Of Shelley's original manuscripts few have survived, and of these the most important are in the Bodleian Library, in-



Part of the first page of the earliest known poem by Shelley, a letter in verse consisting of sixty lines. The original manuscript in the collection of Harry B. Smith.—Page 85.

There is more of the same sort of fantastic burlesque, and on the first page there are a number of cabalistic signs which Shelley may have invented or may have copied from some work on the Rosicrucians which he was studying for "St. Irvyne." His sister Elizabeth has added a postscript explaining the occult instructions and saying: "We really expect you to meet us at Clapham in the way described by the fiend-monger." The address is to "Edward Fergus H. D. Graham," and Shelley has added the information that "H. D. means Hell Devil."

This unique early letter, like the note to Longmans, was formerly in the Morrison collection, one of the finest ever made in England. Among the many Shelley letters in that wonderful assemblage of manuscripts, historical and literary, it was

cluding "Epipsychidion," "Laon and Cythna," and "Prometheus Unbound." Of those that remain in private hands, in England, doubtless Mr. Thomas J. Wise has gathered the most precious for his unequalled collection of the books and manuscripts of modern poets. Mr. Buxton Forman possessed several parts and fragments of poems in Shelley's autograph, the complete "Julian and Maddalo," and a manuscript of "The Mask of Anarchy" in Mrs. Shelley's hand, with numerous corrections in Shelley's autograph. The "Julian and Maddalo" brought over sixteen thousand dollars when Mr. Forman's collection was sold at auction in New York. A manuscript of "The Mask of Anarchy" is in Mr. Kern's collection, and is the subject of one of the privately printed volumes of the Shelley Society. Leigh Hunt, under whose

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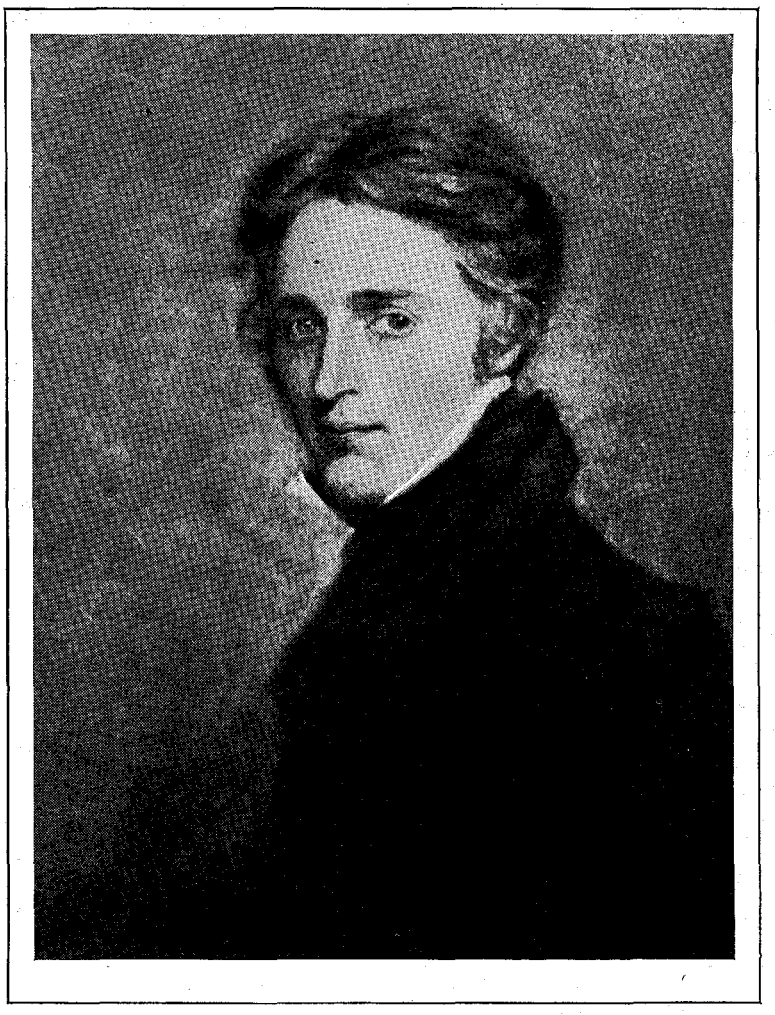
supervision the work was first published, changed the word in the title to "Masque," giving it a meaning that Shelley had not intended. The only manuscript of Shelley's, letters excepted, in my own collection is of no literary importance, but is of interest as a curiosity, as it is the earliest known of his youthful essays in writing verse. It has never been published and bears no date; but the watermark in the paper, 1810, shows that it belongs to the "Victor and Cazire" period. In that volume, of which only the one copy is known, there are other letters in verse, similar to this one which is addressed to Graham. The identity of the "Killjoy" referred to cannot be determined with certainty; but as the writer speaks of using "Killjoy's frank" to send the letter, it was probably Shelley's father, the long-suffering Timothy, or perhaps the poet's grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley. Whoever he was, the unfortunate "Killjoy" is treated with little respect in this rhymed epistle of sixty lines, parts of which must be reserved for any future publication of Shelley's suppressed poems, as some of its expressions



Portrait of Shelley from a sketch made by W. E. West during the last month of the poet's life.

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are extremely indecorous. Part of the first of the three quarto pages is reproduced on page 84 in facsimile. In reading the early writings of this erratic youth, who in the ten succeeding years of his short life was to develop into one of the greatest poets of modern times, one recalls the words of Keats in the pathetic preface of "Endymion": "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain."

Early in March, 1818, Shelley "looked for the last time on English fields and English skies" and departed for France, en route to Italy, with Mary and their two children. Claire accompanied them, as she had in two former journeys to the continent, during the second of which Lord Byron had joined them. That Claire "could speak French" was not the reason now alleged for her being of the party. Entirely without resources of her own, she and her daughter, Allegra, were dependent on Shelley; and their presence in the household was an incumbrance, especially to Mary, who thought that Byron, then in Italy, might take charge of his child. This Byron was willing to do, but only on the hard condition that the little girl must be separated from her mother. On arriving at Lyons, Shelley wrote to Leigh Hunt an account of the journey, the manuscript of which is in my collection. It begins: "Why did you not wake me that night before we left England, you and Marianne?" (Mrs. Hunt.) The night before Shelley and Mary sailed for France, they were visited in their lodgings in Great Russell Street by Mary Lamb, Godwin, and the Hunts. Shelley was such an indifferent host that he fell asleep, and his friends left without awakening him. The letter is "crossed" by one from Mary, addressed "My dear Hunt & my dear Marianne," in which she says:

"Now we see Jura and Mont Blanc from the windows of our hotel, and the Rhone rushes by our windows. The sun shines bright, and it is a kind of Paradise which we have arrived at through the valley of the shadow of death, for certainly the greater part of our journey here was not the most pleasant thing in the world. The first night after quitting Calais we slept at St. Omers. We arrived after the shutting of the gates. The postillions cracked their whips to give signs of our approach, and a female voice was heard from the battlements demanding the name and number of the invaders. She was told that it was some English ladies and their children, and she departed to carry the intelligence to the Governor who lived half a mile off. In about half an hour the gates were thrown open and about a dozen soldiers came out, headed by the female who demanded our passports. . . . So we passed through the various windings of the fortifications and through three immense gates which were successively closed after us with a clanking sound. . . . The largest towns in France are not fortified, but these things appear to spring up in the North of France—that is the part that borders on Flanders—like mushrooms or toadstools; great large round things with a ditch and wall round them. . . . Lyons is a pleasant city and very republican. The people have suffered dreadfully. You know the horrors they went through in the revolution, and about six months ago they were not much better off. 'If it had not been for Napoleon,' said one man to us, 'my head would not be where it is. He brought peace to us; and I say nothing—but there are people who wish him back. When the Angoulême party had the lead, dreadful atrocities were committed here; *mais ce Monsieur q'on appelle* Louis XVIII is a better man and restrained them.'"

Mary's long letter contains interesting personal matters regarding Shelley and the children, and she vividly describes the state of France and the attitude of the French people toward their restored monarchy after the downfall of Napoleon. Matthew Arnold found the unfortunate Harriet the most amiable personality in the group of women associated with Shelley; but undoubtedly the most attractive is the beautiful and temperamental Claire. She and the picturesque adventurer, Trelawney, were the only intimate associates of Shelley who lived beyond middle age; and when she was eighty years old she confided to the author

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of "Last Links With Byron, Shelley, And Keats" that she had "loved Shelley with all her heart and soul." Claire's manuscript diary came into my possession at the sale of the Buxton Forman library, and it contains many references to her brief infatuation for Byron and her affection for the younger poet. That her constant presence was irritating to Mary there is abundant evidence in the latter's journal and letters, such as the appeal to Shelley: "Give me a garden, and *absentia* Claire, and I will thank my love for many favors." There is one entry in Claire's diary which seems to have a decided personal significance. It records "a story told to us by Hogg":

"A gentleman of fortune lived very happily with his wife. The sister fell in love with him, and, as the sisters loved each other, *this made no difference in their happiness*. Unhappily, both the love and the consequences of it came to the knowledge of the family of the sisters, and then began the persecution. The husband, though a man of immense wealth, possessed his estates only for life. He was therefore very averse to accepting the challenge of the irritated brother as they were pleased to call him. These three people went abroad. They tried every means to avoid a meeting, but the brother followed, thirsting. . . ."

The entry ends thus. The situation in this story is so like that of Shelley, Mary, and Claire, that the ingenious and ironical Hogg must have invented it for the occasion. Half a century has gone by since the last survivor of the characters in this strange tragi-comedy passed away. The hands that wrote these old letters, hands that clasped in friendship and caressed in love, have long since crumbled into dust. Nothing remains but the legend and these fading messages from the past. We read them, and it is, for the moment, as if we, like Browning's unknown, could "see Shelley plain." As Francis Thompson says in his monograph on the poet: "His dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial."

"Rights"

BY ANNETTE ESTY
Author of "Play-Acting"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

IT was the day following the funeral of Madame Capeau.

I was sitting in front of the fireplace in my room on the second floor of the Capeau boarding-house, filling my after-dinner pipe. The fire had not been laid. Already many things were neglected about the house.

I heard a knocking on the hall door, more like the gnawing or scratching of a mouse.

"Come in!" I called, and Capeau, his square white chef's cap above his wizened face, stole into the room. His expression had the blank wofulness of a gasping fish.

"Ah, monsieur, I am ruin, . . ." His voice broke off as if sawed through by a file.

I sprang up and tried to grasp one of his hands, but they hung down, limp, before him like a puppy's paws. I got hold of an elbow and steered the poor fellow to a chair.

"Sit down, man; you need a drink."

I poured him whiskey from my cellaret. He held the glass, swaying, but his eyes didn't seem to see it or his hand feel that it closed over an object. Finally he put the liquor down, untasted, on my table.

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Capeau had on the same greasy black alpaca coat he had worn at the hospital, five days before. I remembered how his thin wrists had shot out from the rumpled sleeves as he threw his arms across the bed where "madame's" body lay.

The cords on one side of Capeau's neck were slightly shortened; it was impossible for him to look at me directly. His pale eyes rolled until little white crescents showed on the rims before I was the centre of his vision.

"Monsieur, I am ruin!" he groaned again, the words coming out in a spasm that writhed his shrunken body.

Had the death of his wife unsettled his mind?

I made an effort to express my feelings; this man's grief was my own.

"Ah! Capeau . . . your wife . . . we respected her . . . we depended on her. I don't know how we are ever going to get along without her!"

"She . . . Vilette is never my wife," he stammered.

If anything could upset me more than the death of Madame Capeau it was this astounding assertion from her runt of a husband. I was prompted to kick him from the room.

"Wasn't your wife?" I snarled. "I've been living with you two, here in this house, over nineteen years. She always called herself by your name . . . what do you mean . . . wasn't your wife?"

"It is not possible Vilette become so." In spite of weakness and dejection he put up a quick defense against my anger. "We are lovers, partners, companions of the best, but Vilette is not free. I cannot make her my wife."

"She'd married before?"

"She marry . . . yes . . . bad. Her . . . he yet live."

"But, of course, madame got her divorce?"

"Yes, monsieur, but the church, it marry not again the divorce."

"But why in the world didn't you have a civil marriage?"

"Vilette care not for it. She mourn for the blessing of the church."

"Well, what difference does it make now, Capeau? She was happy while she lived."

"The difference, monsieur, that it ruin me." Capeau renewed his lament. "All the nights Vilette light the lamp of the kitchen between us to make our accounts of the business. We add the profits. 'See there our child!' Vilette say, her thumb on the last figure. 'Our savings, watch how she grow! She is not the child that forgets her old parents. It is she that cares for our age.' One night it is at last ten thousand of the dollars that we have in the banks. She is a big 'child.' We work for her long, that 'child,' monsieur. Now, Vilette clap her hands, it is enough; we go to invest it wisely in the name of both. Vilette is strong; one dream not death is in her. I am sick. Oh! monsieur, who can know?"

"You're right, Capeau. Who could know? But I'm glad you've got the money."

"Ah! Not so, monsieur. It is now too late. I am ruin. Our money, it is in the banks in the name of Vilette. I cannot touch it. The sister of Vilette, the Jilson woman, she that come to the funeral and stay now in this house, it is she, the viper, that robs me of the 'child.' It is that sister that is heir to Vilette."

"But, Capeau, something's out of the way about this. Mrs. Jilson'll understand the property's yours . . . she'll see reason."

"She see only money, monsieur."

"Why, Capeau, you must have rights . . . your rights as husband . . . your rights as business partner. It's absurd for Mrs. Jilson to think she can swallow your savings just because they happened to stand in madame's name at the time she died. You're upset, man, unstrung by your grief. Go to bed. To-morrow, if you want, I'll speak to Mrs. Jilson. If she's unreasonable, we'll see a lawyer."

Until late that night I puzzled over the tangled affairs of the Capeaus.

They were a Swiss couple, come to America twenty years ago to open a boarding-house in the city; their capital madame's good nature and management, Capeau's skill and copper pans.

That same year I got my first job with Roberts & Company, Interior Decorators. From there they sent me to the pension Capeau for a place to live in that was as modest as my pay. I was welcomed at the door by madame, a brisk, robust,

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He held the glass, swaying.—Page 87.

bounding woman who showed me upstairs to this room with a shabby Old-World changelessness about it. That night I dined. Never since I was a student in Paris had I tasted food like that cooked by Capeau. After dinner I unpacked, I stretched my legs. I was a bachelor for life.

The household of Madame Capeau grew until there were eight of us; clerks, musicians, a lot of drab, unprosperous dreamers, well fitted to enjoy but not one of us able to pay for the good things of life. For us the house of Capeau was a haven.

We were all bachelors except Smith. He was a lean, nervous drum-player in an orchestra. He had a wife he'd lived with off and on, but he never tried to get her back after he came to Capeau's.

"The Maison Capeau, it is heaven," madame would laugh, "where is no marrying, no giving in marriage." We were welded together by the personality of

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madame. We were understood. We were well fed. We became a family.

Capeau? As a rule I didn't see the man four times a month. His whistle often penetrated from the little walled garden at the back of the house where from a space no bigger than a bathtub he coaxed salads in summer. Against the walls were cages full of fattening poultry and hares. Ah, we lived well!

From the narrow passage to the garden you could glance in through the kitchen door. Here was order and savoriness; Capeau a little king among his pans. Upstairs you encountered the results of his skill but never the insignificant cooklet himself; the creator was forgotten in an enjoyment that the palate never forgets.

But now it thrust itself upon me . . . the isolation of Capeau; his one solace threatened, the earnings that he and madame had cherished together . . . their last bond.

However, I did not believe that Mrs. Jilson was in earnest about pocketing her sister's money, or that the law would allow it if she was.

Next morning I consulted a lawyer. "Talk with the woman, herself," he advised. "There's always a latent family row in the settlement of an inheritance."

I found a chance to talk with Mrs. Jilson after dinner that night. During the silent meal she had sat at the head of the table in the chair of madame; but for the rest of us that chair remained empty. From it madame used to beam upon us as she tucked the great white napkin from armpit to armpit, securing it in little folds of flesh. What an adventure it was, like scaling a snow-covered Alpine "shoulder," the lifting of a spoonful of soup, a fork wrapped with macaroni, over that shrouded bust! Madame heralded its safe arrival by a soft sucking-in. Capeau never sat at table. He was too busy below stairs. A little slavey who "came in" by the day carried the dishes to and from the dumb-waiter.

As I said, I spoke to Mrs. Jilson that night and sacrificed a peaceful half-hour that should have been dedicated to the digestion of Capeau's omelette au confiture.

I faced Mrs. Jilson in the salon that opened by double doors from the dining-room. The rest of the family slunk away. Not even Smith had the grace to stand by me.

Queer little garish room! It brought tears to my eyes . . . the pathetic taste of madame. Two long mirrors, upright on the wall, were framed by lace curtains, like sham windows. Curtains of equal richness draped back from the four real windows. The apartment had the look of a salesroom for curtains. The curtain-poles were wrapped in pink velvet. The carpet was rose-colored; the gilt-framed chairs upholstered in old-gold brocade; a small table of onyx and twisted brass stood by a window and a large jardinière of striped orange-and-black pottery held a faded palm. No one had thought to water it.

The Capeaus never sat in this room. The family shunned it. But now it had become a temple; madame's pride had dwelt here, satisfied, while she was alive, and in no place did she seem so present now that she was dead.

I stood holding a gilt chair between myself and Mrs. Jilson. I tried to think of her amiably, as madame's sister, though I had never seen her in this house before.

She had been longer in America, was older than Madame Capeau. Originally handsome, Mrs. Jilson had been poorly restored. Paint accentuated the droop of her cheeks. Her eyes were dark like her sister's, but they no longer glistened. She was better dressed, better held together than madame, but her expression had no alluring lines for grief to tamper with. Mrs. Jilson was soured, by what experiences I had no desire to probe. I felt uncomfortable in her presence. I should have been glad to run away.

Instead . . . "Mrs. Jilson," I began buoyantly, "there is some misunderstanding. Your brother-in-law Mr. Capeau's been to me. He's troubled. Madame Capeau died so suddenly, their joint property was standing in her name at the time. Now he hears you're taking out papers as administrator of your sister's estate. Of course you understand perfectly that the man has a right to his earnings; but Capeau's sick . . . unreasonable. Wouldn't it be better if you jollied him up a little, told him you understand all about his rights?"

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"Catch on to this."—Page 92.

"Rights?" challenged Mrs. Jilson disagreeably. "Do you think I care a ding for the rights of my sister's cook? He had the cheek to put his name on Vilette's coffin, but he ain't any more her husband than I am."

Her tone was irritating.

"Capeau loved your sister," I retorted. "They were more than just ordinary husband and wife: they were partners in business."

Mrs. Jilson tossed her nose in a sneer. "The business was Vilette's, I notice; the money she made was hers."

"But, Mrs. Jilson, just because of an accident . . . because their savings happened to stand in madame's name at the time she died . . . you don't mean to take Capeau's money . . . you don't need it!"

"Don't, don't I? Jilson's in business all right . . . respectable . . . no cook

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about him; but all my life I ain't done one thing but watch folks getting things I can't have. Catch on to this fer instance . . . I found it in Vilette's room." Mrs. Jilson showed her fat hand. On it was a marquise ring, set with a few small pearls, not of great value. I recognized it as Capeau's one gift to his wife. She used to wear it on Sundays.

"I can't be buying jewelry," announced Mrs. Jilson, aggrieved.

"At least, Mrs. Jilson, you can be prompt about enjoying what you inherit."

"Well, just why shouldn't I be?" Her voice had the whine of the habitually wronged. "Guess I've scrimped, lived behind other folks all my life. 'When's my turn coming to have clothes, an' an auto, an' some jewelry?' Guess I've asked Jilson that a million times. I'd of been glad Vilette got anything I'd of left. Hers'll get me a fur coat an' a thing or two.

"Vilette was a fool not to get herself some clothes . . . going round looking like a frump. She never come to Detroit, visiting me, but once. That was enough! Jilson's folks've got money . . . they're people o' style. I give Vilette one look . . . whew . . . no corsets; a red satin slip-on she'd made herself! 'Vilette, my dear,' I ses, 'take to your bed, there in the guest-room, quick's you can . . . play sick till I can get you some clothes decent to breathe in. Mustn't a caller see you, an' keep the bed-clothes up to your chin if anybody's much as looks in the room; can't imagine your having a nightgown that won't disgrace me.'

"Next day I had some ready-mades sent up from the stores. Vilette wouldn't get out o' bed to's much as try 'em on. I'd asked Jilson's sisters to play bridge with us. I tried to tease Vilette into one o' the dresses. She got cranky an' lay in bed. 'Capeau and me, we have not the money for the trumperies,' she laughed. 'I cannot play the bridge, I cannot play the duchess. Those things they look silly on me, sis!'

"Wasn't a thing to do but keep Vilette in bed all the time she was there, an' tell folks that come to the flat she was sick. I wasn't going to have Jilson's people see her wabbling round in that red slip-on. It was a let-down to my nerves when she took the train home. Now what good's all her saving doing her? Gracious, if it was money she was after, she could of made it, if she'd had sense.

"'If you're wanting to be a servant,' I told Vilette, 'an' live with a cook, go ahead an' servant it to the rich—they'll give you some pay—instead o' feeding a lot o' poor stuff that, guess most o' the time, don't pay their skimpy bills.'"

"And what did your sister say to that?" I asked. The flow of Mrs. Jilson's monologue had reached my level.

"'Bon!' Vilette ses. 'There you have it! The hundred of peoples that make the pleasant lives of the rich! But our poor family . . . they are messieurs that know what is good. It is Capeau and me, only, that can do for them . . . the little they can pay!'"

Mrs. Jilson began strolling about the unused room, handling approvingly the bric-à-brac with which the weird little apartment bristled. "Poor Vilette, she was common! You wouldn't o' thought she'd o' been so tasty in her furnishings. Why, you know, mister, I wouldn't mind Minnie Jilson seeing this room. I s'pose these things'll sell for a lot."

I shuddered at thought of denuding madame's shrine.

I was discouraged. My mission was not a success. I had made no headway. Mrs. Jilson had done the talking. Her eyes were filled by the sight of other's possessions outglittering her own, her consciousness packed with a sense of her own privations; there was no place in her mind for a thought of the rights of Capeau. I don't believe she realized that I had spoken to her with a purpose.

Next day the lawyer I had retained interviewed her. He was more successful than I in plainly stating the case. Mrs. Jilson was bland; she already understood; her sister had arranged things so that she, Mrs. Jilson, had legal right to the little pile. Moral right? She waved it aside with a sweep of the hand that wore madame's ring. "If the law ses things is yours, I guess they're yours."

I asked the priest to expostulate with her. She faced him boldly. "The church wouldn't marry Vilette while she was alive; guess not even the church can marry her now."

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At last I got the doctor to tell her that Capeau's illness grew upon him dangerously, now that he grieved over this final loss. "Can't the little rooster find some other woman to support him?" was her retort.

Mrs. Jilson had suffered long under the eyes of opulent sisters-in-law. Now her cover for him his share in his wife's estate. Wasn't he madame's husband by common law?

Mrs. Jilson stayed in Detroit, but prepared to battle through a lawyer.

The night before the case came to trial the gravy was burnt at dinner. Poor Capeau was breaking up rapidly!

"Capeau, . . . here's a gift from your family."—Page 94.

turn had come. She could begin to catch up. She was less a woman than a pair of acquisitive hands.

She showed agility in winding up her sister's affairs, had herself appointed executrix, collected and paid bills. She went back to Detroit, leaving directions for the sale of the furniture. She had swallowed Capeau's little fortune entire.

No sooner was she gone than we decided in family council to bring legal suit against her, in the name of Capeau, to re-

I sat with him in court next day.

The trial was a sorry affair.

A man suing a woman . . . it didn't appeal to the chivalry of an American jury.

The plaintiff had blackened the family name of the defendant . . . living illegally with her sister for years . . . that roused the latent puritanism of the twelve.

Capeau cut a poor figure. He didn't look like a hero. The man's face was

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blanched, his hair grizzled by disease. His sidewise leer prompted distrust. Even I found his inertia irritating.

He was a child of the Old World, being judged by American standards. "Lost his bit, has he? Let him start in to-morrow and make another pile." You felt this was in the mind of the jurors. But there was no resiliency, no push about Capeau. His bourgeois mind was unaspiring, but at least unenvious. He had worked skilfully, proud of his business; content by the side of the woman he loved; satisfied with little. His romance had risen to the height of a business partnership. Now his wife was dead, his savings had been wrongfully taken from him. He was ill. He was ruined. It was the end.

He was a little dry, yellow, sucked-out shell of a man. Perhaps a jury of women . . . elderly women . . . might have felt pity for him. But I must acknowledge, that day in court, Capeau looked every inch the kind that a man wants to kick.

Then I thought of all the years he had made me comfortable; given me a home above price, cooking the memory of which was bound to flatten the flavor out of heaven. I longed to spring to my feet in court and cry out to the jurors: "Come to dinner, to-night, my friends! Reserve your decision until after coffee. Oh, if you knew how Capeau can cook! If you could only taste the soup!" But I remained silent in the chair by my hero. I remembered the burnt gravy of last night. It was indeed the end!

Mercifully the case did not drag.

The jury promptly found for the defendant.

Mrs. Jilson had triumphed.

To-morrow we would take Capeau to the Old Men's Home . . . he, only fifty-five, too feeble, too dispirited to continue. The contents of the Capeau house would be sold. Capeau could prove title only to his copper pans.

That night the family ate at the "self-serve" down the street. We wouldn't let Capeau cook the dinner. We urged him to come with us. He refused. He slunk off to his kitchen.

The restaurant dinner—bah! it turned our stomachs without satisfying them. Afterward, the eight of us, long the spoiled guests of Capeau, returned to meet in madame's pink parlor. We were hungry, restless, miserable. We had never lingered in this room before. We didn't sit down on the satin chairs. We didn't smoke. We were like mourners trying to be natural after a funeral.

Smith, as our senior, addressed us. "Pass the hat, boys! We're all so damn poor it won't hurt us a damn to be a little poorer. Put in all you can't spare for Capeau . . . pay his lawyer's bill . . . get him some tobacco. Homes like this don't grow on every bush!"

Smith raised his hat before him as the rector holds the alms-basin above the waiting wardens while he exhorts with a loosening verse of Scripture. "Homes like this don't grow on every bush!" I wonder that isn't in the Bible. There isn't enough praise of good homes in that Book. Smith touched our pockets.

They handed over the little offering to me. I had been longest with the Capeaus.

I hunted out Capeau in his kitchen. He sat huddled at the table in the dark, his head on his arms. There was no sign he had tasted food. The man didn't drink. I lighted the kerosene-lamp and the glow of copper skillets, the sheen of brass ladles, leapt from the shadowed walls. A line of long sharp butcher-knives was stacked in a rack above the table . . . one missing . . . leaving a noticeable break in the rank.

Capeau's forehead rested on a large rusty black ledger. It was the book in which he and Vilette had watched the growth of the "child."

I didn't sit down in the empty chair across from his. I dragged over a stool from the sink and perched near the table.

"Capeau," I said, "here's a gift from your family. Cheer up, man; you've got lots of friends." I had smoothed out and counted the bills and checks from Smith's hat. They amounted to a little over seven hundred dollars. I placed the roll on the table. He didn't lift his head. When before had Capeau lacked in obsequious gratitude?

I picked up the roll and tried to thrust it into his hands, but they were both tightly clasped about the big ledger in which Vilette had made the last entry before she died.

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Starting twenty years ago, they had rolled it up, dollar by dollar; it was ten thousand, Capeau had said, at the last adding up. Some men would make that in a day, some in an hour. And what would it mean to them?

To Capeau his money had been more than pay for labor. It had represented companionship, hope, forethought for old age, or, if need be, solace for the one that was left . . . it had meant all this to Capeau and Vilette.

And now Capeau, the thrifty, the industrious, after twenty years of tearing bloody entrails, twenty years of skimming grease, was left with his reward, seven hundred and thirty-five charity dollars and a bed to die in at the Old Men's Home.

Ten thousand dollars laid by in twenty years; that represented the saving of five hundred a year . . . ten dollars a week. Why, a cook like Capeau was worth ten times that amount! My mental calculations suddenly exploded in an idea.

I sprang from the stool. "Capeau!" I cried sharply, "twenty years of hard work . . . it's given me an idea. Listen!" I slapped his apathetic shoulder; I shook him, and as I did so a long knife, like a gleaming snake, slipped from his knees to the kitchen floor. I picked it up, shuddering, and returned it hastily to the empty place in the frame on the wall.

Locked together, we danced about the yard.—Page 96.

"Cheer up, Capeau!" I shouted into his ear; "hold on for one more night. I'm going to see the lawyer again. I've got a new idea. We may be able to do something. To-morrow, perhaps, you won't be so miserable as you think you are."

And so it happened that we did not disperse, next day, that contented little household of the Maison Capeau; and Capeau, taking courage from the rest of us, declared himself more than able to

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prepare the dinner. It would be the wish of Vilette that her family suffer in nothing. Never again would he so far forget himself as to let the food disgrace her memory.

That night the roast ducklings were garnished with stewed plums and smothered in a gravy that surpassed hope.

One day more and everything was settled. I made a trip down-stairs to congratulate Capeau. He stood in the kitchen door, chic in clean white coat and cap. An escaped bunny lay asleep at his feet, between rows of nibbled lettuces.

As he watched the furry thief, Capeau's right hand slowly whetted a knife across a stone in the palm of his left.

"Hi, Capeau!" I yelled; "just had a telephone call . . . the robber'll have to cough up!"

The little man jumped, looked up obliquely, puzzled by my slang.

"Monsieur mean . . . ?"

"Mrs. Jilson's got to pay back every cent!"

"Mais, comment, monsieur? I cannot have from Vilette. The jury say it . . . I am not her husband."

"No, Capeau, you were not her husband. But Mrs. Jilson has said it . . . you were madame's cook. Yesterday we brought in a claim against her estate for your wages . . . ten dollars a week for twenty years. That's ten thousand four hundred dollars. The court's ordered Mrs. Jilson to pay you from the estate of her sister!"

Capeau's face flushed. Then he sprang suddenly forward and threw his arms around me, his hands still holding the knife and stone. Passionately he kissed the lapels of my coat . . . he couldn't reach my cheeks.

I returned his embrace. Locked together, we danced about the yard, careering recklessly over cabbages.

We paused for breath.

"Capeau," I panted, "you came mighty near losing every cent you had in the world . . . it was a hair-breadth escape!"

"Bien, monsieur!"—his exuberance was undaunted by idiom—"there is, indeed, but one hair missing, but that I lose all!"

I slapped him on the back. "And I nearly lost my home; it was a close shave for me too, Capeau!"

"Oui, bien! Monsieur shave himself closer that time than ever before!" Capeau's voice rose. "But it is now thanks to monsieur, I get what is right; Madame Jilson, she get what is left!"

Too excited to realize what he was doing, he began vigorously sharpening the knife on the whetstone.

I looked for the rabbit.

It had vanished.

I turned back to Capeau. "Bien!" I mocked. "There is indeed but one hare missing!"

Capeau looked up sideways, a gleam in his watery eyes. "Even monsieur catch not all the thiefs in the one day!"

"Beauty Persists"

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

Beauty persists in loveliness of little things,
It cannot diminish, or alter, or be slain;
Were I as old as Jacob, if there sings
Along the hedge a sparrow after rain,
Beauty will toss my heart aloft again.

Beauty persists in an imperishable little thing;
When you, O friends and lovers, are old and gray,
Around the altered lineament will cling
A ghost of what was young, and you, and gay:
A wavering shadow upon a quiet day.

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The Significance of Recent American Drama

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN
Author of "Pilgrim and Puritan in Literature," etc.

IN view of the interesting and important developments in our native drama during the past few years, it is depressing to the close student of that field of art to read the patronizing or superficial treatments of the subject that have recently been permitted circulation. An example may be found in an article by Melchoir Lengyel, the Hungarian author of "The Czarina," to which travesty of history Miss Doris Keane has descended, in company with its adaptor, Edward Sheldon, from the latter's own brilliant vivification of the past in "Romance." M. Lengyel naïvely remarks that "should any one ask me what the world has gained from the work of the American playwright, I might recall several well-written dramas and comedies and remember their titles more easily than the names of their authors." He might at least have had the tact to remember the name of the adaptor of his play, a dramatist greater than he, whose tragic illness has robbed the American stage of one of its most promising playwrights. For the creator of "Romance" has illustrated again the fact that the shots of the Concord minute-men have not been the only American products that have been "heard round the world."

It is interesting to remember that it was just a century ago that Sydney Smith uttered his famous query: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book or goes to an American play?" in blissful ignorance of the crowds that had thronged Drury Lane a year before to witness John Howard Payne's great tragedy of "Brutus." Foreign criticism is a bit more enlightened now than in 1820, or than it was even forty years ago, when William Archer solemnly lectured Bronson Howard for vulgarity in "Saratoga," when the lines to which he objected were not in the play at all, but had been inserted by the British adaptor! It is, perhaps, idle to expect an Hungarian or an English critic to know thoroughly the work of American playwrights when our native critics are so prone to discriminate in their judgments in favor of exotic products, especially if these are a bit peculiar, and if the critic's appreciation implies on his part a broad or even deep knowledge of Continental drama.

As for popular appreciation, the condition is even more discouraging. If one speaks about the encouragement of American drama to that irritating personage, "the man in the street," whose apprehension should certainly have been sharpened long ago by the complexities of traffic, he will inquire blankly, "Why should the American drama be encouraged?" and will return contentedly to those matters that are not for him empty of concern. But it does concern him, and vitally. Beside the intellectual and artistic life of a nation, its commercial and industrial achievements are but incidents, and there is no vehicle so powerful and so competent to carry the meaning of America to our assimilated and our unassimilated population as the drama. To provide that drama, notwithstanding M. Lengyel's ignorance, there are more than thirty playwrights who have produced on the professional stage in the last five years plays that are worthy of consideration. When Winthrop Ames offered a prize in 1913 for the best American play, seventeen hundred manuscripts were submitted in the competition. Quantity production means little, of course, but before turning to an examination of the recent work of American playwrights, it is necessary to emphasize the often-forgotten truth that an artist needs not only proper remunera-

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tion but also proper appreciation, if he is to do his best work. So long as producer and audience consider it appropriate that the name of an actor shall be blazoned in letters a foot high, while the name of the dramatist who has provided him with his thoughts and emotions shall be either printed in letters one-tenth the size or omitted altogether, the playwright is not to be blamed if he writes his play with an actress rather than high art in mind. The workers are here, the themes are here, and I believe the public is here, but it must be taught to think in terms of the dramatist.

As I have said, the courageous band of those who have been struggling against odds for the right of creative expression is not a small one. Of the generation that began to write in the nineteenth century, Augustus Thomas, William Gillette, David Belasco, Langdon Mitchell, and John Luther Long are happily still with us. Mr. Thomas has written four plays within the last five years, but, with the exception of one fine scene in "The Copperhead," he has not given us anything to match "Arizona," "The Witching Hour," or "As a Man Thinks." In "The Dream Maker" this season, Mr. Gillette gave us only at intervals his significant contribution of the calm, cool man of action with whom he thrilled us in "Secret Service" or "Held by the Enemy." Mr. Belasco has contented himself with adaptations like "Kiki," which, brilliant as they are, lie outside our province, or with revivals of "Peter Grimm" or "The Easiest Way." If he would only once again provide the magic mould of construction into which the rich imagination of Mr. Long could pour another "Adrea" or "Madame Butterfly"! And if Mr. Mitchell would only write another social comedy like "The New York Idea"!

There is a younger generation, speaking in terms of achievement, whose work is included within the century that has just come of age. Percy MacKaye, the apostle of community drama; Miss Rachel Crothers, talented and practical, to see one of whose dress rehearsals is a theatrical treat; Booth Tarkington, whose comedies please but do not always satisfy, for he seems constantly on the verge of the very fine thing and just misses it; James Forbes, whose progress from "The Chorus Lady" to "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is one of the most encouraging steps in our recent dramatic history; A. E. Thomas, who insists on drawing gentlemen and gentlewomen without over-encouragement; Eugene Walter, whose craftsmanship is of a high order, and who may some day select material more worthy of him and treat it more sincerely; George M. Cohan, playwright and producer, who has developed the farce to a point where he alone seems to know how to keep it; Winchell Smith, who has a definite programme of presenting clean, wholesome, and entertaining comedies that play over the surface of life with a lively humor, and who has had his overwhelming reward. This group includes playwrights who have had produced a number of plays and whose manner and method are established. Equally well-established are the methods of such a dramatist as Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, who gave us one stage success in "The Piper," and who, it is hoped, will give us more.

There is a still younger group, again speaking in terms of stage life rather than of the calendar, whose methods are not so well defined, and who, in consequence, cannot be so easily characterized. Among these are Eugene O'Neill, Miss Zoë Akins, Jesse Lynch Williams, Miss Zona Gale, Miss Susan Glaspell, Gilbert Emery, Thompson Buchanan, Philip Moeller, Miss Clare Kummer, George Middleton, Edwin Milton Royle, Arthur Richman, Miss Gilda Varesi, Percival Wilde, John T. McIntyre, Miss Lilian K. Sabine, Frank Craven, William Anthony McGuire, George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Owen Davis, J. H. Benrimo, and Henry Myers.

The list might have been made longer, without difficulty, but writers of musical and sentimental comedy, of "crook" melodrama, and of "thrillers" have been omitted—verily they have their own reward! And, on the other hand, if I have assumed the rôle of prophet in a few cases, I firmly believe the author of "The Hero," "Ambush," "A Young Man's Fancy," and "The First Fifty Years" will justify me.

It will be most helpful in a study of our recent drama to treat the subject, not by

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an appraisal of the relative merits of the individual playwrights, but from the point of view of the motives treated, the dramatic types, and the *locale* of the plays. In this way the significance of the work of the dramatists will, it is hoped, become most apparent, and since it seems best to confine our survey to the plays of the last three seasons, with special emphasis upon those of the present season, the number of plays by any one author will not be large. It would not be relatively so profitable to extend our survey farther back. War conditions made the seasons of 1917–18 and 1918–19 unrepresentative, and outside of Mr. Thomas's stirring war-play, "The Copperhead," Mr. Williams's brilliant social comedy, "Why Marry?" Mr. Moeller's artistic historical play, "Molière," and Mr. MacKaye's exquisite masque, "The Evergreen Tree," it is difficult to remember any real contribution to dramatic writing, although Mr. Bacon's "Lightnin'" has its importance as the successor of "Rip Van Winkle" in motive, and as probably the most popularly successful American play on record.

An apparent paradox occurs in the relations of dramatic and theatrical history in these three years. The general failure of this last theatrical season from the standpoint of the box-office has become such a commonplace of conversation "on the Rialto" that it is unnecessary to do more than mention it here, but the declining curve in theatrical prosperity has run in a contrary direction to that of dramatic achievement. There have been twice as many plays worth discussing in the season of 1921–22, up to April 15, as there were in the season of 1919–20. The reason for this apparent paradox is not far to seek. While business is good, long runs are plentiful; when many plays fail, opportunities are offered for new ones which might never have been given a chance under more favorable circumstances. It is interesting to note how theatrical history repeats itself, and how, almost a century ago, when the theatrical priority passed from Philadelphia to New York, never to return, the desperate conditions of the theatres in Philadelphia gave an opportunity to the playwrights of that city which brought about one of the greatest periods in our drama, and gave Edwin Forrest "Metamora," "The Gladiator," and "Jack Cade."

There must be one exception made to the topical rather than the individual treatment of our recent playwriting. For the three seasons under discussion, and especially for the season of 1921–22, the dominating figure is that of Eugene O'Neill. Just as the outstanding event of the season of 1919–20 was the production of "Beyond the Horizon," and of the season of 1920–21 the productions of "The Emperor Jones" and "Diff'rent," so the most significant events in the recent season were the performances of "The Straw," "Anna Christie," "The Hairy Ape," and "The First Man." To have had eight plays produced in three years with only one real failure, "Gold," which lasted only thirteen days in June, 1921, is an achievement scarcely paralleled in dramatic history. To have achieved this result without altering his own standards to accord to popular fancy or pseudo-critical analysis, places Mr. O'Neill in a class by himself. Previous to the production of "Beyond the Horizon," he had been known as the author of one-act plays of the sea, and of "Chris," a play one of whose elements reappeared in "Anna Christie." But with "Beyond the Horizon" he took his place as a dramatist who deals with the fundamental motives of human life, of love between man and woman, or of man for man, and of the preservation of individual integrity. He has pictured with rare skill the striving of the individual soul against the crushing adverse forces of fate, or the insistent clutch of circumstances, or the progress of disease and death, or the overmastering impulse of the forces of nature, personified in "Anna Christie" as "that old davil, the sea." His audiences listen spellbound while he violates with success the so-called laws of dramatic technique. The unities of space and time go by the board, even the mechanical unity of action vanishes as it did at the touch of the great Elizabethans, but for these Mr. O'Neill has substituted a higher unity of action, which might perhaps better be called a unity of impression. This unity is gained through the power of the dramatist to fuse all the utterances and objects of the stage, by the aid of sympathetic

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actors, into the expression of the motive the dramatist wishes to convey.

In "The Emperor Jones" the motive is that of terror, and the problem is to bring that emotion into the consciousness of the negro emperor's character in such a way that the audience identifies itself with him through the deepening stages of that terror, and, consequently, enters into that sympathy which, if secured, means dramatic triumph. "Sympathy" is used in its broadest sense; one may not like the negro tyrant and grafter, who has dominated his subjects by his cleverness and good luck, but one can truly enter into his motives and say with the British smuggler at the end: "'E's a better man than the lot o' you put together." Masterly is the way in which the insurgent negroes are kept out of sight until the last scene, and their approach indicated only by the insistent beat of the tom-tom. This sound, continued and intensified throughout the entire pursuit of "the Emperor," produces an effect upon the audience akin to the knocking of the Scottish thanes upon the gate in "Macbeth," and when it is combined with the effect upon the sense of sight produced by the forest through which the Emperor staggers in the hopeless circle toward his doom, the result is one of the most impressive lessons in stage-craft the English-speaking stage has received. For the interpretation of a motive like this, monologue secures just the unity necessary, and all the diatribes levelled against the monologue by teachers of dramatic technique fade into that obscurity which awaits those theories that obstruct the progress of the original artist. Monologue has been tabooed on account of the lack of variety, but variety is obtained in "The Emperor Jones" through the varying shades in the intensity of terror, and through the challenging idea of taking the negro back through the stages of his prenatal racial life.

It is the same unity of impression which ties together the scenes of Mr. O'Neill's latest success, "The Hairy Ape," produced at the Provincetown Theatre in March. Here there is more variety of place, and monologue is employed in only one scene. The central character here is an individual, struggling against social and industrial injustice—a stoker in a ship, who feels that he is a force that drives, he "belongs"—while the passengers, including the daughter of the president of the line, are only incidents who do not "belong." The scene in the stokehole, with its fiery furnaces, in which the "Yank," as he is called, and Mildred Douglas, the neurotic *poseur*, are brought face to face, is among the unforgetable stage pictures of our time. With true economy, the meeting is over almost at once, but there has been time to fix in the Yank's soul her look of horror, that sends him out seeking for revenge upon her and her kind. Rejected alike by the symbolic procession on Fifth Avenue and by the I. W. W., he goes to the Zoological Gardens, to the real Hairy Ape, the gorilla, whom he frees in order that they may work out their brotherhood together. Simply and naturally the gorilla chokes him and flings him into his cage, then saunters on about his own affairs! The sympathy of the audience here goes out to the Yank because of his dim striving at first for better things—the tragedy lies in his failure to find the understanding to match his physical strength. Mr. O'Neill is no doctrinaire, and he is concerned with painting a section of life rather than teaching a lesson, but surely the significance of "The Hairy Ape" cannot escape the thinking observer. Here is the force that, properly controlled and guided, may keep the world driving on. Unguided, it is like a wheel from which the belt has slipped—it may do incalculable harm. But it is no tragedy of futility, as "Liliom" was; it is a tragedy of misguided power.

It is, after all, as an apostle of hope, of spiritual success attained through sacrifice, that Eugene O'Neill has the greatest significance. I am aware that this statement will be challenged, but only by those who have failed to see or understand his plays. It is unfortunate that "Beyond the Horizon" was not played as he wrote it, with the last scene on the hilltop, for there the real motive of the play was established. As played, the scene closed in the sordid farmhouse, the voice of Andy Mayo denouncing Ruth, his sister-in-law, because she had not lied in time to Robert, so that he might die be-

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lieving she had loved him. It brought the strong love of the brothers to the front, the love that passed the love of either for the woman who had wrecked both their lives, and it touched that love more truly than it had been touched on our stage since Boker's "Francesca da Rimini"; but that, after all, is not the great motive of the play. It is Robert Mayo's aspiration, his visions of the great adventure "beyond the horizon"—which he had dreamed as a boy at the window at sunset, and which he had given up at the call of Ruth's passion for him. When he knows his doom, he makes one last effort to reach the hilltop, and when Andy and Ruth find him there and struggle to contain their grief, he says, "in a voice which is suddenly ringing with the happiness of hope: 'You mustn't feel sorry for me. It's ridiculous! Don't you see I'm happy at last—because I'm making a start to the far-off places—free—free! Freed from the farm—free to wander on and on—eternally! Even the hills are powerless to shut me in now.' Then he raises himself on his elbow, his face radiant, and points to the horizon. 'Look! Isn't it beautiful beyond the hills? I can hear the old voices, calling me to come—and this time I'm going—I'm free! It isn't the end. I've won to my trip—the right of release—beyond the horizon! Oh, you ought to be glad—glad—for my sake!'"

It is this same message of hope that made the last act of "The Straw," as played by Otto Kruger in the part of Stephen Murray and Miss Margalo Gillmore as Eileen Carmody, a memorable occasion. "The Straw" has been neatly classified as a "tuberculosis play," but those who saw it, with every part nicely adjusted by George C. Tyler to the character, realized how true Mr. O'Neill's stage instinct is. They were real people on that stage—the mere finding of Miss Lamont for the minor part of Mrs. Brennan, was a managerial triumph—but, after all, it was that great last scene that showed the dramatist's power. As I watched Stephen Murray battle with all his strength for the right to hope against all odds for the happiness of the girl he has just realized he loved, and saw how that great power of his love routed both science and human doubt, I could not help remembering the words of Horace Howard Furness, speaking of "Romeo and Juliet": "This is no tragedy. They knew they loved each other. What happened afterward is a detail." And the discussion that has raged about Mr. O'Neill's "unhappy endings" seemed more futile than ever.

Mr. O'Neill is not concerned with "making" any kind of ending. The endings form themselves in his capable hands out of the characters and the situations. Given Anna Christie as she was, with the sea calling in her blood, and Mat Burke as he was, and the ending of that play is inevitable. There has to be the saving grace of the Celt in one's constitution to conceive Mat Burke or to understand him. He is just the kind who would believe he could lift a girl like Anna Christie out of her past environment, and it is just the mixture of reverence for an ideal of womanly purity and of superlative personal conceit which meet in him that make it an even chance that he may succeed. If he does, it will be because it is out of his like, highly spiritualized, that the saints are made—if he fails, we may be sure he will throw the failure up to her!

None of Mr. O'Neill's plays, except "Diff'rent," leaves us depressed. If there has been a tragedy, it has been worth while; if the individual has been conquered, he has won our respect for his struggles, and our feeling is that of exaltation. This fact is Eugene O'Neill's strongest claim to be considered a great playwright. I happened to see "Beyond the Horizon" and "Jane Clegg" on succeeding days, and the contrast was striking in this regard. Both recorded a marriage that was a failure, but what a difference! Careful as Mr. Ervine's workmanship is, the effect of "Jane Clegg" is depression, for there is no one on the stage about whom one really cares. Art must have a worthy object, and suffering alone cannot win respect. That is the essential flaw in "Diff'rent," also, for there is no lift in the tragedy there. It is interesting, however, to note that "Diff'rent" was accorded a flattering reception in London last fall when Norman Macdermott put it on at his Everyman repertory theatre,

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and that it is soon to be produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

In "The First Man" the lift comes in the triumph of the mother across the dividing line of death in the person of the little child, who wins his way into his father's heart against the conspiracy of all the chattering relatives in a small New England town. "The First Man" showed Eugene O'Neill's power in a direction not hitherto very apparent, the ability to give us rapid clever conversation which in itself satirizes the social values of a decadent patrician class. There are curious lapses in "The First Man," but we leave the new Jayson content in the care of his great-aunt, a lovable and spirited old gentlewoman, long to be remembered.

Having violated our principle of treatment as soon as it was established, in order to analyze the work of a remarkable and individual playwright, let us return to that principle and consider the topics which have been treated significantly by American playwrights in the last three years. The theme which has appealed to by far the largest number of dramatists is that of married life, and this preference has been especially evident in the present season. Whether it is really true that lovers become interesting only when they are married, there can be no doubt that the interrelations of husband and wife have been carefully studied and brilliantly treated on our recent stage. The drama presupposes conflict, and so the majority of the plays represent the struggle of wills, passions, or desires of men and women. Sometimes this conflict is carried through relentlessly to a tragic or sordid end, as in Mr. Thomas's "Nemesis," Miss Akins's "Déclassée," Mr. Richman's "Ambush," Miss Glaspell's "The Verge," or Mr. Myers's "The First Fifty Years."

In fidelity to life, "Ambush" was the best of this group. In a small suburban New Jersey town Walter Nichols, a clerk, tries to live an upright, decent life. His wife and daughter do not sympathize with his ideals, and the latter, through her love for pleasure, ruins him and breaks his spirit, till he is forced to accept help from the man who is degrading her. In a speech that will remain long in the memory, Mrs. Jennison, a friend, tells Walter how the countless little facts of life lie in ambush to prevent him from keeping his ideals. There is little lift in "Ambush," although Frank Reicher's portraiture of Walter Nichols secured our full sympathy for him, but it belongs to that field of effort in which Ibsen and Hardy shone, and it made us wish that the Theatre Guild would devote its powerful energies more frequently to the production of native drama.

In "The First Fifty Years" Mr. Myers tried an interesting experiment. There are but two characters in the play, Martin and Anne Wells, and we see them in seven scenes, beginning with the home-coming after the honeymoon, and continuing, through various anniversaries, until the golden wedding. The marriage is a failure, being based solely on physical attraction, and there are no children to hold them together. After a violent quarrel they vow never to speak to each other again, and so the fourth scene is played entirely in pantomime, until at the end Anne gives way to her grief in one broken-hearted cry. Miss Clare Eames and Mr. Tom Powers gave a remarkable performance in this play, which is interesting mainly in its technique. That a dialogue would hold the attention of an audience for an entire evening would have seemed hardly possible until "The Emperor Jones" had held them by a monologue. But "The First Fifty Years," while there are certain curious flaws in the plot, remains one of the season's significant plays. Its picture of marriage is a warning, however, rather than an inspiration.

In another group a way out of the difficulty is indicated. In "Beyond the Horizon" the cherished dreams have paid for the suffering; in "The First Man" the wife's spirit lives in her child; in Miss Akins's "Daddy's Gone a Hunting," divorce leaves unconclusive what promised in the first two acts to be a very fine play; in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" the danger to their daughter brings the husband and wife together in a natural way.

Classification is useful mainly in calling attention to variety, and various indeed are the reasons why marriage is represented on the stage as unsuccessful. It is interesting to notice that it is usually

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the wife who revolts. The husband tries it in "Daddy's Gone a Hunting" and in "Enter Madame," Miss Gilda Varesi's brilliant comedy, but he gets little sympathy, and it is interesting to note that both these plays are written by women. The woman revolts more frequently, of course, because feminism is in the air, and probably because of some association of the marriage service with the word "obey"—now apparently about to be eliminated by one form of historical Christianity. In two very interesting plays, which deserved better fates than the present season meted out to them, Owen Davis's "The Detour" and Miss Crothers's "Everyday," a wife revolts for the sake of her daughter against the father's tyranny. Helen Hardy, in "The Detour," has saved for years to give her daughter an opportunity to become a painter. Her husband demands that she sacrifice this hope for the sake of his farm, and she prepares to leave him. The daughter has really no great talent and Helen stays on the farm, her money going to her daughter's lover to save him from ruin and make their marriage possible. But Helen starts saving again, for a possible granddaughter, and, despite her husband's laughter, she stands, as the curtain goes down—"her face glorified, looking out into the future, her heart swelling with eternal hope." Helen Hardy is a real character. She appeals strongly because her revolt is not selfish—she is the protest, too, of imagination against the deadening life she knows. "I get so tired," she remarks, "of sayin' nothin' but just exactly what's so and listenin' to folks that don't ever mean the least mite more'n they say, or the least mite less!" In "Everyday" a wife who has suffered mental and moral beatings all her life revolts for her daughter's sake, and here there is no reconciliation—the door closes on the girl just before the curtain falls, and the wife faces her husband unflinchingly, with only his revenge to fill her otherwise empty life.

To make drama there must, of course, be another interest which interferes with the current of marital happiness. In "Daddy's Gone a Hunting," "Enter Madame," or in the revival of "He and She," one of Miss Crothers's best plays, the artistic career of husband or wife is introduced as the conflicting motive. It is interesting that it did not have popular success except in the lively comedy of "Enter Madame," probably because to the average audience the artistic urge seems a bit remote. For much the same reason the scientific interest of Curtis Jayson, in "The First Man," seemed insufficient as a cause for his hatred of his unborn child. Much more coherent was Mrs. Fair's restlessness after her military career abroad.

Most obvious, of course, as the disturbing element is the presence of another passion. But while it was present in "Beyond the Horizon," "Nemesis," "The First Fifty Years," "The Verge," "The Hero," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," "Daddy's Gone a Hunting," "Enter Madame," "The First Year," "Déclassée," and "The Bad Man," to mention only the most interesting of the treatments, in fully half of these it was but a minor motive. It would seem that the institution itself has become a target for attack, which ran to the last extreme in "The Verge," a very unconvincing experiment in pathology, which even the fine acting of Miss Wycherly could not save. The serious treatments of marriage provided some very interesting human studies, but they left the thoughtful observer with the opinion that the institution was likely to continue. They also left him with the strange old conclusion that if two people of like tastes and mutual forbearance marry and have children, the marriage will be a success, and that under other conditions it may not be.

If the serious treatments of marriage have been on the whole a bit depressing, there have been some delightful moments in which "the frank muse of comedy laughed in free air." "Enter Madame" has carried its message of joy across the water, and hardly needs dissection here. "The First Year," by Frank Craven, has attracted thousands by its faithful and amusing picture of life, though why the young wife was alone endowed with her excruciating intonation while the rest of the cast were permitted to speak English, is still a puzzle to at least one of that play's many auditors. But it remained for two of the younger dramatists, George

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Kaufman and Marc Connelly, to provide in "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies!" two of the brightest spots in the season's experience. "Dulcy," although laid at a week-end party near New York City, is not intended to be a social comedy, for there is no attempt at contrasting social values, but it is the comedy of people moving in social relations, and it dramatizes without mercy but without bitterness the havoc a stupid, well-meaning woman can make of her husband's prospects. There is not a dull moment in it for the audience, for her dulness is made entertaining, an accomplishment worthy of imitation by certain contemporary novelists and dramatists.

Even better than "Dulcy" in some ways was its companion piece, "To the Ladies!" This play has been largely advertised for its satire upon the "public banquet," and that scene is indeed extremely well done. But what makes the play much more significant is its representation, simply and with sincerity, of the love of a clever young wife for her conceited but not very able husband. The playwrights have seized upon the great fact that the most precious things in life are our illusions, especially those we begin to suspect ourselves, and young Elsie Beebe has to keep up her own faith in her husband as well as save him from the awkward situations into which accident or his own incompetency has brought him. It is not too much to say that in the climax of the play, when Elsie rises at the dinner-table and makes the speech that saves her husband's career, it was the picture of the glorified love that impelled and sustained her that swept the audience with the thrill that comes rarely in these sophisticated days. Part of the thrill was for the remarkable acting of Miss Helen Hayes, but, after all, the part was there. And lines like "nearly all the great men have been married; it cannot be merely a coincidence" make us hope that Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Connelly will not write too much and too fast, for the stage needs them. A play like "To the Ladies!" treating marriage without malice, without bitterness, with reticence and with sympathy, is worth a dozen morbid analyses of mismated couples, for it is nearer truth and it creates beauty, and therefore it is better art.

Closely allied to the theme of marriage is that of the relations of parents and children; in fact, as in "The Detour," "Everyday," "Ambush," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," the themes are so interwoven that separate discussion is unnecessary. Usually the play concerns the revolt of a daughter, this theme receiving its most striking treatment in "Anna Christie." The sons are evidently not expected to revolt, except for comedy, and in "Clarence" and "Thank You" they provide some agreeable moments. It was extremely interesting to compare these plays with Miss Grace George's sympathetic adaptation of Paul Geraldy's "Les Noces d'Argent," under the title of "The Nest." The theme of filial indifference as compared to filial revolt was treated here with quiet distinction.

The feminine revolt has not been limited to those restive under the yoke of wedlock. In Miss Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," Mr. Tarkington's "Intimate Strangers," and A. E. Thomas's "Only 38," the spinster or the widow has asserted her rights and routed those who stood in her way. "Miss Lulu Bett" had the greatest power of characterization, but there was a charm about "Only 38" in the beginning which made us sorry when the appearance of the college glee-club in the third act turned it into burlesque. Mr. Pollock's performance of "Mr. Sanborn," who "has been among 'em," repaid one, however, for the rest of the play, and raised the perennial question as to the reason why the minor characters should so often be better than the major ones. These plays might also be classified as love-stories of maturity, and, indeed, the love-story of youth seems to be remarkably absent from our stage. Perhaps that is why Miss Clare Kummer printed the legend, "A Love Story," on the programme of her "Mountain Man," but it is not the love-story that makes that play significant. It is the sympathetic study of the North Carolina mountaineer, whose father had left his own family in disgust at their intolerance and had brought up his boy on the mountain. Sidney Blackmer's interpretation of the character of Aaron Winterfield, from his crude to his finished state after he returns from France, was masterly. Miss Kummer had created in "Good Gracious An-

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nabelle!" a comedy new to our stage, at least in recent times, one somewhat akin to the French "vaudeville," but in "The Mountain Man" she shows promise of doing something much more important. The plot of the play is weak, but the conversation has her usual cleverness. The quick passage of time is illustrated again by the fact that the motive of the "returned soldier" in this play seems already old-fashioned. The most significant studies of oversea service upon man or woman were "The Famous Mrs. Fair" and Gilbert Emery's "The Hero." The failure of "The Hero" to run through the season was discouraging, for it is easily one of the best plays of recent years. It is a comparative study of two brothers, types of moral and physical heroism, one of whom, Andrew Lane, has sacrificed himself quietly to cover his brother's defalcations, while the younger, Oswald, returning with a heroic record from the war, shows himself to be entirely unchanged in his moral weakness. Mr. Emery's skill is shown clearly in the last act, when, after Oswald has absconded again with his brother's trust funds, he responds to the one call he knows, that of physical courage, and saves from death the little nephew he loves, at the cost of his own life. As Andrew sits with his child safe in his arms, prepared to face again the debt Oswald's theft has brought upon him, his wife, in an agony of remorse for the unfaithfulness that was in her heart, sobs out her belated appreciation of him. But he puts the praise aside. "Oh, I'm only old Andy—but Oswald—*he* was a hero!" So many plays have started well, only to fade away into the obvious or the conventional in the last act, that "The Hero" remains a fit study in technique as well as a true picture of the unreconstruction of man.

It was twenty years after the Civil War before Mr. Gillette put the first successful war play on the stage in "Held by the Enemy." Perhaps the Great War will have to wait that long until it becomes an established dramatic motive. But the disturbed social relations and conditions that have come in its train are a fit subject for drama, and playwrights have already begun to use them. Probably the most successful is Miss Crothers's "Nice People," which draws unflinchingly a picture of the young man and woman who spend their lives in a mad search for pleasure. It may remain an open question whether the heroine of the drinking, dancing set of the first act could become the healthy, normal, outdoor girl of the last act, even through the influence of the clean-cut hero, but the dramatist may plead the even chance. "Nice People" suggests a comparison at once with "The National Anthem," a later play by J. Hartley Manners. The English playwright has laid the scene of his play in New York and in Paris, and brings his dissipated characters to tragedy. "The National Anthem" had the advantage of a remarkable presentation of the leading part by Miss Laurette Taylor, but Miss Crothers's play was more sincerely written, and she had a much keener sense of the limit of drunkenness as a source of intelligent interest on the stage.

Beside these presentations of the dissipated idle rich, "Ambush," the picture of the poor girl's determined pursuit of pleasure, was more grim and stark in its tragic note. But the sympathy of the audience was not with her, as it was with the heroines of "Nice People" and "The National Anthem," and in any case her material tragedy was to come. As a picture of a real situation in the domestic life of America, "Ambush" was a great achievement, and it is a pity it cannot go on tour throughout the United States. For criticism of the mad rush for amusement at any cost is vitally needed, and even when it comes in the form of wild farce, like the season's most conspicuous popular success, "Six Cylinder Love," it has its own place. It is a pity Mr. McGuire gave his farce-comedy that impossible title, for there were moments in the play when the hero, driven into dishonesty and ruin by the automobile and its accompaniments, spoke words of sincerity by which modern society might profit.

Description of our modern life on the stage has not been limited in its *locale*, though it has certain favorites. When a large city is the scene it becomes New York automatically, in such different plays as "Nemesis," "Enter Madame," "Nice People," "Daddy's Gone a Hunting," and "The First Fifty Years," which

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is laid in Harlem. When a suburban town is needed, it is also likely to be near New York City, but whether the life is depicted seriously, as in "The Hero" and "Ambush," or for the purpose of comedy, as in "Dulcy," "To the Ladies," or "The Dream Maker," it is still only background and does not really enter into the play. But when we come to those plays in which the setting forms an integral portion of the plot, we find them moving away from the metropolis. "The Detour" and "Beyond the Horizon" are laid in rural New York, and the motive of the play begins with the limitations of that life. There is a significance, too, in the laying of the scene of "Diff'rent" in a seafaring town of New England, and it was the powerful satire on the small New England patrician family that made "The First Man" so significant. Not so powerful, but very human and amusing, was the satire of the New England character in "Thank You." The narrowness of vision and the petty tyranny of the board of trustees of a village church in that play are characteristic of hundreds of similar oligarchies, not limited to New England. The natives of a small New England village were well done in "The Wren" also, but the rest of that play of Mr. Tarkington's was too slight—or too subtle—to carry it long.

Even more characteristic, and meant to be, were the satiric treatments of the small town of the Middle West, such as "Miss Lulu Bett," "The First Year," "Everyday," and the stage version of "Main Street." Here the *locale* was very important, but it was to the credit of Miss Gale, Miss Crothers, and Mr. Craven that they did not let it submerge the human interest of their characters. "Main Street" was even worse than the book, as might have been expected, for the story is essentially undramatic and all the adaptors did was to emphasize some of the most banal or tawdry features of the original. It is cheering, at least, to those hopeful of the American stage that the play did not succeed as well as the novel. Laid in the same territory and yet different from any of this group, "The Deluge" was an interesting treatment of a Middle Western town by a Swedish dramatist, Henning Berger, who gathered his experience of American life from 1892 to 1899, and wrote his play of "Syndafloden" after his return to Sweden. It has been played in Paris, Stockholm, Rome, Berlin, Moscow, and Budapesth, always retaining the American atmosphere, and was first produced here by Mr. Arthur Hopkins for a brief period in 1917. "The Deluge" is a study of the reaction of a group of human beings in a saloon, under the fear of death by drowning, when the better qualities of each come out against the background of their past loves or hatreds. Then when the danger is over the counter-reaction leaves them pretty much as they had been. It is a powerful play and took courage to produce.

As the playwrights went still farther afield for material, the characteristic note deepened. Just as Miss Kummer caught the right aspect of the North Carolina mountaineer in "The Mountain Man," so A. E. Thomas's representation of the Virginia family with a long tradition of culture was the refreshing note in "Just Suppose." And finally we reach the climax in the union of background and character portrayal in the West Indian forest of "The Emperor Jones."

It is, of course, quite natural that our recent drama should be more limited in time than in space. Nearly all the plays are concerned with contemporary life, but at least four attempted with success to catch the flavor of the past. Arthur Richman gave us a charming love-story, laid in the seventies, in "Not So Long Ago," and Miss Lilian Sabine's dramatization of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" for the Theatre Guild, recently produced in London, was a pure delight. Here the seventies came to life again upon the stage, and Silas Lapham met and faced his moral crisis as only an American of his type would have met it, the very greatness of his success as a man of business providing him with a substitute for the *noblesse oblige* of other days. The reticent and tender love-story of Tom Corey and Penelope Lapham and what the union of their two family stocks implied, provided quite a number of suggestive speculations upon the future of the republic.

"The First Fifty Years" portrays periods of considerable extent, since the play begins in the seventies, but there was not

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the same brilliant effect that was present in what is so far the most interesting effort of Miss Akins, "The Varying Shore." Here is a play which truly "proceeds backward." Julie Venable is shown in a prologue through her effect upon others, especially upon Lawrence Sturgis, who has been faithful to her all his life. Then we see her in three stages of her career—first in Paris in 1870, as the mistress of Garreth Treadway, with her son's love-story forcing her to face her past and its present complications; next, in New York in 1859, as the mistress of Joe Leland, who is beginning to love another woman; third, in 1846, in Richmond, when as a girl of sixteen she has had a love affair with John Garrison, the father of the boy who has appeared in the first act. In each situation she runs true to type—reckless of consequences, she takes what she wants and just as recklessly faces the consequences with courage and generosity. It is most interesting that, owing to some misguided criticism, the play was changed so as to follow the chronological order, and then happily replaced as the playwright wrote it. For the order of sympathy proceeds here inversely to the order of time. The audience likes Julie much more as the girl of sixteen, refusing to be forced upon an unwilling husband, and declining to take advantage of Lawrence Sturgis's chivalric offer, than it does as the sophisticated woman of forty. Julie was triumphantly played by Miss Elsie Ferguson, who surmounted the technical difficulties caused by the necessity of playing with a partially new set of characters, and therefore new actors, in each act. But Miss Akins could take chances with technical difficulties, for she had a central motive, that of the moral contrast, which rarely misses its aim. The generous, lovable wanton and the generous, lovable drunkard have appealed to the popular heart long before "Rip Van Winkle" started on its century run, and will continue to appeal when "Déclassée," "The Varying Shore," and "Lightnin'" are only a memory. It is not only the theme, however, that carries "The Varying Shore." It is because that play appeals to the ever-present love of romance, and the playwright who can furnish romance has now his opportunity. Cannot the writers and producers of plays take a lesson from musical comedy, as musical comedy takes lessons from them? "Marjolaine," for example, is a great success, and it deserves to be. The lyrics of Brian Hooker, the book by Mrs. Cushing, the music by Hugo Felix, all based on Mr. Parker's "Pomander Walk," make a combination that is simply joy and youth and love and sunshine, and, moreover, is good art. We could not live, artistically speaking, on Marjolaines; sorrow is needed on the stage as well as joy, but above and beyond everything else is sympathy. Human beings are just as willing to listen to a tragedy as to a comedy, and the tragedies have always outlasted the comedies of their day. Mr. Howells once gave the reason in "April Hopes" when he said:

"It has been the experience of every one to have some alien concern come into his life and torment him with more anxiety than any affair of his own. This is, perhaps, a hint from the infinite sympathy which feels for us all that none of us can hope to free himself from the troubles of others, that we are each bound to each by ties, which for the most part we cannot perceive, but which, at the moment their stress comes, we cannot break."

Sympathy, however, usually goes out to the significant and to that only. The suffering and the joy on the stage must both be worth while. And, on the whole, the student of the American drama is hopeful, for much that is worth while is being accomplished. The very existence of the plays I have mentioned is encouraging, and only the professional plays have been touched. Outside of New York, in practically every college, in hundreds of schools, in many communities, the drama is being studied, plays are being produced, and plays are being written. Such an impulse as that started by Professor Koch in North Dakota, and now carried to North Carolina, where the folk-play is made and produced in its own birthplace, is of great significance. But all that is another story, and simply confirms the statement that the dramatic impulse is in the air we breathe. The best example of sustained interest in American playwrighting has succeeded even against the competition

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of the "commercial theatre." Starting eight years ago with a group of amateurs and semi-professionals, The Provincetown Players, under the leadership of Eugene O'Neill, Miss Susan Glaspell, George Cram Cook, and Miss M. Eleanor Fitzgerald, have pursued the consistent policy of producing only American plays. They do not always hit the popular fancy and sometimes their selection is open to question, as in the case of "The Verge," or not open at all, as in that of "The Hand of the Potter," but their general purpose is as sincere as their success has been marked. And if they had done nothing but provide for Eugene O'Neill his opportunity, the movement would have been justified.

I am not one of those who condemn the "commercial theatre." It is a business as well as an art. But that it is unhospitable to the American playwright is not a fact. If one counts the numbers of legitimate plays offered in New York at any one time this last year, he will find about twice as many of American as of foreign make. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Belasco, Mr. Golden, Mr. Brady, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Cohan have all shown themselves willing to produce native plays, even by unknown writers. As this article is written "The Hairy Ape" moves up from the Provincetown stage in MacDougal Street to the Plymouth Theatre, and "Anna Christie" opens triumphantly in Chicago. There is no lack of playwrights, of actors, or of producers—it is for the American public to decide whether its national drama is to fail or to succeed.

Radio

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

O NOT a word and not a thought
In the wide world shall come to naught;
No little love with sails of white
Shall vanish homeless in the night.

This wind that moves with fluting song
My plumed and purple pines among,
Shall wave dim palms in tropic nights,
Shall storm the white Himalayas' heights.

And every dream I mourn as dead
Or lost, is lyrically fled
Out of my heart into another's,—
While I have taken home my brother's.

At length shall break on Hatteras
The wave that Breton sailors pass
Blue-rolling westward, or shall run
To thunder on the dreadful Horn.

The tingling air is thrilled with spirit;
The universe I can inherit;
Mysteriously great and near,
Creation's throbbing heart I hear.

Of those elusions, farewells, flights,
That dim my days and haunt my nights,—
In all the lonely strength of wings,
Some heart shall make recoverings.

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The Man Who Made Poetry Hum

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE nurse moved noiselessly across the room and bent to the man and listened to his breathing. Her hand rested a minute on his pulse. Then she went quickly from the room.

The man's heavy lids lifted an instant. The eyes looked out unseeing into the great chamber. A night-light burned by the bed. The shadows in the corners were untouched. Only in the obscurity was a sense of wealth and refinement. A woman glided into the room and came toward the bed.

"Are you comfortable, dear?"

"Yes, Mollie." It was little more than a whisper. The lips seemed to speak without volition. The eyes tried to focus and turned to her.

"I'm all right," he said thickly.

"Yes, don't try to talk!"

The lids fell again. She stood looking down at the granite face that was her world. The doctors had told her. And she was trying to be brave and understand. But a numbness was on her. She could not think without Grant, and he was dying. She sank down half-crouching by the bed and laid her cheek against the passive hand. It seemed to stir a little, as if his spirit groped to her from a great distance. Then it lay passive again.

The specialist who performed the operation had returned to New York two days ago. The physicians in attendance were in hourly communication with him. Two of them came twice a day, and after each visit there was a consultation of the leading physicians of the town.

The news crept through the town. Men stopped at street corners to repeat it to each other with saddened faces. Grant Healy was the life and brain of Camden, and now that he was stricken the town held its breath. All its thought suddenly centred in the darkened room where he lay.

Through the house servants and attendants moved noiselessly, gathering up and holding the myriad threads his hand had let fall. In the library Harold Fosdick, the secretary, untied parcels that had come in the late delivery. He made notes and filed away pamphlets and catalogues that would perhaps never be read now. Grant Healy was a ready buyer—a patron of the arts. Not an auction or sale took place anywhere in the world without due notice to him or to his agents.

The secretary opened a small parcel of books. He laid them on the table, making the edges even with his fingers. They were all of the same size and shape. He made a note of the receipt of the parcel. The details of life went on as smoothly as if the brain that conceived them were not already beyond the need to remember.

In the room up-stairs the sick man turned his head a little. The nurse had come back and the other woman yielded place to her and withdrew.

"What time is it?" asked the man slowly. The nurse glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"Eight-forty," she replied.

"And what day is it?"

"Wednesday. You'd better not talk. Drink this." She held the tube to his lips. There was silence in the room as she replaced the cup on the stand.

The man's voice travelled slowly to her across it:

"The operation—was it—a success?"

"Fine!" She spoke encouragingly, as to a child. But he put it aside.

"Don't lie! Tell me the truth." The words stopped in his weakness. She bent over him with something more than professional care and sympathy.

"The doctor will tell you," she said. "He comes at nine o'clock."

"Yes. That's right." He seemed to slip back into unconsciousness. But the nurse noted as her finger rested on his pulse that it beat more evenly, as if the

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man's will remained on guard and steadied it.

Down-stairs the physicians were in consultation. The chart lay on the table between them. . . . The patient had regained consciousness.

They looked at each other—a question. And then at the chart. If they gave him opiates, beginning now, he would not suffer. Without them he might live through days, weeks, perhaps, of excruciating pain.

The unspoken question asked whether they should give Grant Healy his choice. With an ordinary man they would not have hesitated. They would have taken for granted that it was their duty to save the patient from suffering so terrible. But something of the right of kings held in this case. The man whose brain watched over the welfare of a continent had the right to say whether his brain should be lulled to its long forgetfulness free from pain, or should remain on duty to the end. The older of the two physicians pushed the chart a little aside with his finger.

"He must decide for himself," he said. "We must tell him."

The other assented without enthusiasm. He was of a younger school and to him it seemed a little overpunctilious to give the patient a choice of suffering. To him pain was merely an accompaniment of disease, useful to the physician as a sign, but to be avoided whenever possible. In his mind he had little doubt that Grant Healy, who was a keen business man, would agree with him.

But when the older physician, bending over the patient, put the question gently there was only a little contraction of the wide brow.

"How long will it be?" he asked.

"We do not know. It is not necessary that you should suffer at all, you know."

"I understand. Thank you. I do not think I shall want it. . . . If I find I cannot drink the last of the cup, I shall tell you."

The physician nodded gravely. He was not surprised at the answer. He had known the man lying in the great bed since boyhood, and he had never known him to shirk what was ahead. Sometimes it seemed to the physician he even went a little out of his way to take up a burden that another man might have failed to see—as when the younger brother, Rolland, ran through his share of the family fortune in a year and came to Grant for aid.

The physician had good reason to remember that year. Grant had been under his care with signs of incipient tuberculosis and he had ordered him to Colorado. When with the break in his brother's fortune he returned, the doctor had been thoroughly angry with him. He watched, almost cynically, while Grant tried to hold back the brother from dissipation of health and fortune, and the final plunge that swept away the remnant of fortune and ended with the suicide of Rolland Healy. The physician had known from the start that there was no use. He could have told Grant facts in the family history that made the fight as good as determined before it began. He did practically tell him. But Grant had refused to listen—or when he had listened to the doctor's veiled words he only smiled a little.

"I guess Rolland would stand by me if I needed him," he said. "I think I'll stand by a little longer." So he stood by till the end came. Then he had gathered up what remained of the family fortune and gone into business. And with it he had given up his dream of becoming a poet. The tuberculosis the physician feared had not developed. It was as if the energy he put forth for his brother had tapped some hidden source of power and called into existence forces that resisted the disease.

The great figure lying on the bed had seemed invulnerable, a man of steel, as he fought his way up in the business world from a mere stripling threatened by the gauzy film of his tenuous lungs to a man of iron power. . . .

No—iron was not the word, the physician thought, looking down at him. Steel was more like it—and not even steel. . . . Grant Healy was more alive than steel. He was a living flame, electric fire, in his resistless power. He did not override or crush men in business. He grappled with them fiercely. And out of each encounter life and prosperity seemed to flare about him—not for him-

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self alone, but for his adversary and for every one.

His power had made the region prosperous and overflowed into the country and the world.

And now he lay helpless.

The physicians withdrew. The man on the bed watched them move from the room and disappear through the wide doorway.

His brain was clear now. He was remembering. . . . The breath of a sigh escaped him. He had not thought it would be so soon. He was not regretting—but there were things to do. He must keep his mind clear. Other men's work must not be cut off. Then the force he always held at command obeyed the call on it and he fell into a deep sleep.

When he wakened in the morning before dawn the darkened room was full of shadowy light. The nurse behind the screen sat motionless. He was amazed at the clearness of his mind. It was as if the injunction laid upon it before he slept had gathered to him incalculable power. He lay thinking of the details of business—first all that touched his wife and children, then his associates and the employees who served him, and after them the needs of the town, and last of all his poets and artists—his spirit's children he called them—young men whom he was helping to achieve dreams of the beauty and wonder of life. . . . The provisions of the Nobel Prize for aiding men of genius had never appealed to him so far as poets and artists were concerned. "You must first catch your poet," he said. "And who can do that for you?" Certainly not a board of directors!

So he had done his own selecting while he was still alive to pick out his geniuses and enjoy the risk of it. He had hoped to live years to see the fruits of the work—to know that he had guessed right. But the work must not stop. And for each one his thought registered provision before it passed on to the next. . . . Binney, editor of the *Searchlight*, should have charge of a fund and administer it. He could be trusted to recognize genius—if any man could—and he was almost the only man alive whom Grant Healy would have trusted to do it.

He lay looking into the darkened room, going over the last details in his mind. . . . Setting his house in order. One or two things that had always puzzled him, he saw suddenly were very simple. . . . Give him a dozen years and he could rebuild the world—reshape this tangled scheme of things to plans of sanity!

The nurse behind her screen stirred slightly and looked out. She fancied she heard something—a sigh of pain, was it? But the face on the pillow was placid. Her patient was asleep among the shadows.

No, there was nothing to regret or change. Long since he had come to understand that his part was not in the dream-world but in the thick of events where dreams take shape. . . . If he could have lived to be old—he had hoped there would be a time when he could stop and think things over a little. He had always looked forward to it—the time when he should be old and free to dwell on the spirit of life—to talk with God, he called it, about this creation of His. And now he was not to have the chance. He would never be old. He was to be thrust back again into chaos to start anew. The same struggle he had lived through as a boy—all the surging of life, the wonder of it, the poet's wings struggling for release. . . . Those dreams he had—of being a poet! He, Grant Healy, was to carve his name high on the poet's ivory tower! Strange how God shapes one's life. . . . But the longing to be a poet was still unquenched in him—to seize words and shape them to eternal beauty. . . . No, he had not done it. He would never do it now. He would be remembered only as a great financier. . . . Yet he might have been a poet—if Rolland, poor fellow, had not inherited the sins of the fathers—if—if—his lids fell wearily.

The nurse crossed the room and looked down. There was a straight line between the closed eyes.

"Are you in pain?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Shall I——?"

"No, I can stand it a while, I guess!" There was something of the rough simplicity of a boy in the words. He seemed to be slipping out of his cocoon of high position and formal wealth.

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She moved to the windows and drew up the shades, letting in the fresh air and light, and her hand on a button turned out the dim glow of the night-lamp.

"It is going to be a pleasant day," she said.

The man's eyes gave assent, looking out through the open window. "It is the third of June, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I want to see Fosdick," he said.

"I will call him now."

"No, wait till he has had breakfast. It will be a busy day for him."

II

When the secretary came he brought in his hand a small green volume.

"This came last night," he said casually. "I thought you might like to know it is out."

Grant Healy reached out a hand and there was a look of faint interest in his face.

Fosdick was pleased with himself. He had hesitated when he took up the little book. It seemed out of place to intrude poetry on Grant Healy now.

But the man's face showed that he retained interest in all the affairs of life. His fingers opened the pages slowly and tried to turn the leaves. The secretary was shocked at the feeble grasp of the fingers on the book, and he bent a little to help hold it.

"I hope you had a good night, sir."

"Yes, I had a good night." The book dropped to the coverlet.

"There are several things I want to do to-day," said the man.

Fosdick drew a pencil and pad from his pocket and seated himself close to the bed. The man began to speak in a low, monotonous voice, as if the thought shaped itself on his tongue, and Fosdick's pencil translated it into quick curves and lines. The details of the day were mapped out—a series of directions and appointments—all to be changed at a moment's notice if strength failed. . . . The words went on in gasps, sometimes spoken, sometimes cut short by Fosdick's quick nod.

"I will attend to all that, sir." He had been with Grant Healy five years, and knew his mind and his wish—sometimes before it was spoken. Grant Healy always had men like this to serve him. Other men sometimes wondered where he found them. They did not suspect that he made them—often out of very common stuff.

The secretary finished the notes and got up. He reached to the little book on the coverlet. But the passive hand rested on it.

"I think I'll keep it by me— One thing that's finished at least!" Grant Healy smiled whimsically.

The secretary looked down at the book and then at the man. He seemed on the point of trying to say something. His face broke a little and he turned and went out.

All through the day the muffled bell rang from the chamber and men came and went, or sat patiently and waited their turn to be summoned to the presence of the man in the room above.

They entered with silent tread and sympathetic faces—only to gaze with startled look at the man raised high on his pillows. It was not easy to believe that Grant Healy was dying. He gave directions in his usual crisp, clear voice, and Fosdick, at his side, made notes or supplied papers as if the interview was only an interlude in the man's busy life. In the intervals when only the nurse remained with him, no one knew what went on in the richly furnished chamber.

But after each bout of pain and the stimulant that followed, when they were admitted to him again, the business of life proceeded as smoothly as if no shadow threatened its calm.

Late in the afternoon Fosdick came in alone.

"What else is there?" asked the man on the bed. There was a little glaze on the keen eyes and his voice was tired.

"No one but Binney, sir," replied the secretary. "Shall I tell him to come to-morrow?"

"No, I will see him now. I want him to administer the fund for genius that I gave you notes for. He is the best man I know for it. He can recognize genius when he sees it!" He smiled a little grimly. "Not many of us can—!" He lay for a few minutes silent. "I want to

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rest a little," he said. "I shall ring when I am ready."

The secretary withdrew and the man remained for a long minute quiet. Then he motioned to a phial on the stand.

The nurse reached out her hand. She shook her head.

"Do you think it is wise, sir?"

A smile touched the grim lips. "We're not doing what is wise to-day."

She poured a few drops of the liquid into a glass and held it to his lips. She was obeying the doctor's orders—to give him whatever he asked for. He drank it and lay quiet, musing on the irony of life, perhaps. . . . He who was made to be a poet, filled with singing words and thoughts—spending his last faint pulse of life steadying stocks and bonds, easing the market to the shock of death! And he had hoped there would be time to talk with God a little—before he slipped out of the familiar clay and met Him face to face. . . . Suppose before God's face he were only a child again, to start anew the cycle! And there were things he meant to say to Him in this life—as man to man! He smiled gently and a little grimly. . . . Praises to sing to Him, perhaps, the very rhyme and phrase of poetry. . . . Strange the mistakes God makes with men—shaping a poet and using him for a broker! What was it the young poet said—in his book? . . . His fingers groped for it—"a dish a child might take his porridge from."

"Did you want something, sir?" The nurse bent to him.

"I had—a book," responded the man.

"Was it this?" She lifted it—but the hand did not reach to take it. It lay passive. His eyes were looking before him. His lips moved a little. He seemed to be talking with some one in the room, unseen.

The nurse moved quietly aside.

III

In the library below a man was waiting with Fosdick. He wore a blond beard, and the full lips behind it had a look of placid content. Across his vest stretched a watch-chain of fine gold links. His plump hand toyed a little with the links as he waited.

He reached out and took a book from the table and turned the leaves. It was a volume of verse—a new English poet. He read a line here and there, glancing hastily. But it was evident his thought was in the chamber overhead. He laid down the book and looked at Fosdick.

"Healy is a man of rare discrimination!" He tapped the book a little with his finger.

The secretary waited. He seemed to be listening for some slightest sound. A sudden look of decision crossed his face. He turned to the other. He would save time—time and Grant Healy's strength—by telling him while they waited.

"That is the sort of thing he wants to talk with you about—when he sees you," he said quickly.

The man stared a question.

"About the recognition of genius," said Fosdick. "And a fund for it. He has always had an idea that some of the best material in the country is wasted on account of what he calls the adolescence of genius—its crucial time, when it ought to be tided over."

"Hum-m-m! Interesting theory! Just what does he mean by it, I wonder?" Mr. Binney was twirling his watch-chain slowly and gazing into the fire.

Fosdick hesitated. "I don't know that I can put it very clearly—though I've heard him talk about it often and he has dictated the details of the plan to me. . . . He seems to think that the length of the period of adolescence is in direct ratio to the kind of power that is to follow it—and just as human beings, having higher power than animals, must have longer adolescence to prepare for it, so genius must have a longer period of adolescence than the ordinary man—time in which to find itself and prepare for its special function in the world.

"Just as a business asset, he says it is foolish to waste genius, and that these men ought to be sought out and tided over the crucial time. Otherwise they lose heart and become a drag on the community, or they overwork and die before their time."

The secretary paused. "I don't suppose I've said it very well. But it works! I've seen him keep poets on their feet—without pauperizing them." He laughed

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shortly. "He wants a man to administer the fund who knows a genius when he sees one."

The editor bowed slightly in appreciation. He leaned back and crossed his legs. His hand toyed with the wide chain.

"Healy had the makings of a poet in him," he said thoughtfully. "We used to think in our college days, you know, that he would be a poet!" He laughed out shortly at the incongruity. The secretary's face flushed a little but he did not speak.

The other was not looking at him. He sat toying with the chain, a little reminiscent smile on the full lips.

"It was nip and tuck between Healy and me for the class poem," he said. "I always thought Healy should have had it—but you know what boys are!" He moved a deprecating hand.

"They voted it on me! So I became a poet! . . . And Healy—" He moved a vague hand toward the richly appointed room. The gesture placed Healy and dropped to the gold-linked chain.

"I've wondered a little sometimes how things would have turned out for me if Healy had won the class poem," he said thoughtfully.

Fosdick was looking down at the pad in his hand and making little meaningless marks on the edge. He did not speak. The man regarded him a minute.

"Life is full of strange accidents," he said expansively. "My father now wanted me to go into business with him. But after the class poem he agreed to give me an allowance—'the adolescence of genius'!" He laughed a little. "So I have published seven volumes of poetry and been editor of the *Searchlight*—all because of a class poem!" He seemed to muse on it.

"But it would have been the same, I imagine, in any case. I should never have done for a man of business." He spoke impartially. "And it is evident enough now that Healy was not cut out for a poet!"

"He cares more for poetry than any one in the world!" broke in the younger man.

"Cares for it, yes—patron of the arts and so on. . . . I dedicated one of my own volumes to him—for old times' sake. I think it pleased him." He smiled gently at the reminiscence. . . . "No, he has not lost touch with the finer things of life in spite of business——"

His eyes fell on the little pile of books on the table—all of the same size and kind, and he reached over and lifted the top one. . . . A new poet evidently—another of Grant's geniuses! He smiled a little indulgently and opened it to the dedication page.

But it was not dedicated to Grant Healy, as he had expected. The dedication read:

"To the men who hear the singing of the sunrise
On its way through all the night."

He turned the pages. A line seemed to catch his eye, and he paused and reread the poem. There was a glowing look in his face, changing its placid fatness to appreciation. He turned to the secretary:

"Listen to this!" He read the lines in a slow musical voice, tasting them. It was a short poem—the old, ever-youthful theme of the clay in the potter's hand. The clay shaping on the turning-wheel, almost sentiently—spinning toward a vase of rare and perfect shape, the hard paste capable of wonderful and enduring glaze and surface. . . . Then a moment when the potter seems to stay his hand, as if the shape in his mind changed subtly. And the clay coming to its living shape finds itself a bowl-like cup. . . . No museum piece of rare shape and design, but a dish for common use—such as a child might take its porridge from.

Binney, the critic and editor, read the poem and looked into the fire, a smile of content on his full lips.

"That is rare work!" he said slowly. "Who is the man?" He turned again to the title-page. But the title-page bore no name.

"He is a protégé of Mr. Healy's," said Fosdick. "We have been seeing the book through the press. I think Mr. Healy likes his poems especially."

The other did not respond. He was deep in the book.

"Wonderful!" he said under his breath. "Wonderful! The man is a genius! Where has he kept himself hidden—to write like this!"

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Suddenly he started and his eye glanced quickly up. He reread a line and turned back a page, a puzzled frown on his face.

"Do you know the man?" he asked sharply. "Have you seen him?" He looked up.

Fosdick shook his head. "Mr. Healy gave me the manuscript to send to the printer. The only thing he ever told me about the author was that he was young—not more than twenty-three, I think he said."

Mr. Binney gave a short laugh. "'Not more than twenty-three'!" He repeated it with satisfaction. "Quite right! And he wrote most of them before he was twenty!" His fingers were touching the pages softly.

"To write like that—not twenty-three! What might he not have done!" His voice had a little note of wonder and veneration. The secretary leaned forward.

"Do you know the man who wrote them, sir?"

The editor looked at him a minute.

"There is only one man in the world who could have written them," he said. "I did not recognize them at first. . . . I was not looking so far back—thirty years ago, thirty at least, if not more," he said thoughtfully. "I was in college with the man who wrote them. But I did not guess that he was a genius—till too late."

"You mean—he is dead?" asked Fosdick quickly.

Binney the editor looked at him with long, slow gaze. Then he turned his head. The door had opened. The nurse entered the room. Her face was dull in its repressed sadness.

She glanced at the two men and bowed her head and turned away. She left the room.

Binney got slowly to his feet. "Too late!" he said. "I wish I could have seen Grant—only for a minute!"

He took up a book from the little pile on the table.

"I suppose I may take this?" He held it gently, turning the leaves a little.

"You were asking about the author—if he is dead?" He closed the book. "Yes, he is dead." He slipped the book into his pocket. I should like to write the notice of the poems myself. The writer was very gifted—how gifted we none of us knew then. . . . And later he took up a different sort of work. I am glad to have the chance after all these years to pay a tribute to him."

So Binney the editor, once class poet, went out. And up-stairs the millionaire with a smile on his lips lay quiet. The smile was filled with peace and a little wonder and gentle exultation, as if at last Grant Healy found time to do the things the heart desired.

Death, the Sculptor

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

EVER, with inward vision, I behold her hand
Just as I saw it on that parting day;
Supremely still, serenely calm, like to a fallen lily,
White as the wax of heavenly bees,
And faintly tinted with their honey.
Lightly the sleeping fingers drew together
As do the curved and carven petals of a flower,
And on the third, shimmered a line of gold,
A slender thread, worn thin by ceaseless action.
Across the pale-hued, lucent surface
Wandered blue veins where still the life-blood seemed to flow,
Yet the whole gesture of the sculptured hand
Was of relinquishment, renunciation, peace.

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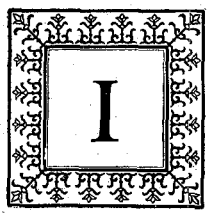
Standardizing the Individual

BY ROGER BURLINGAME



ONCE observed a French shopkeeper taking a personal pride in his wares. They were unimpressive things, bits of confectionery, as I remember, but the fact on which he kept insisting was that in no other shop in Paris could they be bought. He made them, it seems, with his own hands ("*mes propres mains*"), which he displayed with an ingenuous gesture so that I was conscious of the *double entente* in "*propre*." People came for miles to purchase his particular candies. They were different from other candies. One could not drop in, casually, at Rumpelmayer's, for instance, and order a five-pound box. One must go to Henri himself, and he would lovingly bring out a dozen trays and dwell on the merits of each, and on the art of his work. When I was there he even brought out his thermometer, and explained the various boiling-points of sugar.

It occurred to me suddenly as I left his shop, that his joy in artisanship was an amazing thing. An American Henri, I was sure, would have done quite differently. Having discovered his boiling-points, he would have written them down, evolved a working formula, patented it, borrowed money, built a factory, hired labor, and turned out his confections a million a day. Doubtless he would have labelled them "Kitty Koos," or something equally descriptive, trade-marked them, stamped them with his signature or bas-relief, wrapped them in sanitary packages, and started an advertising campaign. Then it would be possible to buy them not only at Henri's but at every drug, stationery, cigar, news, grocery, notions, or department store in the country. Discarded sanitary wrappers, "untouched," very likely, "by the human hand," but bearing the maker's photograph, would carpet the floors of the subway stations and whirl down the paths of the parks.

Meantime, thousands of hands would be occupied in repeating, hour by hour, a meaningless, mechanical motion, in which there was neither skill nor pride, the workers having no sense of the continuity of the process, and feeling no part in the finished product. Henri himself would have lost, naturally, all pride of artisanship, his "*propres mains*" being occupied in purely administrative functions. His pride is all in his organization, the extent of his business, his balance-sheets, his sales campaigns; in the performance of the various "live wires" he has employed in his departments. His interest is in the individual "Kitty Koo" only in that it is exactly like every other Kitty Koo; his effort must go to make it so, to keep his standard, to preserve the absolute uniformity of quality. There is nowhere, in all his organization, a single artisan, nor is there art.

If a man operates a successful restaurant, he becomes seized with the ambition to operate a chain of restaurants; he must standardize the cooking in all of them, uniform his cooks and waitresses so that they look exactly alike, evolve a particular professional jargon for them to use, and install all such machinery as will bring about a perfect uniformity in the finished products. Thus one may be able to go to "Stern's" in Toronto, and be certain of getting the same griddle-cakes that would be set before him at Stern's in Miami. As for Mr. Stern, himself, one would not dream of mentioning a griddle-cake in his presence. He is better off, no doubt, with his estate at Seabright and his stables at Saratoga than Monsieur Bouget on the Boul' Miche; but there is much to be said for the latter's *tarte de cerise*, produced under his immediate supervision, and served with his own not very "*propre*" but highly individual hands.

The excellence of a Bouget meal is due,

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of course, to the personal attention to it of Bouget's chef, a care that would be quite impossible were he to attempt to deliver five hundred such meals per day. A little of his personality—his soul I was going to say—enters into each Chateaubriand that he cooks. The chef at Stern's checks his soul along with his coat and hat when he arrives in the morning, and often, I imagine, loses his check. If he were discovered stirring a bit of soul into his griddle-cake batter, he would, without a doubt, be discharged as unsanitary. Watch him standing in the window and turning his cakes. He fascinates you as does the well-drilled soldier in a perfect execution of the manual of arms. His motions are so accurately timed that you could set your watch by them. And he is the perfect replica of a thousand others who are, at this very moment, repeating these identical motions in hundreds of towns from Key West to the Canadian Rockies.

As facts these are, in themselves, unimportant. As symptoms they are a little alarming. The craze for standardizing is invading society to the extent that it is seriously threatening the persistence of the individual. Consider the community movement. That much-vaunted American institution, the home, so fundamental in our society, is fast losing its essence, the individual home being subordinated to the group of homes. The community is deciding its material construction, its cost, its location, and its furnishing with a view to group uniformity; more important, however, its life and its morals are formulated and prescribed.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, from the sentimental view, that one must eat from a community kitchen. The old-time memories of the "pies that mother used to make" are not for the new generation. One must, in the future, dream back of "Swampville pies" or the "raspberry jam from Kitchen Number 2, Arlington Community." But the rubber-stamping of the little intimate acts of the family life transcends sentiment and definitely affects character.

In the homes of our fathers, and of many of ourselves, the way the child should go was entirely within the parents' province, and discipline was enforced at the point of the shingle. Daring indeed, and courting danger, was the neighbor who intervened. The family stronghold was not invaded. Now, however, the community steps in. The relation of father and son becomes the basis of a "movement." A better understanding must be promoted. Sympathy must be its motive. This, it seems, can only be brought about by means of a "nation-wide campaign." If all the fathers in the United States are simultaneously sympathetic with their sons, they will feel the inspiration—the rhythm, as it were—of the concerted effort; the desired result will be achieved, and the shingle will remain on the woodpile.

This is not ironic prognostication. It is an accomplished fact. There is, at this moment, a vast movement to bring the fathers and sons together. Its first demonstration, I am told, was a dinner at which the male parents sat next their respective progeny. True, they had been thus juxtaposed at three meals a day during a number of years, but, quite naturally, one could not expect the proper ideals of co-operation to be promulgated at the home board. One does not do things that way in this day, generation, and country. The individual does not evolve his own ideals. The community formulates his standards for him, casts him accordingly, trade-marks him, puts him in a sanitary wrapper, and dumps him on the world markets in gross lots.

My information of the future programme of the Fathers' and Sons' Campaign goes no further, but, after the dinner, we may reasonably be led to expect a "Fathers' and Sons' Week." We already have "Better Babies' Weeks," "Better Poultry Weeks," "Sweep Your House Weeks," "Sew on Button Weeks," and others in our more advanced villages; to the extent that the simplest act may not now be performed without making a week of it. Why then, indeed, not a "Fathers' and Sons' Week"? During this period the boys and their progenitors will pray, play, read, fish, swim, and chop wood together. Not only will they do these together: they will all meet at specified times and points, and all the families will perform in concert, so that the filial spirit of the entire community

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may be simultaneously promoted. To carry it further, it might be well to make the week "nation-wide." Fancy the inspiration to be derived from the thought that at the very moment when the Florida boy and his father were uniting their efforts against a tarpon, their brothers along the Canadian border were casting the fly for the wily ouananiche! The picture of such a universal co-operation is almost overwhelming.

When the child begins his education, he finds his steps rigidly set. If he has a *penchant* for Greek (I do not imply that this is likely), he may as well suppress it, because the chances are he will not find it in the formula of his community school. If he intends going to college—it matters not in the least which one—he will follow a set of subjects on which all the colleges have agreed as "standard" requirements, until he is mature enough to choose his alma mater. He will select it according to the quality of its finished products. He will take examinations held by a "board," the passing of which will admit him to almost any academic institution. When he gets in he will take two kinds of courses, "required" and "elective." His choice of the latter will be decided by the group of students into which, on being dropped into the college slot, he will automatically fall.

Morals are largely legislated. The trend is toward central legislation as an aid to standardizing. The ideal is a central plant at Washington, in which ethical standards are formulated in a laboratory and turned out by an elaborate machinery to be shipped to all parts of the country and used without respect to the color, creed, or locality of the consumer. To be sure, one still goes to Reno for a divorce, just as one still goes to Henri for confectionery, but the agitation is against it. Once we have discovered our Constitution as a standardizer, there is no reason why it should not be operated at full capacity as a monopoly of morals, public and private, to the end that the individual choice be entirely restricted. Thus the decision of one's personal code of conduct will be as easy as the selection of a rubber heel.

Literature and the graphic arts, once expressions of the individual, are now combined in carefully formulated proportions at one end of a machine, and come out at the other in miles of film. When censored, this is put on the market in large lots, and the public is assured of a uniform standard of quality and sanitation. Here again one finds the element of choice largely reduced. Outside the larger and more cosmopolitan cities, where a frantic struggle for personal expression is still in progress, one goes, not to a particular picture, but to "the movies." If there is a possibility of selection, it is often determined rather by the name of the producer whose films are known as of a certain quality, than by the character of the film itself.

These, I must say again, are tendencies. Were I to pronounce them incontrovertible and universal facts I should be guilty of generalization, the besetting American sin. Nor should I, in the analysis of any single instance, pronounce it wholly bad. I regard the tide toward standardization a menace which at its flood is destructive to the individual, and thus to the proper balance of society. And I believe our tides achieve their ultimate with astonishing rapidity.

My critical reader informs me at this point that if I carry my postulates to their logical conclusion, the result is an obvious anarchy. I might counter that the reverse is true, and that an abyss of socialism yawns at the turn of our present road. But I shall answer merely that the pursuit to any logical conclusion is the very act against which I am primarily contending. The whole business of standardization is an attempt to attain a logical conclusion, and thus leads astray from the *milieu* formed in any society by the balanced interaction of its different individual units.

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SOME may inherit other people's clothes, other people's furniture, or other people's opinions, but let me fall heir to their door-steps!

It is in spring and autumn that I thus inherit. Then it is that I become a peripatetic; then it is with Charles Lamb I discover the delight of walking "about and around, instead of to and fro," yet always, in my peregrinations, with an alert and appraising eye out for door-steps — convenient, suitably placed, and comfortable door-steps. Aggrieved indeed am I if any of my choice prove to be so inhospitably narrow that even a peripatetic of no breadth whatsoever finds it impossible to rest thereupon.

People's Steps

Blessed "between seasons"—spring and autumn! Times of peace plentifully sprinkled with joy, before the shoals of summerites invade our shores, or after they have been swept far out to sea, when cottage after cottage assumes that reserved air of withdrawal from the world and all its frivolities, holds newspapers or dark blinders up before its many eyes, and comfortably goes to sleep—then it is that we islanders begin to live, then it is that I become happy possessor of other people's door-steps.

Front door-steps, back door-steps, side door-steps, according as sun doth shine, or as they afford shelter from prevailing winds —each tempts me. I feel very much as I do at an Atlantic City hotel, when confronted with the menu and its endless list of appetite-teasers: I long to try them all! Even door-steps of the bath-houses, between seasons, beautifully deserted, have charm. To my mind, yellow sand is much more attractive when habited by natives only, such as sandpipers and gulls, than when peopled with parasols, bare legs, and motley.

Between seasons, "enjoyment without possessorship" is mine, nay rather, enjoyment *with* possessorship, for do we not possess whatsoever we sincerely enjoy, so long as it sufficiently possesses us? And I am possessed by door-steps.

With such wealth at my disposal, with my real estate scattered from cliffs to moorlands, from the Point to the South Shore, small wonder that I am a bit bewildered by the variety of my choice. Consider, too, how, with the change of seasons, my outlooks also change. In spring, an ancient lilac-bush, shading with its weight of amethystine bloom an ancient door-step, may lure me thither, while in October I may spend hours tucked away in the lap of the rolling moors, watching the huckleberry and lesser growth catch fire, sweep over the little hills, and carpet them in flame.

Of necessity, a possessor of other people's door-steps must be open-minded, responsive to another's point of view. To sit on another person's door-step is almost like slipping into its owner's skin. You begin to sense what manner of person this must be whose door-step you for the time possess. You feel like a house-painter on his ladder, peering first into one room, then another, of the owner's mind. Impossible to cultivate evil thoughts when one's door-step overlooks an iris-covered meadow, or overflows with tall spires of golden broom!

One should not, however, expect too much of a door-step. Strange contortions of the human frame must perforce be from time to time indulged in, frequent writhings and stretchings, repeated down-sittings and up-risings, if one is to sit for long. No door-step has the softness of a down cushion, nor the elasticity of an upholstered chair, and all do not, like myself, belong to the order of *passeres*, or perchers. In my former incarnation what sort of a bird was I?

I am perching now. Below me, boats of the scallopers make small black commas on the surface of a blue, blue harbor, laced with silver and jade. What joy to be a scalloper, with day after day of blueness, and ozone, and gulls! However, few scallopers with whom I have talked seem to share my enthusiasm, and the most lay stress upon the weight of the dredges. A Flying Dutchman of a schooner, black against the horizon, is slipping quietly into port. A tranquil enough harbor it is to-day, like a subdued child, but yesterday, an angry child, kicking rebellious white feet over the jetty in the grip of a strong northeaster. There were

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no scallopers out yesterday, nor was there any boat plying between us and the mainland, but we islanders did not mind that. One cannot have everything.

Little companies of song-sparrows, and juncos, and myrtle warblers have flitted around me, and I am now under the surveillance of some gentle cedar waxwings. Sincerely do I hope that I pass inspection, for in their sober garb, with their quiet air of high-bred gentility, they greatly remind me of some of the island's dear maiden ladies. One does not lightly win their approval; to meet with it is something like receiving the croix de guerre.

Near me, in the corner of the veranda, lies an abandoned heap of sea-shells, sad reminder of summer joys that are past. But to me, happy possessor of other people's door-steps, summer joys are by no means past. Here I sit, as sunnily comfortable as though at Palm Beach, sending back pitying thought for pitying thought to those misguided friends who persist in considering me drearily isolated on an island thirty miles out at sea.

"IT does seem to me," I said, "that the curtains at the doors of these little rooms leave a good deal of space at the bottom. And they're not so very thick. Passing along the corridor one can see silhouettes through them."

When We Are Ailing

"You needn't worry," said the very intelligent and agreeable woman who was applying hot fomentations with, of course, the main object of cure, but with the incidental result of making one feel that the remedy was several degrees worse than the disease. "You needn't worry. Nobody notices. They are all so intent on themselves. It's *my* case, *my* feelings, *my* operation. 'The doctors say my operation was the worst ever.' I, I, I!" She smiled and showed such beautiful white even teeth that I wanted to encourage her to go on, but she hastened away, leaving me to simmer in my own juice, and to reflect.

One's body, always despotic, does become terribly engrossing when one is ailing. If only one could turn it in, as one does a motor-car or a typewriter, and get a new one! But we have no desire to do anything so final as to part with it and send the naked shivering soul out into the unknown. There's such a feeling of insecurity about that. And, besides, life is interesting. So the old machine must be patched up, and we are vastly occupied with ourselves while the mending process is going on; and our doctors and nurses, who have fewer intimate dealings with well people than with sick ones, may naturally become cynical and judge the whole world to be self-engrossed. Well, some of us are so, even in health; and some women are willing to pay unnecessary doctors' fees for the privilege of talking to a man about themselves. A man, however, can usually find some sympathetic woman to listen to him without paying any fee at all.

When we are really ailing we are very dependent on our various professional helpers, and as, under those circumstances, we usually have plenty of leisure, we find ourselves speculating about them, both individually and collectively. We learn to separate their personal idiosyncrasies from their class peculiarities. Among other things we are impressed by the intricacies of medical etiquette—so much more important than mere patients. But then we shall find that many things in the technique of healing appear to our unsophisticated eyes to be more important than the patient.

It is a matter of common experience that, taken individually, doctors are the most humane men in the world. Of course there are exceptions, but even to the man of smaller spiritual caliber, the self-seeking man, the hard man (for, after all, men of many kinds adopt the profession), even to him there must come moments when, in the face of suffering which he tries to relieve, and death which he cannot avert, he is lifted above himself, carried out of himself. As a rule, even in times of less stress, your doctor treats you with indefatigable interest and patience, and if you are unable to pay a large fee, it makes no difference. His schedule of prices is elastic, and if he sometimes has to try to even things partially by moving it up for the richer patient, he more often and more readily moves it down for the one of modest means. Doctors give—and give—of themselves, of their time, their strength, the skill which they have acquired at no small expense. As individuals their ethical standard is high. As a class they show their human foibles. Some of them—

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not all—are apt to lapse into an odd professional jealousy and even greediness, and often seem, collectively, to forget the good of the patient altogether.

It always seems to me that women doctors have to give up more for the sake of their profession than men. For one thing, they cannot live very comfortably unless they have some relative who can, in the old phrase, "make a home" for them, and so they often seem to have no home at all. One doesn't see how they can marry without sacrificing either the husband or the profession; and as for children, how *can* they have them? And they appear to take less relaxation and diversion than the men do. The woman spends herself too freely if she is serious at all in her work. And serious she ought to be.

But we don't live by our physicians and surgeons alone when we are ailing. In fact, one begins to wonder whether, in the end, there will be much left of the medical profession, except a few specialists; and most of those will point the way to the X-ray man and the dentist. It's our teeth that seem to be at the root of most of our ills, from a pain in a toe to a disordered brain. And so as you are passed from one dental specialist to another (for you never, nowadays, have just a dentist) you begin to reflect on dentists in general, on their expertness, their ingenuity, their really elaborate and superior education, so different from that of the time when they were not expected to have much except manual dexterity, the time when jokes to divert the patient were apparently an important part of their curriculum. That too is changed. Your dentist's manners are as finished as your physician's. It seems to you that modern dentistry is as scientific as any other specialty, certainly as important, and, on the whole, not more disagreeable than some which come to the mind. And you wonder why, with all this, the dentist does not, as yet, rank with the physician and surgeon. There are, indeed, places where he does, but not the places where he would, perhaps, care most about his position.

Why should this prejudice persist? Tradition cannot completely account for it. It is a far cry from the exclusion which began centuries ago in India, where physicians were Brahmans, and tooth-drawers were relegated, with nail-trimmers, to the outer darkness of an inferior caste. May there be some explanation in the initial impulse which leads to the choice of a profession? Isn't it true that the young man deciding to study medicine has an ideal, either scientific or humanitarian? He has not gone into it commercially in the first instance, even though in some few cases he may later, under the influence of success, have become infected by the money-making virus. Whereas one can hardly imagine a strong preliminary interest in teeth, however much it may grow, and it seems as if, without such interest, a man would hardly choose a profession which holds an inferior rank, while involving a long and expensive training, except for the purpose of making money. There are some things in the dentist's career which carry out this idea. When he attains a high standing in his profession he commands extremely high prices, from which he is not apt to diverge; and he charges a good deal of his work by the hour. If you cannot pay for his superior skill, you must put up with a cheaper kind of man, although every tooth and every toothless gap may be crying out for skill. There are, of course, exceptions, but in general I think it is true that a dentist of high reputation regularly gets the highest prices, while a physician or surgeon of the same standing lowers his fees oftener than he keeps to his schedule. Somehow you find a sort of justice in the fact that a specialist who brings to his art of healing a tradesman's standard has a lower social standing than the one who has an ideal which is not commercial.

Among our helpers toward health we sometimes feel, and with some reason, that our nurses do the lion's share in the undertaking. How necessary they are, those temporary intimates, from whom few secrets are hid, and who even pass the time of day with the family skeletons! Naturally, they are of all degrees, and might be classified like school children under the Binet intelligence tests, into superior, average, and inferior. The average nurse is an untold blessing; the superior one is almost too good to be true; and the inferior one is—well, inferior, and one would almost be willing to get rid of the troublesome body in order to be rid of her as well. She is rare, and mostly infests private houses. You are not likely to meet her in a hospital.

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At the Hospital

YOU rather like the hospital, with its quiet and its conveniences. No sending out to procure this or that necessity, no rearranging of the room, no upsetting of servants, no thought of the dislocated machinery of the house, and, not for a moment, any lapse into amateur nursing. It seems a wonderful place for you when you are ill, and you continue to think so, even though you do gradually acquire an uncanny suspicion that, after all, the patient is the last person in the place to be considered.

It seems that, first of all, come the servants. For instance, it is on their account that, no matter how troubled your night may have been, nor how life-giving is your morning sleep, you must have your breakfast at half past six; and no matter how long and dreary an evening stretches out before you, it must be made as long as possible by having your supper presented to you at half past four in the afternoon.

Next in importance come the nurses. It appears that they belong to a union. Now, heaven knows I am sympathetic with nurses. I do not grudge them their hours of rest and diversion, and only wish they didn't have to work so hard; but when a patient is so critically ill that it may be a matter of life or death to keep for a few hours longer the nurse who understands the case, and on whom the patient leans, she cannot stay once the clock has struck—not even if she herself wishes it. You cannot have a hospital without nurses, and you must take them on the terms of their union.

As to the doctors, the patients are their "material"; very important, very necessary—as material; attended with the utmost care and skill. No one knows better than the intelligent patient that this is all that can be asked. But this is not the whole story. It is in the hospital that the doctors have to work together, and so it is there that we run afoul of those peculiarities—the jealousy, the self-seeking, which form such an extraordinary contrast to the high qualities which we are accustomed to associate with them—the disinterestedness, the self-forgetfulness. And in the end, it is apt to be the patient that suffers. Take the case of two "groups" of doctors working in the same hospital, and the occasion when one group prevents the installation of a piece of apparatus which affords the best hope of curing one of the most terrible of diseases, simply because it would be under the charge of a member of the other group, a man against whom they make no charge of incompetence—nor dream of making any. They surely do at times forget the poor patient.

Finally, in our reflections on the persons for whom the hospital is administered, we wonder whether, in some instances, it does not really exist for the Board of Lady Managers. To her that raises the money belongs the power. But not always. There are hospitals where the lady managers—or directors, or visitors, as they may happen to be called—have no power at all. They raise money with which they purchase certain supplies; they pay visits of inspection which keep up their interest; and they are permitted a representative at the annual meeting of the staff, who, however, mostly holds her peace. True, they sometimes suggest improvements in matters of housekeeping, but beyond that, they have no influence, rarely venturing to call attention to reforms which they know to be needed. Yet too little influence is safer than too much. For take the other kind of lady managers, who have all the power and may, if they choose, treat the hospital as if it were their own little plaything, apparently quite regardless of their responsibility to the community which, at their instance, has contributed the money to carry on. For, alas, the lady manager is not an expert in the matters which she controls; although in filling vacancies in the staff of physicians and surgeons she blithely overrules their executive committee and appoints the men whom she personally likes best. She is indeed a person of power and not a constitutional sovereign. Queen Victoria, compelled to part with Beaconsfield, who called her "Faery," and to take on Gladstone, who bored her, might have found something to envy in the lot of these autocratic ladies. The appointments which they make may, by the grace of God, frequently be good ones, but do they know the difference?

When we are ailing we have time to do a good deal of more or less desultory thinking, and life is still interesting.

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Line Plate, "The Tenth Inning," from a drawing by Charles Dana Gibson.
Published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, October, 1898.

American Illustration and the Reproductive Arts

BY JAMES B. CARRINGTON

NO one who follows the development of modern art can afford to overlook the work of the men and women who draw for illustration, for the time has long since past when illustration may be considered beneath the dignity of the most ambitious art student.

Some of the most admired painters of our time were known in their early days as successful illustrators, and they found the work of illustrating a thorough test of their technical equipment, and discovered that the line between the illustration and the painting was often hard to define.

Painting, we are told, has nothing to do with story-telling, but what a lot of stories have been told by the painters, from the days of the old primitives down to our own times!

To get a more or less general view of the progress of American illustration, we should take a look at the past.

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The older magazines, *Harper's* founded in 1850, *Scribner's Monthly*, in 1870, later the *Century Magazine*, and the new SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, in 1887, and their followers, have constantly sought out the work of men and women of talent, and there is a most interesting and profitable field of study in looking back over their pages.

It is to our popular magazines and illustrated newspapers, and the impetus they have given to the reproductive arts, that we owe the profuse illustrations of to-day.

In looking over the old magazines we will be reminded of the splendid part played in the advancement of illustration by the American wood-engravers and of the fact that without them the illustrating of our early books and magazines would not have been possible.

For, until the discovery of a method by which a drawing could be transferred to the wood-block by photography, all illustrations had to be drawn in reverse on the block itself and in the exact size of the finished engraving.

Few artists were competent to do this or cared to try, and the result was that the wood-engravers in many cases copied the artists' drawings on the block, and engraved them with the originals before them. Fortunately, the wood-engravers were nearly always themselves skilful draftsmen.

When it became possible to transfer a drawing to the wood-block by photography, it opened the way to any artist who cared to draw for reproduction. He could make his drawing any size he wished, for the camera reduced it to the size required.

The wider field thus opened to the artist naturally resulted in greater opportunities for the engravers who often brought to their work talents of a high order.

The work of men like Timothy Cole, Elbridge Kingsley, Gustav Kruell, Frederick Juengling, Francis S. King, Frank French, H. W. Peckwell, W. B. Closson, Thomas Johnson, John P. Davis, Henry Wolf, J. W. Evans, W. M. Aikman, Heineman, Clement, the Del Orme brothers, and others, not only emphasized the rapidly increasing importance of the American illustrator and artist, it also secured for the engravers themselves appreciation and honor, both at home and in Europe. And we must add to these names that of a younger man of to-day, W. G. Watt, who is carrying on the old traditions. As engravers they showed the spirit and impulse of the true interpreter, their art was a translating into black and white done with a sympathy, delicacy, and understanding of the painter's purpose, only possible for men who knew and felt something of the creative impulse.

It was to the camera that the wood-engraver owed his greatest opportunity, and it was to the camera that he owed his downfall, so far as concerned the need of his services in reproducing illustrations. The camera aided by the half-tone screen placed between the drawing and the photographic plate substituted mechanical processes for the trained hand and brain of the engraver. This screen is made by ruling two pieces of glass at right angles, filling the rulings with a black substance and cementing the plates together, making a double set of lines running at right angles to each other and forming thousands of tiny squares. The effect of the screen on the drawing is to break it up into thousands of minute dots when etched, and thus afford a printing surface in relief. The printing surface is a polished copperplate, on which the drawing from the photographic negative has been etched.

We need only compare the cost of a wood-engraving with a half-tone to understand the reason for its immediate popularity. It was not uncommon to pay as much as a hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars for a full-page wood-engraving; the half-tone can be made for twelve or fifteen dollars, and, if need be, in a day, while the wood-engraving might take anywhere from one to two or even six weeks to engrave. This, however, applies only to the very ordinary half-tone. In many cases the plates require special treatment in the way of re-etching or re-engraving by hand, which, of course, adds materially to the cost.

Line-drawings can be made by the zinc-etching process for as little as a few dollars, and in a few hours, or less.

The half-tone is a familiar and often a beautiful method of reproducing pictures, and is the method used for most of the illustrations in our magazines.

If you will look at almost any illustration not in line, you can see, even without a glass, the fine mesh of the screen.

We are indebted to the half-tone, also, for most of the colored illustrations that we see in our books and magazines.

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Half-tone, from a drawing by Walter Appleton Clark, illustrating "A Saga of the Seas."
Published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, August, 1898.

The half-tone in this case is used in connection with the several color filters through which the original painting is photographed; a plate for the red, a plate for the blue, and one for the yellow in the three-color process. In the four-color method, a black plate is added.

Color printing began with lithography so far as the magazines are concerned, and it was in the March number of this magazine, 1891, that a colored illustration first appeared. The original was a drawing in color by Robert Blum, a noted artist at the time, who had been in Japan with Sir Edwin Arnold. The subject was a charming little Japanese girl, and the drawing was put on the stone by the artist himself. Being a full page it attracted a great deal of attention and also a great deal of adverse criticism. It was said to be in defiance of all precedent and bad art in being printed with black type. But it was an entering wedge in the use of color, and it was only a short time before color was a commonplace of every-day printing.

The free use of color by the magazines has led the illustrator many times to make his original in color instead of the customary black and white, in the hope that the art editor may be tempted to reproduce it in colors.

This has resulted in bringing out unsus-

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pected talent in some of the illustrators previously known only for their work in black and white, and among the prize winners in recent years at the National Academy have been some of the younger men among the illustrators.

A glance over the names among the illustrators of the past will reveal some of the most famous men in American art. None of these is more often in the thoughts of the student of our art than that of Edwin A. Abbey, whose life and achievements have been so delightfully put before us in the recently published biography by Mr. Lucas.

We are too prone to look upon illustration as merely a passing art. But it would be very difficult always to define the difference between the illustrator and the painter, and I'm not so sure that it can be done in any way that will make the difference always clear. Kenyon Cox once said that Michael Angelo and Veronese were the greatest illustrators that ever lived.

Howard Pyle said that "imagination and invention are as much a needed part of the illustrator's equipment as the painter's. No one requires a broader knowledge and wider reading than the pictorial artist of to-day."

The purpose of an illustration is to add interest to a story, and unless it succeeds in this it is ineffective. The author creates his characters and describes his scenes, the illustrator must give them tangible form, and to do this he must be capable of understanding the author's ideals and have the skill to define with lines and tones the features and figures of the characters, to make them look like the people described, and not simply like the young men and women of the clothing advertisements.

There are far too many drawings appearing in our magazines that have absolutely no relation to the things they are supposed to illustrate. This kind of illustration is like the ability of a clever mimic who gives us a few mannerisms and imagines he is showing us real people.

Many illustrators, either by early environment or by special training, show a decided preference for subjects of a particular kind, and it can readily be seen how valuable a reputation for this kind of specialization may become. The art editor having in mind an important commission naturally turns to some one who has proved his capacity for the particular thing required.

The young illustrator need never be deterred, however, by the success of the older workers, nor fear that he will not receive consideration. The art editors, as well as the literary editors, are constantly on the lookout for new talent.

There are more successful young men and women in illustration these days than ever before, and those who bring a competent knowledge of drawing combined with a serious purpose may be sure of finding ultimate recognition.

It is lack of character, the absence of any real thought, that makes so much of our illustration trivial and unworthy.

In Howard Pyle, America had one of the great illustrators of modern times. His genius was remarkably varied in expression, and everything he did was marked by distinction. His drawings in line to illustrate his own stories were done with sureness and a fine sense for decorative values, and his various illustrations in black and white and color for others were invariably dignified and distinguished. With a fine technical equipment he united the literary faculty to give dramatic significance and historical accuracy to his figures and scenes. His influence for good upon American illustration has been incalculable, and he developed a number of pupils whose careers have done him honor.

In Charles Dana Gibson we have another man who has been a power for good in the advancement of our drawing in line, and he is recognized as one of the most distinguished workers in this field.

One can pick out the names of a number of illustrators whose work is worthy of praise, who always have something in mind more conclusive than young men and women in much-advertised fashion-plate clothes and affected poses. The beautiful color of the decorative and fanciful drawings of Maxfield Parrish instantly comes to mind, and in recent years N. C. Wyeth's vigorously drawn figures and poetic interpretations of famous scenes in history and fiction have made him a notable member of the younger group. A. B. Frost stands alone as our most representative and faithful delineator of true American types. And with what a delicious sense of humor he has drawn them and their little comedies!

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Carolus Duran's "Poet with the Mandolin."

Engraved on wood by W. B. Closson. Published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, August, 1894.

Other names that stand out are: Arthur I. Keller, Reginald Birch, Joseph Pennell, George Wright, Thomas Fogarty, Frederic Dorr Steele, Walter Jack Duncan, W. J. Aylward, Walter Biggs, Ernest Peixotto, Charles E. Chambers, F. C. Yohn, Henry Raleigh, Wallace Morgan, John Alonzo Williams, Harvey Dunn, and Franklin Booth.

Among the women who have done admirable work are: Alice Barber Stephens, Jessie Willcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Sarah Stilwell Weber, Anne W. Betts, and Mrs. May Wilson Preston.

Look back also at the superb drawings

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of Walter Appleton Clark, and those of the recently deceased F. Walter Taylor, and, of course, at the work of Reinhart, Charles Parsons, W. T. Smedley, A. B. Wenzell, Henry McCarter, Albert Sterner, Remington, Alfred Brennan, Robert Blum, Harry Fenn, J. D. Woodward, Walter Shirlaw, Otto Bacher, Frederick Lungren, Mary Hallock Foote, Louis Loeb.

Illustrative art makes an appeal to a very large audience, and a certain kind of popularity leads to a temporary success and easy money, but too often at the sacrifice of what might have developed into real ability. It need not be a trivial and fleeting art; on the contrary, it has often become an important factor in the development of the best art, and a careful study of good illustrations is the best of introductions to the study of art in general.

There is a marked tendency of late toward the revival of line-drawing, due to the wider use of cheaper papers, and it is an encouraging sign of a possible advance in the general character of our illustration.

With the tendency to go back to line, which will emphasize the quality of good drawing and make very obvious the bad, has come a revival of the older and simpler methods of wood-engraving, with some of the artists drawing and cutting their own work on the block. We already have an interesting small group who are known as artist-engravers, who have done some original and distinctive work in this field, and more are taking it up as the demand increases.

Among those who have attracted much attention are Rudolph Ruzicka, J. A. J. Murphy, Howard McCormick, J. J. Lankes, Adolph Triedler, Harry Townsend.

Some very interesting line-drawings are being cut on battleship linoleum, that cannot be distinguished from wood-engravings except by the experts, and a number of recent pen-drawings look like wood-engravings cut in the white-line methods that began with Bewick, the great English wood-engraver. Notable for their beautiful decorative quality are those by Franklin Booth.

A better understanding of illustration, and a more careful consideration of it upon the part of the public, will do much to improve its quality and encourage the art editors in their desire to make it again more worthy of the place it once held in American art.

From a lithograph, "In the Park," by George Bellows.

Published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, November, 1916. By courtesy of the artist and Frederick Keppel and Company.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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Entering a New Chapter

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

The Sequence of Events

SOMETHING of the war-time sense of events proceeding so swiftly and with so momentous significance that each seemed to obliterate the one that had come before, has been presented in the recent political and economic panorama. The world had scarcely composed its mind last autumn to belief that nothing would or could be done to break the international deadlock, when the achievements of the Washington Conference flashed across the scene. The conference at Genoa and its incredible overtures to the Bolshevik cabal followed so quickly as to turn the current of expectation and prediction in exactly the opposite direction.

Hardly had that futile political experiment been abandoned, when all the world was discussing cheerfully a conference of practical bankers, summoned by the Reparations Commission to consider how Germany might reasonably be equipped through foreign investment capital with the means of meeting her contracted payments—a recourse which was the one sure solution of the five-billion-francs indemnity of France to Prussia in 1871 and which every straight-thinking financier knew from the first was the only solution of the German Government's reparations payment after 1918. As the political scene changed, so did the economic; except that the steady recovery in foreign exchange which marked the financial community's new hopes regarding Europe, and the steady expansion of the investment market which marked the world's new power to finance the movement of European recovery, continued with little or no abatement.

UNDER different circumstances, the admitted failure of the Genoa Conference might have cast a shadow over the world's financial markets. Even as it was, the rise on stock exchanges, both in stocks and in investment bonds, halted about the time when the first plain evidence came into view, in the early stages of the conference, that the British premier's programme was impracticable. But there were other and sufficient reasons for that reaction from the excited activity of April's markets. One was a perfectly reasonable feeling that the advance in stocks and bonds had already gone so far that the time had come to eliminate purely speculative influences. Of uneasiness or misgiving over the failure of Lloyd George's programme, financial markets gave no evidence whatever —not even when, in the desperate struggle to save his own political prestige, Lloyd George himself talked recklessly of another "welter of bloodshed" if the other nations did not come to terms with the Moscow Soviet.

After the Genoa Conference

On the contrary it was clearly manifest, first, that sober financial judgment had expected no other outcome from the start and, second, that formal confession of the breakdown of the Russian negotiations had brought a sense of actual relief. The markets, like the foreign offices, had listened with something of amazement to the absurd pretensions and preposterous claims of the Bolshevik delegates, had watched with a mixture of amusement and disgust the Tchitcherins and Rakofskys posing as ambassadors of a great political power whose good-will was vitally necessary to other governments, and had read with entire incredulity the suggestions of a British statesman that serious investors should advance prodigious sums from their private capital to a repudiating and confiscating government which was still proclaiming the purpose of eventually up-

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setting political institutions in the very countries which were asked to lend the money.

America, France, and Russia

NOR was this all. When the intimations of Lloyd George's propagandists, that the Soviet's "trade concessions" would make the operation profitable, were contrasted with Secretary Hoover's statement that Russia for a long time to come "can have nothing to exchange for the services of our workmen or the savings of our investors," also with the statement of the Soviet's own commercial agents that the present foreign commerce of Russia is barely 1 per cent of its pre-war magnitude, and with our Commerce Department's estimate that it will be five years, under the best of circumstances, before Russia can export even grain again, the conclusion of practical business men was obvious enough. It merely anticipated the conclusion formally set down by our State Department during May, when it replied to the invitation to another conference on Russia that, in view of the Soviet delegates' final and extremely impudent memorandum of May 11, "this government is unable to conclude that it can helpfully participate in the meeting at The Hague."

As it happened, our State Department's attitude was the attitude of France at Genoa for which the despatches and occasional newspaper editorials criticised France as "torpedoing the conference." Our own State Department's refusal to participate, on the ground that an adjourned conference would be "destined to encounter the same difficulties" as those of Genoa "if the attitude disclosed in the Russian memorandum of May 11 remains unchanged," may therefore possibly help to create a more charitable view regarding France. Reference to the "wrecking policy" of France, her "imperialistic ideas," had up to that time grown to be as common in America as in England, where criticism was sharpened by the fact that French obstruction was checkmating a British premier's policy.

But what if the French delegates had been right in their position? There was singular lack of consideration of that possibility. That the representatives of France displayed an exceedingly un-Frenchlike absence of tact in their manner of dealing with controverted questions, had to be admitted. This was no less true of M. Briand entering the Washington Conference without any considered policy than of M. Poincaré issuing instructions for Genoa under the handicap of his own bitter criticism of a preceding ministry for conceding just such disputed points. But when it came to criticising not the manner but the matter, it has sometimes seemed that American hostile criticism was completely forgetting the American attitude on those very questions.

Seeing with One Another's Eyes

IT would not be fair to describe such American criticism as hypocritical. But it is safe to say that, if the positions were reversed and the French people denouncing our government in similar terms for doing what their own government had done, our people would make that accusation against the French. It is not, indeed, at all hard to picture the attitude of our people, supposing the political and economic relations of the United States with Europe since the war to have been what the relations of Europe with the United States at present are.

If one imagines our own country emerging from the war in the condition of France of 1919; if one then imagines France, as the dominant political and economic power of the day, first arranging a treaty reasonably to our advantage, then repudiating that treaty, then refusing a formal compact of mutual defense, then criticising indignantly our contention that we should have to prepare to protect ourselves against our war-time antagonist, we can guess what the feeling in America would have been. If, furthermore, one were to picture such a France piling up an absolutely unheard-of hoard of gold drawn from ourselves as well as other nations, then calling on the United States for settlement of its huge war indebtedness and at the same time preparing in its legislative body a tariff bill so far prohibitive as to prevent our paying any such bill in goods—on the basis of such a picture one might possibly get a

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 130)

etter idea of what may perhaps be described the puzzled attitude of France to-day. Conivably the further progress of events will make more easy for the people of the one country do justice to the people of the other.

ove-ent of nancial arkets

FINANCIAL markets wasted no time over regrets at the failure of the Genoa deliberations. As a matter of fact, even the foreign-change market—naturally the most sensitive of all to political vicissitudes—recovered when adjournment of the Genoa Conference was announced; sterling in particular going above any previous rate reached in the year's advance. On the New York Stock xchange the tendency of prices to advance came evident. The movement was highly peculative, but it was persistent; it was acmpanied, moreover, by a rise in cotton to the ghest price since acute reaction overtook ev-y producing market in November, 1920, and a rise in wheat almost to the high point of e season.

There were particular reasons for this vigous upward trend in markets for commodies; among them were the very bad growing ason for the newly planted cotton crop, folwing a harvest during 1921 nearly 30 per cent less than the recent average yield, and announcement that 14½ per cent of the acreage planted last autumn to winter wheat had been abandoned. But with these commodity markets as with the Stock Exchange, a great part of the stimulus to rising prices clearly came from the easy money rates, the ready availability of credit, and the speculative spirit which invariably follows such circumstances. Influences of that sort were emphasized by the widespread feeling that the trade recovery already under way was occurring on the basis of short supplies of goods in the hands of middlemen and merchants; a natural consequence of the long prevalent distrust of values and the long uncertainty as to the actual business outlook.

The Story of After-Panic Recovery

IT had, in fact, already become fairly evident that, in many essential particulars, 1922 was to occupy the place in the field of economic history which such years as 1909 and 1895 had already made familiar on the American records. Each of those years, like 1922, marked the lapse of a year-and-a-half since the acute stage of panicky reaction in finance and industry. Each came at the end of a period of reduced production and industrial stagnation. In each the return of very low

(Financial Situation, continued on page 45)

What Lower Money Rates Mean to Investors

THE decline which has been taking place for months in money rates means that bank loans, long "frozen," are being paid off. Funds thus released are seeking employment in the investment market, with the result that bond prices have risen substantially.

Individuals and institutions with money to invest require expert advice at a time like this, in order to make the best use of their funds. With offices in numerous cities and extensive private wire connections, we are able to select the best securities in many markets. We shall be glad to suggest exchanges of securities now held, to submit lists for fresh investment, and especially to select high-grade municipal bonds, free of Income Tax. In these latter we have long been specialists.

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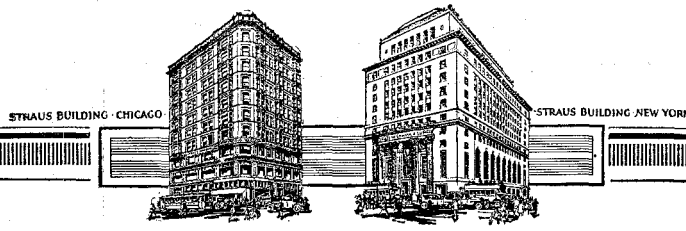

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EVERYONE with funds available for July investment should write for our July investment suggestions. We offer a wide diversification of Straus Bonds—first mortgage serial real estate bonds secured by the highest class of income-earning real estate in the best districts of our large cities. These bonds afford you—

—complete safety of principal;

—prompt payment of principal and interest in cash when due;

—freedom from worry and care; and

—the most attractive interest rate consistent with real safety.

We suggest that you write us for literature describing these sound bonds. They are issued in $1000, $500 and $100 amounts, and have brought safety, satisfaction and profit to thousands of investors. Write today and specify

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40 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 43)

money rates and of stability in prices sent the business community suddenly into the markets to replenish exhausted stocks. So great was the change in 1909 from the industrial depression of the preceding year, that iron production in the second half of that twelvemonth rose 20 per cent above the previous high record rate of output, wheat advancing 50 per cent above the average of the three preceding years and cotton, at 16 cents a pound, selling at a price never touched but once since 1873.

In 1895 almost every article of home production or manufacture rose in price, the monthly iron output increasing 60 per cent and even the textile trade returning to sudden activity. In both of those years the speculative spirit, which had a considerable hand in the movement of industrial prices, served also to cause a more or less sustained and excited rise on the Stock Exchange. The resemblance to 1922 in that respect was striking.

If it is asked, as a matter of history, what happened in the longer sequel to the sudden and violent recovery of those earlier "after-panic years," the answer would have to be that the speculative side of the revival was overdone. Money rates began on each occasion to tighten before the year of recovery was over; higher prices of American goods caused rapid increase in our imports and decrease in our exports; the export surplus fell to a trifling figure or disappeared entirely; Europe resold in the autumn American securities purchased in the spring; foreign exchange, moving under the normal influences which governed it in those days, went heavily against New York; we exported gold in large amounts to Europe, and by the end of the year violent reaction in prices was in evidence both on the Stock Exchange and in general trade.

Yet, even supposing general tendencies of the present season should turn out to be like those of the older years, it would still not be entirely easy to draw conclusions as to the outcome. The abnormally large gold holdings of the United States to-day, the huge debt of Europe to our government, the peculiar circumstances governing our trade with Europe—all these considerations would modify the resultant situation. The only reasonably sure inference would be that 1922, like 1909 and 1895, was a preliminary and temporary after-panic recovery, and not the beginning of another great movement of uninterrupted economic expansion.

NEVERTHELESS, it can hardly fail to create in some respects a new situation. Just what shape that situation will assume no

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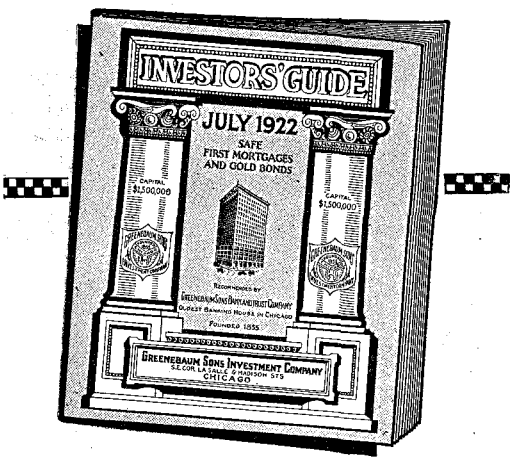

July 1922

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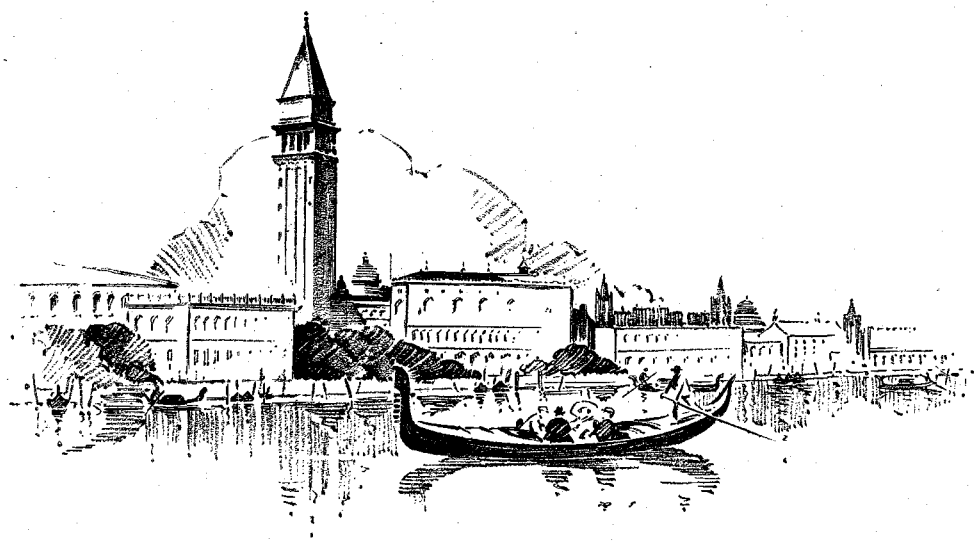

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YOUR summer tour this year—will it be in Italy or Switzerland, on the Canadian Lakes or among the High Sierras? And next year?

Investment in sound bonds will provide a definite annual income to serve your vacation needs. The accumulation of such bonds year by year brings longer vacations and complete independence of earning power.

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In the selection of your bonds, you will find it of material assistance to have at hand the offerings of an investment house which has specialized in municipal bonds for thirty years, serving the interests of a nation-wide clientele.

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Union Trust Building

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602 Hibernia Bank Building

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 45)

bt depends largely on the extent to which ness revival in the United States is duplicated in Europe. The position of the moment in the matter of international exchange is in many ways peculiar. At the opening of May the weekly Federal Reserve statement showed that the gold reserve he system's vaults had for the first time ed the stupendous sum of $3,000,000,000. t gold reserve compared with $2,300,000,- a year before; the system's gold holdings first crossed the $1,000,000,000 mark in , 1917, and the $2,000,000,000 mark in ust, 1918. Since the armistice exactly 00,000,000 gold had been added to the eral Reserve, of which nearly $600,000,000 esented net importation from foreign coun-

ld's

iomic ation

ow great a proportion of the whole world's etary stock of gold these American hold- of the present season represent, may be ed from the fact that, as against the 00,000,000 in our Federal Reserve and the ,000,000 estimated by the Treasury as in this country outside the reserve banks, United States Mint's latest estimate placed world's total stock of monetary gold at 45,000,000. In other words, the United States holds 45⅝ per cent of the world's total. When the armistice was signed the proportion held was 35 per cent; at the outbreak of the war it was approximately 20 per cent. How large a surplus over the Federal Reserve system's actual needs is embodied in the existing gold reserve, may be judged from the fact that the percentage of reserve required by law against the system's deposits and note circulation would at present figures call for $1,500,000,000, or only half the actual gold now held in the Federal banks.

Idle American Gold Reserves

SUCH heaping up of idle reserve money after prolonged trade reaction is a familiar phenomenon in history, though it has never before occurred on any such scale of magnitude. In the sequel to previous similar chapters of industrial readjustment, reserve money has always and automatically accumulated in the banks of the principal creditor market or creditor country. Old-time business depression in the United States resulted, during such years as 1894 and 1908, in an unprecedentedly large surplus reserve of cash at the New York banks. Business depression throughout the world—in 1896, for instance—would be followed by an abnormally

(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

Our New Booklet

"*Municipal Bonds of the South*"

We have prepared an illustrated booklet describing:

The South

whose industrial activity has increased ⅓ faster than that of the country as a whole—where 60% of the world's cotton is produced and where the urban population is increasing at a rapid rate.

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which are bought in substantial volume by Banks, Trust and Insurance Companies, Trustees and Executors. They are backed by power of taxation and are exempt from Federal Income Taxes.

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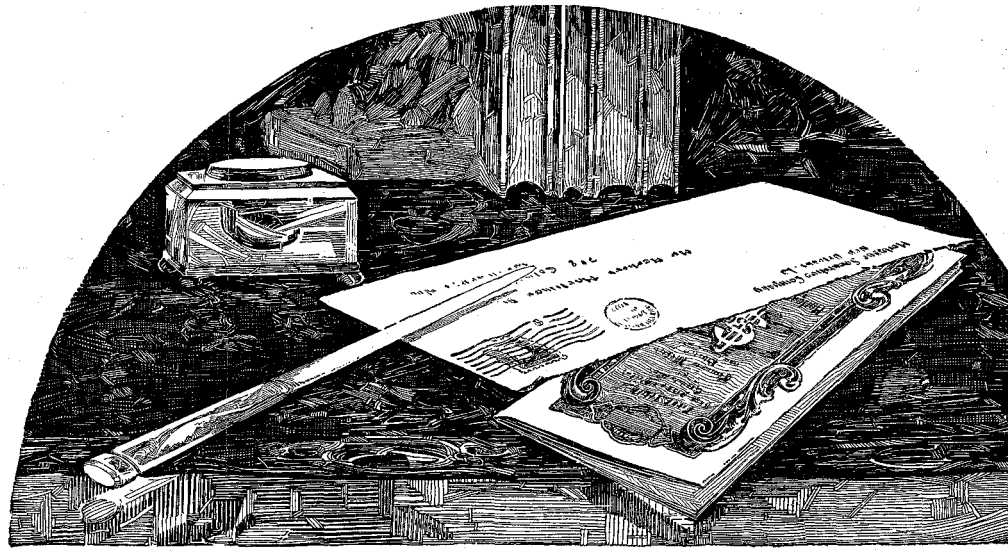

A SPECIMEN SOUTHERN BOND

WE want to send you a specimen Southern Bond issued by the Mortgage & Securities Company.

Absolute safety, margin of security increased from year to year, attractive interest return, cash convertibility, optional denominations and maturities; these are some of the features that we believe will be interesting to you if you have funds to invest.

There are three types of Mortgage & Securities Southern Bonds, industrial, agricultural and commercial property bonds. These phases of development in the South, through the provision of capital by bond issue, have been carried on by this institution for the past seventeen years.

Send for a specimen bond and study it. Bear in mind that no Mortgage & Securities bond has ever caused an investor the loss of a dollar of principal or interest, and that millions of dollars annually have been placed in them for a period of over seventeen years.

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER ONE MILLION

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 47)

high percentage of gold reserve to deposit liabilities at the Bank of England.

In all such instances, however, that accumulation of idle reserve money came to an end in due course, usually after a year or so, through its redistribution on lines marked out either by change in the movement of trade between the various communities or by the needs of particular markets. One of the most familiar incidents of recovery from financial depression in those older days was import of gold by the United States from England. In the United States itself, revival of business in the previously prostrated West and South would be accompanied by shipment of New York's superfluous reserve money to the Western and Southern banks.

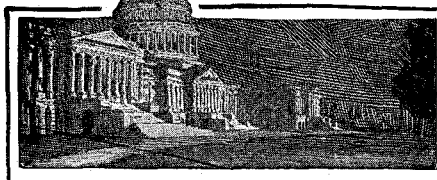
The Beginning of "Redistribution"

IN the present case, redistribution of idle reserve money from the larger American cities to banks in the smaller communities of our own West and South has already been going on. Financial recovery in the grain and cotton belts has been followed, since the beginning of the present year, by increase of $120,000,000 in the gold reserve of the Federal banks at Kansas City, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Dallas, and Richmond, where paralysis of trade and credit was recently the most complete. But not a sign has appeared of redistribution to the European countries where, in theory, at any rate, the gold could be most effectively used for restoring the paper currencies to par. On the contrary, gold has continued to move from those countries to the United States. As recently as March and April, not only was some $26,000,000 gold received in New York from Scandinavian ports —presumably representing what remained of the treasure captured by the Bolsheviki from the old Imperial Bank—but England sent us $2,000,000 and France $8,000,000.

Continuance of this movement of gold from Europe to the United States, however, notwithstanding the admitted fact that Europe needed the gold and the United States did not, conformed with economic principle. On the one hand, the shipments represented Europe's effort to balance its international trade account, pay off its debt to the United States, and raise the depreciated foreign-exchange market. On the other hand, the movement illustrated again the well-known phenomenon of political economy, expulsion of gold from countries with a depreciated currency. Yet it seemed to create the curious paradox which

(Financial Situation, continued on page 51)

No loss to any investor in forty-nine years



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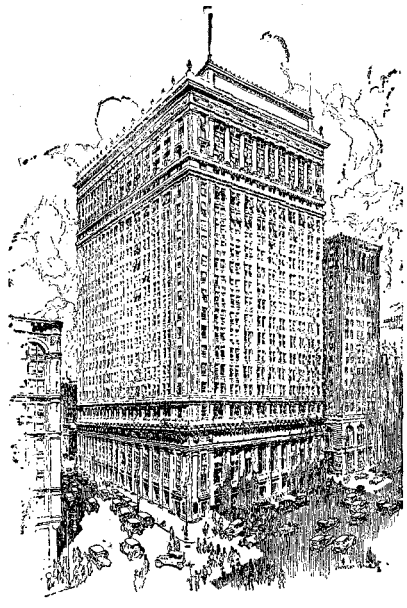

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The Continental and Commercial Banks are so organized as to be able to handle step by step, from start to finish, every phase of a banking transaction regardless of its size or classification.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 49)

en arises under such circumstances—a situa-
n in which the cure cannot be applied be-
ıse of the disease. We are probably des-
ed before long, however, to see that the
ıchinery of exchange does not always work
quite that remorseless way.

ophecy the reign- change ırket

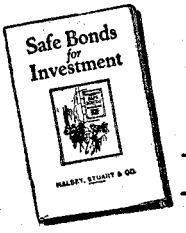
'HE persistent upward tendency of Euro-
pean exchange rates, since as well as before
e conference at Genoa, itself showed the
esence in the market of some new influence.
his annual budget speech to Parliament on May 1, the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, having re-stated his government's purpose to pay this year the interest and arrears of interest on the British Government's war debt to our Treasury, inted out that the principal of that debt, ıich amounted in English money to £1,301,-
5,000 with sterling at its low figure of 1920, ıuld be valued at £946,820,000 at the present rling rate, and he added that: "When ex-
ange is restored to par, as I hope it will be
ore long, the sterling equivalent will be only
56,030,000."

But how, asked the London exchange mar-
t, could an advance in the sterling rate from
40 to the par of $4.86⅝ be expected, when
e government itself would be drawing bills
London to pay at New York the huge two
three hundred millions of interest and ar-
rs of interest on its American treasury ob-
ations? The answer which Sir Robert
rne would undoubtedly have made for the
itish Exchequer, and which has been made
every one conversant with economic his-
y, is that the very assurance of payment of
ernational indebtedness, the mere intima-
n of return to gold redemption of the paper
rency (such as would logically follow rise of
rling exchange to par), was of itself certain
facilitate such an upward movement.

nfidence l the er- ional ırkets

'HE incident is a reminder of what happened
in the worst days of 1920. Sterling had
len in February of that year as low as $3.18;
rtly because of the heavy balance of pay-
nts against England on trade account, partly because of a notion that the government did not intend to pay off its share of the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan maturing in the autumn. The Chancellor of the chequer quietly announced in Parliament the time that the British share of that loan uld certainly be redeemed at maturity and

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)



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may be found in our new issue of "Safe Bonds for Investment," containing timely information and suggestions for the investment or reinvestment of July funds. It contains detailed descriptions of a broad list of Municipal, Industrial and Public Utility bonds—also specific recommendations for the diversified investment of funds from $500 to $20,000.

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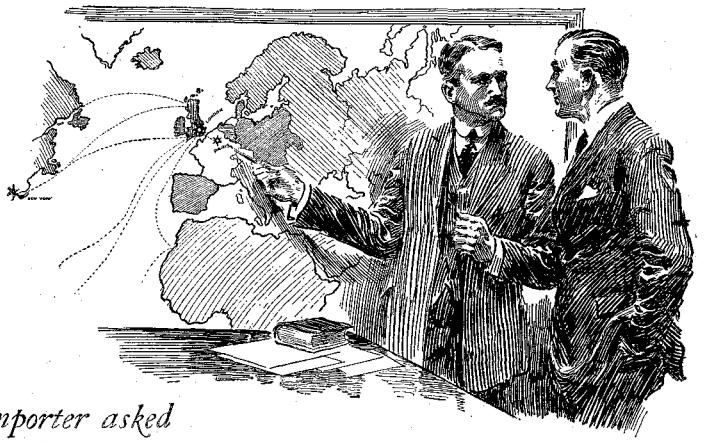

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PARIS
23 Rue de la Paix

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

it preparations had already been made to ce it up. In less than two months from the y of the $3.18 rate, sterling had touched $4, hough the Anglo-French redemption man- stly involved additional drafts on London.

An even more striking instance came into w during 1914. In the eyes of the banking nmunity, the United States was confronted h crushing demands in the market for inter- ional exchange. Three to four thousand llions' worth of American securities held by ropean investors were likely to be sold in erica to raise money to prosecute the war. ge blocks of them had already been sold be- e the Stock Exchanges closed down on July

Even before the outbreak of war, the bal- ce of trade on merchandise account had been ning heavily against us. In the five months 1914 from April to August inclusive, the ited States had imported $39,000,000 more merchandise than it had exported—the first nport excess" in five years, and comparing h an export surplus of $229,000,000 in the ne months of 1913—and the export of war terial which was destined to reach so great portions during 1915 and 1916 was not yet sight.

HE rate for sterling at New York had risen in August, 1914, to $7, which meant that hange stood more than 40 per cent against w York. Yet when, in September, 1914, American bankers organized and declared their purpose of sending gold to Canada to meet all maturing obligations on exchange, and when $100,000,000 gold was actually exported in five months to perform t function, sterling fell from $7 in August to 95 in September, to $4.89 in October, to the of exchange in November, and to $4.84¾, close to the gold import point, before the r was over, and in the following February w York began to draw gold again from ope.

here is still another equally famous his- c case in point. It was three years after Specie Resumption Act was passed by our gress, in 1875, before any serious measures ing to gold redemption of the paper cur- cy were undertaken. Meantime political osition to the plan was active and formi- le. But the fact of a formal declaration of purpose caused such progressive decline he premium on gold that the price fell from ⅛ in 1875 to 107 in 1876, to 102½ in 1877, to only a fraction above parity in the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 54)

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know the Franklin automobile as a light, easy-riding, economical car, made by a successful organization, driven by representative people.

Reputation of the car is typical of the investment qualities of Franklin securities. On Franklin Common Stock an average yearly cash dividend of $13.14 per share has been paid on each $100 of such stock outstanding each year during the past 20 years. Two previous issues of Preferred have netted 9½% and 11%, respectively.

We offer new 7% Cumulative Sinking Fund Preferred Stock and new Common Stock as a desirable investment for individuals—proceeds to be used for manufacturing the new Franklin Four. Our circular gives interesting details. Please send for it.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 53)

spring of 1878, nine months before the actu date for resuming specie payments.

The present-day discount of sterling e change from parity must be judged hereaft in the same light as that in which the premiu on gold in paper-currency values was judg in the seventies. How soon the return to p of sterling exchange will come, and what i ternational movement of gold will accompa that change, must as yet remain a matter conjecture. Nothing that happens could more surprising to the financial communi than were the events in our own case after 191 All that we positively know is that the long trend of events must follow the logic of t situation; that redistribution of our superf ous gold holdings to nations which need the to resume gold payments and which shall ha shown their ability to use and retain them f such purpose, is an eventual certainty.

It is plain enough that, whatever may ha pen in the case of England, the case of Co tinental Europe is more difficult—even wh France has made such progress as to reduce h outstanding paper currency 11 per cent and achieve an export surplus of 320,000,000 fra in her foreign trade of the first four months 1922, as against a 6,000,000,000 import surp in the same months of 1919. There is much the way of international finance which must accomplished before the greater change Continental Europe's situation will be pos ble. Nevertheless, the extent to which t tendencies of the day are in the right directi may be partly judged by the turning of t discussions over German reparations to t question of an international loan to Germa to finance reparations payments.

The Lar Europea Problem

THAT undertaking was not a simple matt France, it is true, paid the greater part her 5,000,000,000 francs Prussian indemnity 1871 with proceeds of a foreign loan, and pa it in three years. But France had met her o problem promptly, courageously, and with sound financial methods, whereas the German Government has indulged in such reckless use of the paper-money expedient that the paper c culation, already hopelessly inflated, was creased 7,700,000,000 marks in the closi week of last April and by an equal amount the last week of May; that weekly increase ing actually four times as great as German entire outstanding paper-money circulation the beginning of the war.

What security for a foreign loan the Germ Government would consent to give, remain

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ɔe determined. How large a sum outside in-
tors would consent to provide was a matter
ɔnjecture. What would happen to German
ɔes and German industry if the procuring
ı great foreign loan should lead to suspension
issue and foreign sale of paper marks, or
ɜibly to reduction of the outstanding Ger-
n paper money, was a problem by itself.
t the outstanding fact of the situation was
t the thorniest of these problems, which
ɛ given up as hopeless only a year ago, are
lay being taken in hand; that the visible re-
ɜe for investment purposes of the world's
ɛrve of capital which had been tied up be-
ɛn 1918 and the autumn of 1921, is provid-
the means of grappling with them.

the recent course of financial markets has
ɔeen governed by economic, not political,
uences, the possibility none the less remains
t purely political considerations may yet
ome paramount again. Governmental sys-
tems are secure in a degree which
many people did not consider pos-
sible three years ago; but govern-
mental majorities are in such posi-
tion that ministries have a curi-
ly uncertain hold on power in almost every
ntry of the world. General elections and
rturn of existing cabinets are easy possibili-
throughout Europe, with immediate re-
s which would be more or less uncertain.
ɛrsal of Congressional majorities in the
ted States is beginning to be talked of by
ous political observers. The political un-
which the spring primary elections brought
ɜingly into view in such old party organiza-
ı strongholds as Indiana and Pennsylvania,
been rather widely interpreted as the hand-
ɜing on the political wall.
ɜarlier in the year, financial markets were
ɛatedly checked in their forward movement
nisgiving aroused by developments in home
tics. This was particularly so in the earlier
ɣes of the extraordinary Soldiers' Bonus
discussion, when the proposals in Con-
ɜs for raising the requisite three to five
on dollars ranged all the way from a heavy
on financial transactions to a new United
ɛes Government bond issue or distribution
ɣovernment pledges for future payment,
ɔh banks were somehow to be compelled to
ount. In the alternation of happy-thought
ɛdients successively proposed, almost every
of the financial organism seemed on occa-
to be menaced—the easy money market,
nstance, by the proposed huge requisitions
redit; the market for Liberty bonds through

tical
ɜ of
ıgs

(Financial Situation, continued on page 56)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

the possibility of a huge new loan. At times uneasiness arose in the foreign-exchange market over the Tariff bill and its "American valuation" clause, which would have given to customs appraisers all but prohibitive power in the matter of merchandise shipments with which European countries were endeavoring to meet their American indebtedness.

An Unusual Session of Congress

BOTH the Bonus bill and the Tariff bill continued to occupy the time and attention of Congressmen to the exclusion of other and vastly more important matters; yet financial markets so manifestly lost interest in those measures that the discussions of Washington soon came to be read by Wall Street in the newspaper despatches only with a sense of weariness. For this change of attitude more than one reason probably existed, but the main reason was clear to every one. It was the accumulating evidence that while the congressional majority at times seemed bent on unsound financial legislation, it did not appear to have the capacity for enacting its own purposes into law.

Long before even the springtime recovery in the markets had begun, Congressmen were themselves privately admitting that the majority in both houses was merely beating the air in its grave discussions of these matters. Such confession was not always made in private. Two or three Congressmen of high standing in the majority party, characterizing in public speeches the attitude of their associates in promoting the bonus bill, described those party colleagues as political hypocrites and cowards. When members of the party confronted the senators in charge of the tariff bill with the all-but-unprecedented fact that the most important newspapers of that party were openly denouncing the measure, the chairman of the finance committee had no other answer to make than a repeated assertion that editorial opinion in the party's great city newspapers was dictated by the department stores, which preferred low duties on imported merchandise.

Not to raise the question of common sense or truthful statement, these were at least unusual amenities to be exchanged between adherents of the same political faith. I am looking at the episode merely for its bearing on the political and financial future; from that view-point the fact was at least interesting that, at the very moment when the "key-note speech" of the Administration party's Congressional campaign was reciting the President's policies and achievements as the paramou appeal for support, Congressmen of that pa were asserting that a veto of the Soldie Bonus bill by Mr. Harding would be follow by the passage of the bill over his veto, a tra tional discredit to the administration. Me time the legislation made no progress.

The episode had a certain indirect bear on the financial situation. There have b times when discussions and votes in Congr had greatly contributed to financial confide The debate and subsequent enactment of Railroad Law of 1920, although its actual in ence on the markets was delayed because other and unfavorable influences, was one s incident. The Federal Reserve Law of 1 was another; the Gold Standard Act of 1 still another. The Specie Resumption Act 1875, although it was passed by a party 1 jority which had just been voted down at Congressional election, and although even t party's political platforms of the ensuing y were too timid to approve the vote, had necessary influence on financial sentim Each of these celebrated measures of legi tion was adopted at some stage of recov from a great financial reaction; a fact wh has puzzled many people in and out of financial field, who have watched the perve ties and futilities of the present Congress ting at Washington in another period of nomic recovery.

Explai from F Histor

NO doubt one explanation, based on precedent of history, is that just such integration of political judgment and cohere is apt to be a secondary sequel to the enc of a destructive war. Under far more ag vated circumstances, legislative confusion of very much the present sort came into view three or four years after the ending of our own Civil War. A similar clash of opinion tween an obstinate administration and a C gressional majority given over to extravag ideas resulted then in the attempt of Cong to impeach the President, although he been elected on that party's ticket. party's political platforms of the ensuing y went out of their way to denounce indivi Congressmen of the party who had vc against impeachment, even when sitting i virtually judicial court.

Other causes for the present Congressi chaos were recognized by experienced p ticians; not least among them being that fusion which is bound to attend the career huge Congressional majority elected to sus an impossible political position and to red

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)ossible campaign pledges. The upshot of h a situation is always apt to be a session of ıgress which pretends to be doing every- ıg and ends by doing nothing; which by erating its purpose of fulfilling extravagant ıpaign promises and then failing to do so ıtes deep resentment, on the one hand ong sober political adherents who object to kless legislative proposals, on the other ıd among proposed beneficiaries of such asures, who consider themselves to have n cheated of their expectations. This was all events the situation to which public men ve been looking forward this year with curi- ty, perplexity, and sometimes apprehension.

may yet create uneasiness in financial cir- cles, over the possible result of throwing ıtrol in the House of Representatives into hands of an opposition party whose policies ınot be foreseen. So great a change as that is perhaps improbable. A House of Representatives plurality of 169 for the ruling party, such as re- sulted from the election of 1920, is y to reduce; indeed, its numerical reduc- n in an ensuing Congressional election would all precedent be political certainty, even hout such a legislative record as that of the sent Congress. But no plurality of any h magnitude as that has ever heretofore in r history been reversed in a single election. Yet the American people have often shown ir ability to achieve strange political results ıen resolved to make an example of unsatis- tory legislative bodies. The turning of the publican House plurality of 21, elected in 88, into a Democratic plurality of 149 in 1890, the change from a Democratic plurality of 91 in 1892 to a Republican plurality of 140 in 1894, were suggestions of what may happen when a Congress, neglecting urgent duties, applies its mind to political trivialities at a time of business unsettlement and large eco- nomic problems. How severe the reckoning will be next November, it is still too early to predict; nor is it possible as yet to foresee what kind of legislative programme would be likely to come next. Possibly sober financial judg- ment of the moment would have few regrets at an unmistakable popular warning to a party majority which had failed in its oppor- tunities, while the Administration remained for another two years of test. Both in America and in Europe, far-sighted financiers have reached the conclusion that the sweep of events toward economic reconstruction is too strong for even ministerial defeats and changes of political majorities to defeat it.

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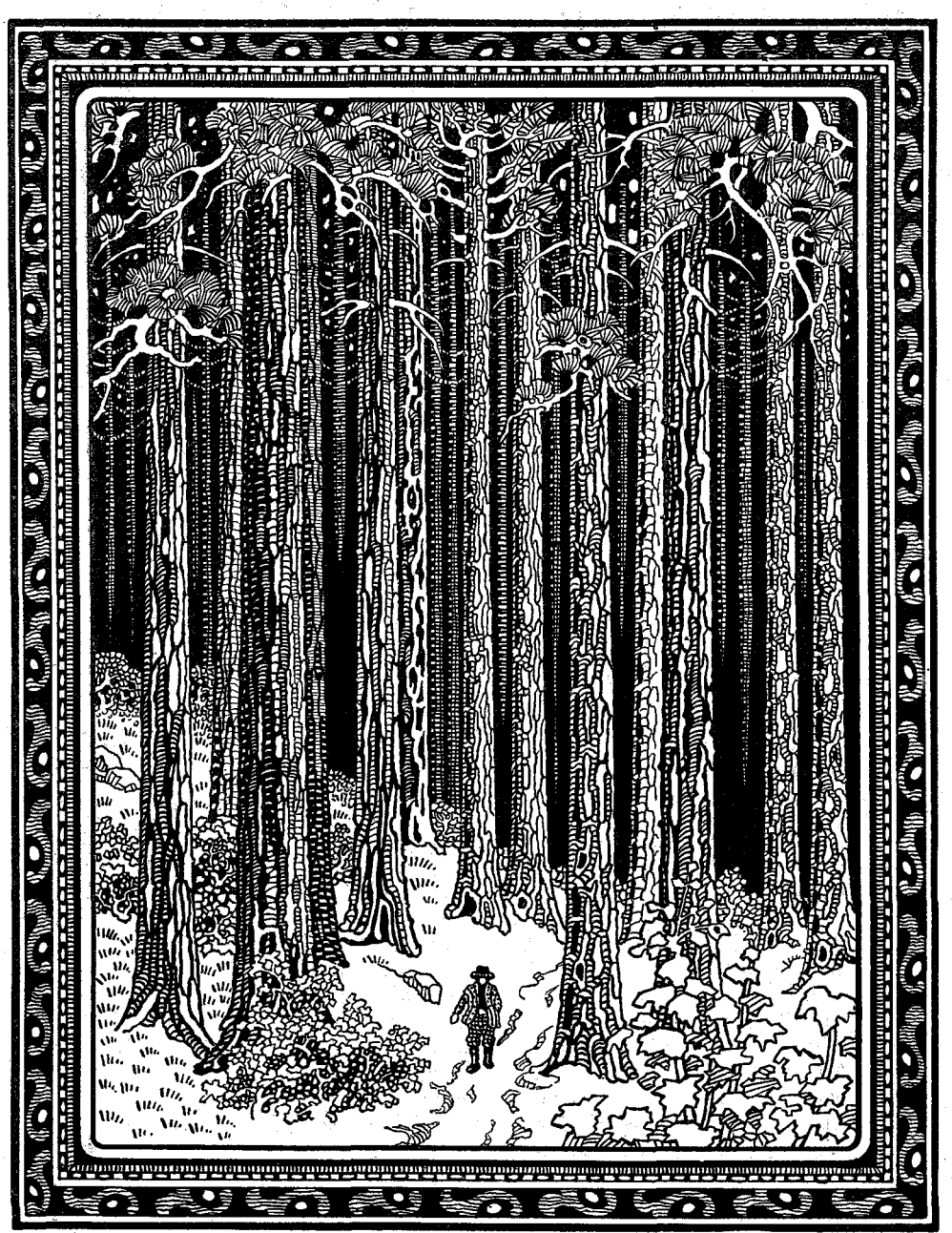

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